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NOVEMBER 1909

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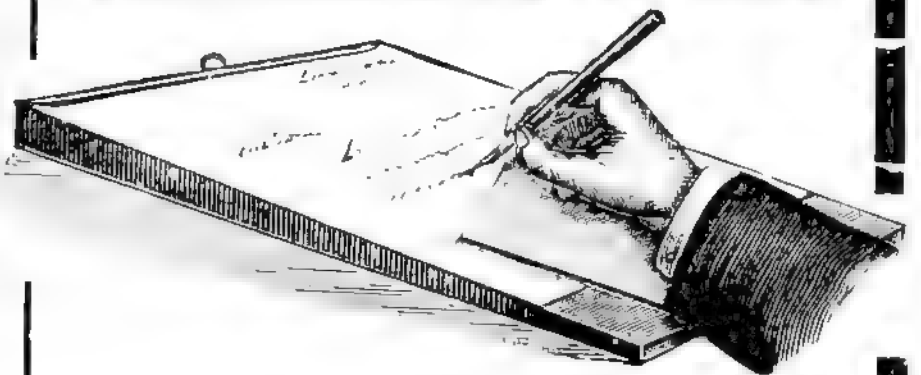
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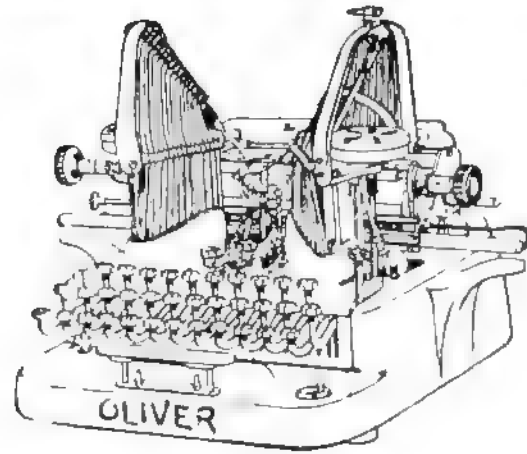
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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MODERN POETRY

A Still Afternoon

By D. H. Lawrence

DREAMS OLD AND NASCENT

I. OLD

I

I have opened the window to warm my hands on the sill
Where the sunlight soaks in the stone : the afternoon
Is full of dreams, my love ; the boys are all still
In a wishful dream of Lorna Doone.

The clink of the shunting engines is sharp and fine
Like savage music striking far off ; and away
On the uplifted blue Palace, light pools stir and shine
Where the glass is domed up the blue, soft day.

II

There lies the world, my Darling, full of wonder, and wistfulness,
and strange
Recognitions and greetings of half-acquaint things, as I greet the
cloud
Of blue Palace aloft there, among the misty indefinite dreams
that range
At the back of my life's horizon, where the dreams from the
past lives crowd.

III

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Over the nearness of Norwood Hill, through the mellow veil
Of the afternoon, glows only the old romance of David and
Dora,
With the old, sweet, soothing tears, and laughter that shakes the
sail
Of the ship of the soul over seas where dreamed dreams lure the
unoceaned explorer.

III

Over the bygone, hushèd years
Streaming back where the mist distils
Into forgetfulness : soft sailing waters, where fears
No longer shake : where the silk sail fills
With the unfelt breeze that ebbs over the seas, when the storm
Of living has passed, on and on
Through the coloured iridescence that swims in the warm
Wake of the hushèd tumult now spent and gone
Drifts my boat, wistfully lapsing after
The mists of receding tears, and the echo of laughter.

IV

My world is a painted fresco, where coloured shapes
Of old ineffectual lives linger blurred and warm :
An endless tapestry the past has woven, drapes
The halls of my life, and compels my soul to conform.

II. NASCENT

V

Through the wakened afternoon, riding down my dreams
Fluent active figures of men pass along the railway.
There is something stirs in me from the flow of their limbs as
they move
Out of the distance, nearer.
Here in the subtle, rounded flesh
Beats the active ecstasy, suddenly lifting my eyes
Into quick response.
The fascination of the restless Creator, through the mesh of men
Moving, vibrating endlessly in the rounded flesh
Challenges me, and is answered.

MODERN POETRY

VI

Oh my boys, bending over your books
In you is trembling and fusing
The creation of a new-patterned dream, dream of a generation.

VII

The old dreams are beloved, beautiful, soft-toned, and sure
But the dream-stuff is molten and moving mysteriously.
This is no wistful allure
For am I not also dream-stuff, diffusing myself in the pattern,
Flowing I know not how, yet seriously
Going into my place.

VIII

Here have I found an answer for my hollow yearning :
Eyes where I can watch the swim of old dreams reflected on the
 molten metal of dreams,
Watch the stir whose rhythm is secret, whose secret is sure and
 safe :
The great activity swelling, through the round flesh pulsing,
Impelling, shaping the coming dream ;
Visible under the changing eyes,
Under the mobile features.

IX

The flush of the great mystery,
The radiance of the Unseen Shaper,
Is in me a trembling gladness.
As the subtle heat
Quickens the hastening, white-hot metal,
The power of the melting, fusing force,
The great, mysterious One, is swelling and shaping the dreams in
 the flesh,
Is swelling and shaping a bud into blossom,
The whole teeming flesh of mankind.
The gigantic flesh of the world
Is swelling with widespread, labouring concentration
Into one bud on the stalk of eternity,
Rounded and swelling towards the fruit of a dream.

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DISCIPLINE

It is stormy, and rain-drops cling like silver bees to the pane,
The thin sycamore in the playground is swinging with flattened
leaves ;
The heads of my boys move dimly through the yellow gloom
that stains
The class : over them all the dark net of my discipline weaves.

It is no good, dear, meekness and forbearance—I endured too
long.
I have pushed my hands in the dark loam under the flowers of
my soul,
Under the caressing leaves, and felt where the roots were strong
Fixed in the darkness, grappling for the deep soil's little control.

Far and wide run the easy roots that bear the leaves of pity.
I'd have torn them up had they borne away the patient bulbs of
my hopes :
Oh I tore them up, though the wistful leaves were fragrant, and
soft, and pretty,
And I twisted them over the broken leaves into unbreakable
ropes.

Ah, my Darling, when over the purple horizon shall loom
The shrouded Mother of a new idea, men hide their faces,
Cry out, and fend her off, as she seeks her procreant groom,
Wounding themselves against her, denying her great embraces.

And do I not seek to mate my grown, desirous soul
With the lusty souls of my boys ?—yet they hide their faces,
And strike with a blindness of fury against me ; can I cajole
The hate of terror ?—or deny the fecund soul her embraces ?

The flower of forgiveness is plucked from off the offender's plot
To wither on the bosom of the merciful :—so many seeds the
less,
So much more room for riot ! The great God spareth not,
He waters our face with tears, our young fruits fills with
bitterness.

MODERN POETRY

BABY-MOVEMENTS

I. RUNNING BAREFOOT

When the white feet of the baby beat across the grass
White flowers in the wind bob up and down.
And ripples poise and run, lapping across the water.
The sight of their white play among the grass,
Is like a little linnet song, winsome,
Is like when two white butterflies settle in the arms of one flower
For a moment, then away with a flutter of wings.

I wait for the baby to wander hither to me,
Like a wind-shadow wandering over the water,
So she may stand on my knee
With her two bare feet on my hands
Cool as syringa buds
Cool and firm and silken as pink young peony flowers.

II. "TRAILING CLOUDS"

As a drenched, drowned bee
Hangs numb and heavy from the bending flower,
So clings to me,
My baby, her brown hair brushed with wet tears
And laid laughterless on her cheek,
Her soft white legs hanging heavily over my arm
Swinging to my lullaby.
My sleeping baby hangs upon my life
As a silent bee at the end of a shower
Draws down the burdened flower.
She who has always seemed so light
Sways on my arm like sorrowful, storm-heavy boughs,
Even her floating hair sinks like storm-bruised young leaves
Reaching downwards:
As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee
Are a heaviness, and a weariness.

Three Poems

By John Lazarus

NELL

A WHITSUNDAY PORTRAIT

HER portrait? I have only one,
And it was painted by the sun
 (I paid for hers, she paid for mine),
On last Whitsunday afternoon.

You see the way she wears her curls?
Coiled up behind; then, little whirls
 In front, to make the forehead coy:
You know the way with London girls?

I call them curls; but you can see
They are not curled so, naturally:
 Fragrant? they smell of London smoke,
She swears: Lord knows, they're sweet to me.

I did not say her cheeks were red;
Or that her gold hair crown'd her head;
 (Third daughter of a lawyer's clerk).
She wears a green straw hat instead.

I never said her eyes were blue,—
Those grey, pale pansies, London grew:
 He sold the sun, the usurer!
For gold; the rose away he threw.

I never said her hands were fine,
That all day sell, till eight or nine,
 The silk and vair that others wear:
I only said "Would they were mine!"

I never said her ways were wise;
But something in those grey pansies,
 When nights get late in Eldon Street,
Tempt me to try for Paradise.

MODERN POETRY

ST. MARY'S YARD

THE stones were crowded once like old men there,
Turning their shoulders to the road,
Not caring what its cry and market-mood,—
Old men long past their hiring at the fair.

But now wise time has swept the graves away,
And new-come April I have seen,
Clad in her delicate cloak of white and green,
Calling pale children there to come and play.

The graves are gone,—save one that for some reason,
Some marble pride of name and race,
Has in that mortal garden kept a place :
A lordlier tomb,—not subject to disseizin.

And there,—not April now, for May was come,—
I saw a sight as we went by,
A sight to call down Mary from the sky,—
I saw a child dance on that prouder tomb.

Half babe, half girl, she waved her hands and sleeves,
And bent, brown-haired, to see her feet
That trod the cool grey stone, and set their beat
To drop as light as raindrop on green leaves.

Below, the dust,—the dead one, dead for years,
Must surely feel some darts of spring
Strike down, I thought, at her young revelling,
And find a string start in his moulded ears.

He must remember what he used to feel
When the young blackbirds took the tree,—
Or on the grass, he caught the spicery
Tossed from the herbage by the brown colt's heel.

* * * *

But what should darkness know of morning light,
Or dust of any dancing feet,
So quick as these that set their girlish beat
To match the morning at the door of night ?

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How should the midnight know of any morrow,—
Or comprehend her as she slept?
The dancing child,—she did not know he slept;
That left me sad for joy and glad for sorrow.

The dancing child knew nothing,—nor did he
There, in his deep sleep, hear the dance:
Now God be thanked for that great ignorance!
Youth knows no death; Death, no lost ecstasy.

MARAH

I CANNOT drink of the waters
Though heavy is my thirst,
For the tears of women stain them,
And the sweat of men is in them.
Ach! they are salt and bitter
With the bitterness of death.

There is no land of Elim,
Left—children of the Lord,
For you to find and fly to:
For the curse of Pharaoh keeps you
In this accursed country,
This land of Christ and Rothschild;—
Shall keep you too, till death.

The Neighbours

By John Galsworthy

IN the remote country, Nature, at first sight so serene, so simple, will soon intrude on her observer a strange discomfort ; a feeling that some familiar spirit haunts the old lanes, rocks, moorland, and trees, and has the power to twist all living things around into some special shape befitting its genius.

When moonlight floods the patch of moorland in the very centre of the triangle between the little towns of Hartland, Torrington, and Holsworthy, a pagan spirit steals forth through the wan gorse ; gliding round the stems of the lonely gibbet-like fir-trees, peeping out amongst the reeds of the white marsh. That spirit has the eyes of a borderer, who perceives in every man a possible foe. And in fact, this high corner of the land has remained border to this day, where the masterful, acquisitive invader from the North dwells side by side with the unstable, proud, quick-blooded Celt-Iberian.

In two cottages crowning some fallow land two families used to live side by side. That long white dwelling seemed all one, till the eye, peering through the sweetbrier smothering the right-hand half, perceived the rude, weather-beaten presentment of a Running Horse, denoting the presence of intoxicating liquors ; and in a window of the left-hand half that strange conglomeration of edibles and shoe-leather which proclaims the one shop of a primitive hamlet.

These married couples were by name Sandford at the eastern, and Leman at the western end ; and he who saw them for the first time thought : " What splendid-looking people ! "

They were all four above the average height, and all four as straight as darts. The innkeeper, Sandford, was a massive man, stolid, grave, light-eyed, with big fair moustaches, who might have stepped straight out of some Norseman's galley. Leman was lean and lathy, a regular Celt, with an amiable, shadowy, humorous face. The two women were as different as the men. Mrs. Sandford's fair, almost transparent cheeks, coloured easily, her eyes were grey, her hair pale brown ; Mrs. Leman's hair was

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of a lustreless jet-black, her eyes the colour of a peaty stream, and her cheeks had the close creamy texture of old ivory.

Those accustomed to their appearance soon noted the qualifications of their splendour. In Sandford, whom neither sun nor wind ever tanned, there was a look as if nothing would ever turn him from acquisition of what he had set his heart on ; his eyes had the idealism of the worshipper of property, ever marching towards a heaven of great possessions. Followed by his cowering spaniel, he walked to his fields (for he farmed as well as kept the inn) with a tread that seemed to shake the lanes, disengaging an air of such heavy and complete insulation that even the birds were still. He rarely spoke. He was not popular. He was feared, no one quite knew why.

On Mrs. Sandford, for all her pink and white, sometimes girlish look, he had set the mark of his slow, heavy domination. Her voice was seldom heard. Once in a while, however, her reserve would yield to garrulity, as of water flowing through a broken dam. In these outbursts she usually spoke of her neighbours the Lemans, deploring the state of their marital relations. "A woman," she would say, "must give way to a man sometimes ; I've had to give way to Sandford myself, I have." Her lips, from long compression, had become thin as the edge of a teacup ; all her character seemed to have been driven down below the surface of her long, china-white face. She had not broken, but she had chipped ; her edges had become jagged, sharp. The consciousness that she herself had been beaten to the earth seemed to inspire in her that waspish feeling towards Mrs. Leman—"a woman with a proud temper," as she would say in her almost lady-like voice ; "a woman who's never bowed down to a man—that's what she'll tell you herself. 'Tisn't the drink that makes Leman behave so mad, 'tis because she won't give way to him. We're glad to sell drink to any one we can, of course ; 'tisn't that what's makin' Leman so queer. 'Tis her."

Leman, whose long figure was often to be seen seated on the wooden bench of his neighbour's stone-flagged little inn, had, indeed, the soaked look and scent of a man never quite drunk, and hardly ever sober. He spoke slowly, his tongue seemed thickening ; he no longer worked ; his humorous, amiable face had grown hangdog and clouded. All the village knew of his passionate outbreaks, and bursts of desperate weeping ; and of two occasions when Sandford had been compelled to wrest a razor from him. People took a morbid interest in this rapid deterioration, speaking of it with misgiving and relish, unanimous

THE NEIGHBOURS

in their opinion that—summat 'd 'appen about that ; the drink wer duin' for George Leman, *that* it wer, praaperly !

But Sandford—that blond, ashy-looking Teuton—was not easy of approach, and no one cared to remonstrate with him ; his taciturnity was too impressive, too impenetrable. Mrs. Leman, too, never complained. To see this black-haired woman, with her stoical, alluring face, come out for a breath of air, and stand in the sunlight, her baby in her arms, was to have looked on a very woman of the Britons. In conquering races the men, they say, are superior to the women, in conquered races, the women to the men. She was certainly superior to Leman. That woman might be bent and mangled, she could not be broken ; her pride was too simple, too much a physical part of her. No one ever saw a word pass between her and Sandford. It was almost as if the old racial feelings of this borderland were pursuing in these two their unending conflict. For there they lived, side by side under the long, thatched roof, this great primitive, invading male, and that black-haired, lithe-limbed woman of older race, avoiding each other, never speaking—as much too much for their own mates as they were, perhaps, worthy of each other.

In this lonely parish houses stood far apart, yet news travelled down the May-scented lanes and over the whin-covered moor with a strange speed ; blown perhaps by the west wind, whispered by the pagan genius of the place in his wanderings, or conveyed by small boys on large farm horses.

On Whit-Monday it was known that Leman had been drinking all Sunday ; for he had been heard on Sunday night shouting out that his wife had robbed him, and that her children were not his. All next day he was seen sitting in the bar of the inn soaking steadily. Yet on Tuesday morning Mrs. Leman was serving in her shop as usual—a really noble figure, with that lustreless black hair of hers,—very silent, and ever sweetening her eyes to her customers. Mrs. Sandford, in one of her bursts of garrulity, complained bitterly of the way her neighbours had gone on the night before. But unmoved, ashy, stolid as ever, Sandford worked in the most stony of his fields.

That hot, magnificent day wore to its end ; a night of extraordinary beauty fell. In the gold moonlight the shadows of the lime-tree leaves lay, blacker than any velvet, piled one on the other at the foot of the little green. It was very warm. A cuckoo sang on till nearly midnight. A great number of little moths were out ; and the two broad meadows which fell away from the hamlet down to the stream were clothed in a glamorous

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haze of their own moonlit buttercups. Where that marvellous moonlight spread out across the moor it was all pale witchery ; only the three pine-trees had strength to resist the wan gold of their fair visitor, and brooded over the scene like the ghosts of three great gallows. The long white dwelling of "the neighbours" bathed in that vibrating glow seemed to be exuding a refulgence of its own. Beyond the stream a night-jar hunted, whose fluttering harsh call tore the garment of the scent-laden still air. It was long before sleep folded her wings.

A little past twelve o'clock there was the sound of a double shot. By five o'clock next morning the news had already travelled far ; and before seven, quite a concourse had gathered to watch two mounted constables take Leman on Sandford's pony to Bideford Gaol. The dead bodies of Sandford and Mrs. Leman lay—so report ran—in the locked bedroom at Leman's end of the neighbours' house. Mrs. Sandford, in a state of collapse, was being nursed at a neighbouring cottage. The Leman children had been taken to the Rectory. Alone of the dwellers in those two cottages, Sandford's spaniel sat in a gleam of early sunlight under the eastern porch, with her nose fixed to the crack beneath the door.

It was vaguely known that Leman had "done for mun" ; of the how, the why, the when, all was conjecture. Nor was it till the assizes that the story of that night was made plain, from Leman's own evidence, read from a dirty piece of paper :

"I, George Leman, make this confession—so help me God ! When I came up to bed that evening I was far gone in liquor, and so had been for two days off and on, which Sandford knows. My wife was in bed. I went up, and I said to her : 'Get up !' I said ; 'do what I tell you for once !' 'I will not !' she said, 'you drunken beast !' So I pulled the bedclothes off her. When I saw her all white like that, with her black hair, it turned me queer, and I ran downstairs and got my gun, and loaded it. When I came upstairs again, she was against the door. I pushed, and she pushed back. She didn't call out, or say one word—but pushed ; she was never one to be afraid. I was the stronger, and I pushed in the door. She stood up against the bed, defying me with her mouth tight shut, the way she had ; and I put up my gun to shoot her. It was then that Sandford came running up the stairs and knocked the gun out of my hand with his stick. He hit me a blow over the heart with his fist, and I fell down against the wall, and couldn't move. And he said : 'Keep quiet !' he said, 'you dog !' Then he looked at her. 'And as for you,' he said, 'you bring it on yourself ! You can't

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bow down, can't you ? *I'll* bow you down for once !' And he took and raised his stick. But he didn't strike her, he just looked at her in her nightdress, which was torn at the shoulder, and her black hair ragged. She never said a word, but smiled at him. Then he caught hold of her by the arms, and they stood there. I saw her eyes ; they were as black as two sloes. He seemed to go all weak of a sudden, and white as the wall. It was like as they were struggling which was the better of them, meaning to come to one another at the end. I saw what was in them as clear as I see this paper. I got up and crept round, and I took the gun and pointed it, and pulled the triggers one after the other, and they fell dead, first him, then her ; they fell quietly, neither of them made a noise. I went out, and lay down on the grass. They found me there when they came to take me. This is all I have to write, but it is true that I was far gone in liquor, which I had of him. . . ."

Letters from America

By G. Lowes Dickinson

I. A CONTINENT OF PIONEERS

I PROMISED to write you, from time to time, impressions from America, on the understanding that they should be impressions, not judgments, and should reflect my mood and feeling at the moment without pretending to be final conclusions. One does not, if one is prudent, form conclusions about a continent from a brief visit. But one forms provisional opinions; and I should like to send you mine, when I am in the mood, if only to make clear to myself what they are. Here, then, is the first of them: America is a continent of pioneers. Much that surprises or shocks Europeans in the American character is to be explained, I believe, by this fact. Among pioneers the individual is everything and the society nothing. Every man relies on himself and on his personal relations. He is a friend, and an enemy; he is never a citizen. Justice, order, respect for law, are to him mere abstract terms; what is real is intelligence and force, the service done or the injury inflicted, the direct emotional reaction to persons and deeds. And still, as it seems to the foreign observer, even in the long-settled east, still more in the west, this attitude prevails. To the American politician or business man, that a thing is right or wrong, legal or illegal, seems a pale and irrelevant consideration. The real question is, will it pay? Will it please Theophilus P. Polk or vex Harriman Q. Kunz? If it is illegal, will it be detected? If detected, will it be prosecuted? What are our resources for evading or defeating the law? And all this, with good temper and good conscience. What stands in the way, says the pioneer, must be swept out of it; no matter whether it be the moral or the civil law, a public authority or a rival in business. "The strong business man" has no use for scruples. Public or social considerations do not appeal to him. Or, if they do present themselves, he satisfies himself with the belief that from activities so strenuous and remarkable as his, good must result to the

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

community. If he break the law, that is the fault of the law for being stupid and obstructive ; if he break individuals, that is their fault for being weak. *Væ victis!* Never has that principle, or rather instinct, ruled more paramount than it does in America.

To say this is to say that American society is the most individualistic in the modern world. This follows naturally from the whole situation of the country. The pioneer has no object save to get rich ; the government of pioneers has no object save to develop the country quickly. To this object everything is sacrificed, including the interests of future generations. All new countries have taken the most obvious and easy course. They have given away for nothing, or for a song, the whole of their natural resources to anybody who will undertake to exploit them. And those who have received them have judged them to be theirs by a kind of natural right. "These farms, mines, forests—of course they are ours. Did not we discover them? Did not we squat upon them? Have we not 'mixed our labour' with them?" If pressed as to the claims of later comers they would probably reply that there remains "as much and as good" for others. And this, of course, is true for a time ; but for a very short time, even when it is a continent that is being divided up. Practically the whole of the States is now in private ownership. Still, the owners have made such good use of their opportunities that they have created innumerable opportunities for non-owners. Artisans get good wages ; lawyers make fortunes ; stock and share holders get high dividends. Every one feels that he is flourishing, and flourishing by his own efforts. He has no need to combine with his fellows ; or, if he does combine, is ready to desert them in a moment when he sees his own individual chance.

But this is only a phase ; and inevitably, by the logic of events, there supervenes upon it another on which, it would appear, America is just now entering. With all her natural resources distributed among individuals or corporations, and with the tide of immigration unchecked, she begins to feel the first stress of the situation of which the tension in Europe has already become almost intolerable. It is the situation which cannot fail to result from the system of private property and inheritance established throughout the western world. Opportunities diminish, classes segregate. There arises a caste of wage-earners never to be anything but wage-earners, a caste of property-owners, handing on their property to their descendants ; and substantially, after all deductions have been made for

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exaggeration and simplification, a division of society into capitalists and proletariat. American society is beginning to crystallise out into the forms of European society. For, once more, America is nothing new ; she is a repetition of the old on a larger scale. And, curiously, she is less " new " than the other new countries. Australia and New Zealand for years past have been trying experiments in social policy ; they are determined to do what they can to prevent the recurrence there of the European situation. But in America there is hardly a sign of such tendencies. The political and social philosophy of the United States is still that of the early English individualists. And no doubt there are adequate causes, if not good reasons, for this. The immense wealth and size of the country, the huge agricultural population, the proportionally smaller aggregation in cities has maintained in the mass of the people what I have called the " pioneer " attitude. Opportunity has been, and still is, more open than in any other country ; and, in consequence there has hardly emerged a definite " working class " with a class consciousness. There is not, so far as I know, in any legislature in the country, or on any municipal body, a " labour party." This, however, is a condition that cannot be expected to continue. America will develop on the lines of Europe, because she has European institutions ; and " labour " will assert itself more and more as an independent factor in politics.

Whether it will assert itself successfully is another matter. At present, as is notorious, American politics are controlled by wealth, more completely, perhaps, than those of any other country, even of England. The " corporations " make it a main part of their business to capture Congress, the Legislatures, the courts and the city governments ; and they are eminently successful. The smallest country town has its " boss," in the employ of the railway ; the Public Service Corporations control the cities ; and the protected interests dominate the Senate. Business governs America ; and business does not include labour. In no civilised country is labour-legislation so undeveloped as in the States ; in none is capital so uncontrolled ; in none is justice so openly prostituted to wealth. America is the paradise of plutocracy ; for the rich there enjoy not only a real power but a social prestige such as can hardly have been accorded to them even in the worst days of the Roman Empire. Great fortunes and their owners are regarded with a respect as naive and as intense as has ever been conceded to birth in Europe. Few American youths of ambition, I am told, leave college with

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any less or greater purpose in their hearts than that of emulating Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller. And, on the other hand, it must be conceded, rich men feel an obligation to dispose of their wealth for public purposes to a degree quite unknown in Europe. By their lavish gifts the people are dazzled. They feel that the millionaire has paid his ransom, and are ready to forgive irregularities in the process of acquiring wealth when they are atoned for by such splendid penance. Thus the rich man in America comes to assume the position of a kind of popular dictator. He is admired on account of his prowess and forgiven on account of his beneficence. And, since every one feels that one day he may have the chance of imitating him, no one judges him too severely. He is regarded not as the "exploiter," the man grown fat on the labour of others. Rather he is the type, the genius of the American people; and they point to him with pride as "one of our strong men," "one of our conservative men of business."

Individualism, then, is stronger and deeper rooted in America than elsewhere. And, it must be added, Socialism is weaker. It is an imported article, and it does not thrive on the new soil. The formulæ of Marx are even less congenial to the American than to the English mind; and American conditions have not yet given rise to a native socialism, based on local conditions and adapted to local habits of thought. Such a native socialism, I believe, is bound to come before long, perhaps is arising even now. But I would not hazard the assertion that it is likely to prevail. America, it would seem, stands at the parting of the ways. Either she may develop on democratic lines—and Democracy, as I think, demonstrably implies some kind of socialism—or she may fossilise in the form of her present Plutocracy, and realise that new feudalism of industry which was dreamt of by Saint Simon, by Comte, and by Carlyle. It would be a strange consummation, but stranger things have happened; and it seems more probable that this should happen in America than that it should happen in any European country. It is an error to think of America as democratic; her Democracy is all on the surface. But in Europe Democracy is penetrating deeper and deeper. And, in particular, there can be no doubt that England is now far more democratic than the United States. Witness the recent Budget, a phenomenon inconceivable on the other side of the Atlantic!

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II. IN THE ROCKIES

Walking alone in the mountains to-day I came suddenly upon the railway. There was a little shanty of a station 8000 feet above the sea ; and, beyond, the great expanse of the plains. It was beginning to sleet, and I determined to take shelter. The click of a telegraph operator told me that there was some one inside the shed. I knocked, and knocked again, in vain ; and it was a quarter of an hour before the door was opened by a thin, yellow-faced youth chewing gum, who looked at me without a sign of recognition or a nod of greeting. I have learnt by this time that absence of manners in an American is intended to signify not surliness but independence, so I asked to be allowed to enter. He admitted me, and resumed his operations. I listened to the clicking, while the sleet fell faster and the evening began to close in. What messages were they, I wondered, that were passing across the mountains. I connected them, idly enough, with the corner in wheat a famous speculator was endeavouring to establish in Chicago, and reflected upon the disproportion between the achievements of Man and the use he puts them to. He invents wireless telegraphy, and the ships call to one another day and night, to tell the name of the latest winner ! He is inventing the flying-machine, and he will use it to advertise pills and drop bombs. And here, he has exterminated the Indians, and carried his lines and his poles across the mountains, that a gambler may fill his pockets by starving a continent. " Click—click—click—Pick—pick—pick—Pock—pock—pockets." So the west called to the east, and the east to the west, while the winds roared, and the sleet fell, over the solitary mountains and the desolate iron road.

It was too late now for me to reach my hotel that evening, and I was obliged to beg a night's rest. The yellow youth assented, with his air of elaborate indifference, and proceeded to make me as comfortable as he could. About sunset, the storm passed away over the plains. Behind its flying fringes shot the last rays of the sun ; and for a moment the prairie sea was all bared to view, as wide as the sky, as calm and as profound, a thousand miles of grass where men and cattle crept like flies, and towns and houses were swallowed and lost in the infinite monotony. We had supper and then my host began to talk. He was a Bryanite, and we discussed the coming Presidential election. From one newspaper topic to another we passed to the talk about signalling to Mars. Signalling interested the

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youth ; he knew all about that, but he knew nothing about Mars, or the stars. These were now shining bright above us ; and I told him what I knew of sùns and planets, of double stars, of the moons of Jupiter, of nebulæ and the galaxy, and the infinity of space, and of worlds. He chewed and meditated, and presently remarked : “ Gee ! I guess then it doesn’t matter two cents after all whether Bryan or Taft gets elected ! ” Whereupon we turned in, he to sleep, and I to lie awake, for I was disturbed by the mystery of the stars. It is long since the notion of infinite space and infinite worlds has impressed my imagination with anything but discomfort and terror. The Ptolemaic scheme was better suited to human needs. Our religious sense demands not only order but significance ; a world not merely great, but relevant to our destinies. Copernicus, it is true, gave us liberty and space ; but he bereft us of security and intimacy. And I thought of the great vision of Dante, so terrible and yet so beautiful, so human through and through—that vision which, if it contracts space, expands the fate of man, and relates him to the sun and the moon and the stars. I thought of him as he crossed the Apennines by night, or heard from the sea at sunset the tinkling of the curfew bell, or paced in storm the forest of Ravenna, always, beyond and behind the urgency of business, the chances of war, the bitterness of exile, aware of the march of the sun about the earth, of its station in the Zodiac, of the solemn and intricate wheeling of the spheres. Aware, too, of the inner life of those bright luminaries, the dance and song of spirits purged by fire, the glow of Mars, the milky crystal of the moon, and Jupiter’s intolerable blaze. And beyond these, kindling these, setting them their orbits and their order, by attraction not of gravitation but of love, the ultimate Essence, imaged by purest light and hottest fire, whereby all things and all creatures move in their courses and their fates, to whom they tend and in whom they rest.

And I recalled the passage—do you remember ?

Frate, la nostrà volonta quieta
Virtù di carità, che fa volerne
Sol quel ch’ avemo, e d’ altro non ci asseta.
Se disiassimo esser più superne,
Fôran discordi gli nostri disir
Dal voler di Colui che qui ne cerne ;
Che vedrai non capere in questi giri,
S’essere in caritate è qui necesse,
E se la sua natura ben rimiri ;
Anzi è formale ad esto beato esse
Tenersi dentro alla divina voglia,
Per ch’ un a fansi nostre voglie stesse.

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Se che, come noi siam di soglia in soglia
Per questo regno, a tutto il regno piace,
Com' allo re, che in suo voler ne invoglia
E la sua volontade è nostra pace :
Ella è quel mare al qual tutto si move
Cio ch' ella crea e che natura face.

And then, with a leap, I was back to what we call reality—to the clicking needle, to the corner in wheat, to Chicago and Pittsburg and New York. In all this continent, I thought, in all the western world, there is not a human soul whose will seeks any peace at all, least of all the peace of God. All move, but about no centre; they move on, to more power, to more wealth, to more motion. There is not one of them who conceives that he has a place, if only he could find it, a rank and order fitted to his nature, higher than some, lower than others, but right and the only right for him, his true position in the cosmic scheme, his ultimate relation to the Power whence it proceeds. Life, like astronomy, has become Copernican. It has no centre, no significance, or, if any, one beyond our ken. Gravitation drives us, not love. We are attracted and repelled by a force we cannot control, a force that resides in our muscles and our nerves, not in our will and spirit. "Click—click—click—tick—tick—tick—tick," so goes the economic clock. And that clock, with its silly face, has shut us out from the stars. It tells us the time; but behind the dial of the hours is now for us no vision of the solemn wheeling spheres, of spirit-flames and that ultimate point of light "pinnacled dim in the intense inane." "America is a clock," I said. And like a flake of foam, dizzy and lost, I was swept away out into the infinite, out into unconsciousness.

The sun was shining brightly when I woke, and I had slept away my mood of the night. I took leave of my host, and under his directions, after half a mile along the line, plunged down into a gorge and followed for miles, crossing and recrossing, a mountain brook, between cliffs of red rocks, by fields of mauve anemones, in the shadow and fragrance of pines, till suddenly, after hours of rough going, I was confronted by a notice, set up, apparently, in the desert.

"Keep out. Avoid trouble. This means you."

I laughed. "Keep out!" I said. "If only there were a chance of my getting in!" "Avoid trouble!" "Ah, what trouble would I not face could I but get in!" And I went on but not in, and met no trouble, and returned to the hotel, and had dinner, and watched for a solitary hour, in the hall, the

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shifting interminable array of vacant eyes and blank chins, and then retired to write you this letter, "and so to bed."

III. IN THE ADIRONDACKS

For the last few days I have been living in camp on a mountain lake in the Adirondacks. All about me are mountains and un-lumbered forest. The tree lies where it falls ; the undergrowth chokes the trails ; and on the hottest day it is cool in the green, sun-chequered wilderness. Deer start in the thickets or steal down to drink in the lake. The only sounds are the woodpecker's scream, the song of the hermit-thrush, the thrumming and drumming of bull-frogs in the water. My friend is a sportsman, I am not ; and while he catches trout I have been reading Homer and Shelley. Shelley I have always understood ; but now, for the first time, I seem to understand Homer. Our guide here, I feel, might have been Homer, if he had had imagination ; but he could never have been Shelley. Homer, I conceive, had from the first the normal bent for action. What his fellows did he too wanted to do. He learned to hunt, to sail a boat, to build a house, to use a spear and bow. He had his initiation early in conflict, in danger and in death. He loved the feast, the dance and the song. But also he had dreams. He used to sit alone and think. And, as he grew, these moods grew, till he came to live a second life, a kind of double of the first. The one was direct, unreflective and purposeful. In it, he hunted wild beasts that he might kill them, fought battles that he might win them, sailed boats that he might arrive somewhere. So far, he was like his fellows, and like our guide, with his quick observation, his varied experience, his practical skill. But then, on the other hand, he had imagination. This active life he reproduced ; not by recapitulating it—that the guide can do ; but by re-creating it. He detached it, as it were, from himself as centre ; ceased, indeed, to be a self ; and became all that he contemplated—the victor and the vanquished, the hunter and the hunted, the house and its builder, Thersites and Achilles. He became the sun and the moon and the stars, the gods and the laughter of the gods. He took no sides, pronounced no judgment, espoused no cause. He became pure vision ; but not passive vision. To see, he had to re-create ; and the material his observation had amassed he offered up as a holocaust on the altar of his imagination. Fused in that fierce fire, like drew to like, parts ran together and formed a whole. Did he see a warrior fall ? In a moment the image was evolved of

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"a stately poplar falling by the axe in a meadow by the river-side." Did a host move out to meet the foe? It recalled the ocean shore where "wave follows wave far out at sea until they break in thunder on the beach." Was battle engaged? "The clash of the weapon rang like the din of woodcutters in the mountain-glades." Did a wounded hero fall? The combatants gathered about him "like flies buzzing round the brimming milk-pails in the spring." All commonest things, redeemed from isolation and irrelevance, revealed the significance with which they were charged. The result was the actual made real, a reflection which was a disclosure, a reproduction which was a recreation. And if experience, as we know it, is the last word of life, if there is nothing beyond, and nothing behind, if there is no meaning, no explanation, no purpose or end, then the poetry of Homer is the highest reach of human achievement.

For, observe, Homer is not a critic. His vision transmutes life, but does not transcend it. Experience is ultimate; all the poet does is to experience fully. Common men live, but do not realise life; he realises it. But he does not question it; it is there, and it is final; glorious, lovely, august, terrible, sordid, cruel, unjust. And the partial, smiling, unmoved, unaccountable Olympians are the symbol of its brute actuality. Not only is there no explanation, there is not even a question to be asked. So it is, so it has been, so it will be. Homer's outlook is that of the modern realist. That he wrote an epic, and they novels, is an accident of time and space. Turgenev or Flaubert, writing 1000 years before Christ, would have been Homer; and Homer, writing now, would have been Turgenev or Flaubert.

But Shelley could never have been Homer! For he was born a critic and a rebel. From the first dawn of consciousness he challenges and defies the works and ways of men and the apparent order of the universe. Never for a moment anywhere was he at home in the world. There was nothing attainable he cared to pursue, nothing actual he cared to represent. He could no more see what is called fact than he could act upon it. His eyes were dazzled by a different vision. Life and the world not only are intolerable to him, they are unreal. Beyond and behind lies Reality, and it is good. Now it is a Perfectibility lying in the future, now a Perfection existing eternally; but in any case, whatever it be, however and wherever to be found, it is the sole object of his quest and of his song. Whatever of good or lovely or passionate gleams here and there on the surface or in the depths of the actual, is a ray of that Sun, an

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image of that Beauty. His imagination is kindled by Appearance only to soar away from it. The landscape he depicts is all light, all fountains and caverns. The Beings with which it is peopled are discarnate Joys and Hopes and Fears; Justice and Liberty, Peace and Love and Truth. Among them only is he at home; in the world of men he is an alien captive; and Human Life presents itself as an "inquiet dream."

'Tis we that, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.

When we die, we awake into Reality—that Reality to which, from the beginning, Shelley was consecrated:

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept my vow?

He calls it "Intellectual Beauty"; he impersonates it as Asia; and sings it in verse that passes beyond sense into music.

Life of life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

This we call poetry; and we call the "Iliad" poetry. But the likeness is superficial, and the difference profound. Was it Homer or Shelley that grasped Reality? This is not a question

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of literary excellence ; it is a question of the sense of life. And—oddly enough—it is a question to which the intellect has no answer. The life in each of us takes hold of us and answers it empirically. The normal man is Homeric, though he is not aware of the fact. Especially is the American Homeric, naive, spontaneous, at home with fact, implicitly denying the Beyond. Is he right ? This whole continent, the prairies, the mountains and the coast, the trams and trolleys, the sky-scrapers, the factories, elevators, automobiles, shout to that question one long deafening Yes. But there is another continent that speaks a different tongue. Before America was, Asia is.

IV. NIAGARA

I shall not describe Niagara ; instead, I shall repeat a conversation.

After a day spent in visiting the falls and the rapids, I was sitting to-night on a bench on the river bank. The racing water-ridges glimmered faintly in the dusk, and the roar of the falls droned in unwavering monotony. I fell, I think, into a kind of stupor ; anyhow, I cannot remember when it was that some one took a seat beside me, and began to talk. I seemed to wake and feel him speaking ; and the first remark I definitely heard was this : “ All America is Niagara.” “ All America is Niagara,” the voice repeated—I could see no face. “ Force without direction, noise without significance, speed without accomplishment. All day and all night the water rushes and roars. I sit and listen ; and it does nothing. It is Nature, and Nature has no significance. It is we poets who create significance, and for that reason Nature hates us. She is afraid of us, for she knows that we condemn her. We have standards before which she shrinks abashed. But she has her revenge, for poets are incarnate. She owns our bodies ; and she hurls us down Niagara with the rest, with the others that she loves, and that love her, the virile big-jawed men, trampling and trampled, hustling and hustled, working and asking no questions, falling as water and dispersing as spray. Nature is force, loves force, wills force alone. She hates the intellect, she hates the soul, she hates the spirit. Nietzsche understood her aright, Nietzsche, the arch-traitor, who spied on the enemy, learned her secrets, and then went over to her side. Force rules the world.”

I must have said something banal about progress, for the voice broke out :

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"There is no progress! It is always the same river! New waves succeed for ever, but always in the old forms. History tells, from beginning to end, the same tale—the victory of the strong over the sensitive, of the active over the reflective, of intelligence over intellect. Rome conquered Greece, the Germans the Italians, the English the French, and now, the Americans the world! What matters the form of the struggle, whether it be in arms or commerce, whether the victory go to the sword, or to shoddy, advertisement, and fraud? History is the perennial conquest of civilisation by barbarians. The little islands before us, lovely with trees and flowers, green oases in the rushing river, it is but a few years and they will be engulfed. So Greece was swallowed up, so Italy, so—you are English?"

I assented.

"So England will be swallowed up. Not, as your moralists maintain, because of her vices, but because of her virtues. She is becoming just, scrupulous, humane, and therefore she is doomed. Hark, hark to Niagara! Force, at all costs! Do you hear it? Do you see it? I can see it, though it is dark. It is a river of mouths and teeth, of greedy outstretched hands, of mirthless laughter, of tears, and of blood. I am there, you are there; we are hurrying over the fall, we are going up in smoke——"

"Yes," I cried, as one cries in a nightmare, "and in that smoke hangs the rainbow."

He caught at the phrase. "It is true. The rainbow hangs in the smoke! It is the type of the Ideal, hanging always above the Actual, never in it, never controlling it. We poets make the rainbow; we do not shape the world."

"We do not make the rainbow," I said. "The sun makes it, shining against it. What is the sun?"

"The sun is the Platonic Good; it lights the world, but does not warm it. By its illumination we see the river in which we are involved; see and judge, and condemn, and are swept away. That we can condemn is our greatness; by that we are children of the sun. But our vision is never fruitful. The sun cannot breed out of matter; no, not even maggots by kissing carrion. Between Force and Light, Matter and Good, there is no interchange. Good is not a cause, it is only an idea."

"To illuminate," I said, "is to transform."

"No! it is only to reveal! Light dances on the surface; but not the tiniest wave was ever dimpled or crisped by its rays. Matter only moves matter, and the world is matter. Best not

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cry, best not even blaspheme. Best pass over the fall in silence, nor add, to the raucous cries of battle, the muffled dirge of a poet's song. Perhaps, at the bottom, there is oblivion. It is the best we can hope, we who see."

And he was gone! Had there been any one? Was there a real voice? I do not know. Perhaps it was only the roar of Niagara. When I returned to the hotel, I heard that this very afternoon, while I was sunning myself on one of the islands, a woman had thrown herself into the rapids and been swept over the fall. Niagara took her, as it takes a stick or a stone. Soon it will take the civilisation of America, as it has taken that of the Indians. Centuries will pass, millenniums will pass, mankind will have come and gone, and still the river will flow and the sun shine, and they will communicate to one another their stern immortal joy, in which there is no part for ephemeral men.

(To be continued)

The Captive

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

SOMEHOW or other none of the camp could sleep that night. It may have been that they were hungry, for they were just returning from a bootless attempt to overtake a band of Indians who had carried off the horses from an *estancia* on the Napostá. Night had fallen on them just by the crossing of a river, where a small grove of willows had given them sufficient wood to make a fire, for nothing is more cheerless than the fierce transient flame ("like a nun's love") that cow-dung and dry thistle-stems afford. Although they had not eaten since the morning when they had finished their last strips of *charqui*, they had a little *yerba*, and so sat by the fire passing the *maté* round and smoking black Brazilian cigarettes.

The stream, either a fork of the Mostazas or the head waters of the Napostá itself, ran sluggishly between its banks of rich alluvial soil. Just at the crossing it was poached into thick mud by half-wild cattle and by herds of mares, for no one rode where they were camped, in those days, but the Indians, and only they when they came in to burn the settlements. A cow or two which had gone in to drink and remained in the mud to die, their eyes picked out by the *caranchos*, lay swelled to an enormous size, and with their legs sticking out grotesquely, just as a soldier's dead legs stick out upon a battlefield.

From the still, starry night the mysterious noises of the desert rose, cattle coughed drily as they stood on rising ground, and now and then a stallion whinnied as he rounded up his mares. Vizcachas uttered their sharp bark and tuco-tucos sounded their metallic chirp, deep underneath the ground. The flowers of the chañar gave out their spicy scent in the night air, and out beyond the clumps of piquillin and molle the pampa grass upon the river-bank looked like a troop of ostriches in the moon's dazzling rays.

The southern cross was hung above their heads, Capella was just rising, and from a planet a yellow beam of light seemed to fall into the rolling waves of grass, which the light wind just stirred, sending a ghostly murmur through it, as if the sound of surf upon

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some sea which had evaporated thousands of years ago was echoing in the breeze.

A line of sand-hills ran beside the stream. Below their white and silvery sides the horses, herded by a man who now and then rode slowly to the fire to light a cigarette, grazed on the wiry grass. The tinkling bells of the *madrinas* had been muffled as there was still a chance the Indians might have cut the trail, and now and then the horse guard cautiously crawled up the yielding bank and gazed out on the plain, which in the moonlight looked like a frozen lake.

Grouped round the fire were most of the chief settlers on the Sauce Grande, Mostazas and the Napostá.

The brothers Milburn, who had been merchant sailors, dressed in cord breeches and brown riding-boots, but keeping, as it were, a link with ships in their serge coats, were there, sitting up squarely, smoking and spitting in the fire.

Next to them sat Martin Villalba, a wealthy cattle-farmer and major in the militia of Bahia Blanca. No one had ever seen him in his uniform, although he always wore a sword stuck underneath the girth of his *recao*. The light shone on his Indian features and was reflected back from his long hair, which hung upon his shoulders, as black and glossy as the feathers of a crow. As he sat glaring at the blaze he now and then put up his hand and listened, and as he did so, all the rest of those assembled listened as well, the man who had the *maté* in his hand holding it in suspense until Villalba silently shook his head, or, murmuring, "It is nothing," began to talk again. Spaniards and Frenchmen sat side by side with an Italian, one Enrique Clerici, who had served with Garibaldi in his youth, but now was owner of a *pulperia* which he had named "The Rose of the South," and in which hung a picture of his quondam leader, which he referred to as "my saint."

Claraz, the tall black-bearded Swiss, was there. He had lost one finger by a tiger's bite in Paraguay, and was a quiet, meditative man who had roamed all the continent, from Acapulco down to Punta Arenas, and hoped some day to publish an exhaustive work upon the flora of the Pampa, when, as he said, he found a philanthropic publisher to undertake the loss.

The German Friedrich Vögel, was book-keeper at an *estancia* called La Casa de Fierro, but being young and a good horseman had joined the others, making a contrast to them as he sat beside the fire in his town clothes, which, though they were all dusty and his trouser legs coated thick with mud, yet gave him the appearance of being on a picnic, which a small telescope that

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dangled from a strap greatly accentuated. Since he had started on the trail eight or nine days ago, he had Hispaniolised his name to Pancho Pajaro, which form, as fortune willed it, stuck to him for the remainder of his life in South America. Two cattle-farmers, English by nationality, known as El Facon Grande and El Facon Chico from the respective sizes of the knives they carried, talked quietly, just as they would have talked in the bow-window of a club, whilst a tall, grey-haired Belgian, handsome and taciturn, was drawing horses' brands with a charred mutton bone as he sat gazing in the fire. Of all the company he alone kept himself apart, speaking but seldom, and though he had passed a lifetime on the plains, he never ventured his opinion except men asked for it, when it was taken usually as final, for everybody knew that he had served upon the frontier under old General Mancilla in the Indian wars.

A tall, fair, English boy, whose hair, as curly as the wool of a merino sheep, hung round his face and on his neck after the fashion of a Charles II. wig, was nodding sleepily.

Exaltacion Medina, tall, thin and wiry, tapped with his whip upon his boot leg, on which an eagle was embroidered in red silk.

He and his friend, Florencio Freites, who sat and picked his teeth abstractedly with his long silver-handled knife, were gauchos of the kind who always rode good horses and wore good clothes, though no one ever saw them work, except occasionally at cattle-markings. They both were Badilleros, that is, men from Bahia Blanca, and both spoke Araucano, having been prisoners amongst the Infidel, for their misfortunes as they said, although there were not wanting people who averred that their connection with the Indians had been in the capacity of renegades by reason of their crimes.

Some squatted cross-legged like a Turk, and some lay resting on their elbows, whilst others, propped against their saddles, sat with their eyes closed, but opened them if the wind stirred the trees, just as a sleeping cat peers through its eyelids at an unusual noise.

When the last *maté* had been drunk and the last cigarette end flung into the blazing brands and yet a universal sleeplessness seemed to hang in the air, which came in fierce, hot gusts out of the north, carrying with it a thousand cottony filaments which clung upon the hair and beards of the assembled band, Claraz suggested that it might be as well if some one would tell a story, for it was plain that, situated as they were, no one could sing a song. Silence fell on the group, for most of those assembled there had stories that they did not care to tell. Then the mysterious

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impulse that invariably directs men's gaze towards the object of their thoughts turned every eye upon the Belgian, who still was drawing brands on the white ashes of the fire with the burnt mutton bone. Raising his head he said: "I see I am the man you wish to tell the story, and as I cannot sleep an atom better than the rest, and as the story I will tell you lies on my heart like lead, but in the telling may perhaps grow lighter, I will begin at once."

He paused, and taking off his hat ran his hands through his thick, dark hair, flecked here and there with grey, hitched round his pistol so that it should not stick into his side as he leaned on his elbow, and turning to the fire, which shone upon his face, set in a close-cut, dark-brown beard, slowly began to speak.

"Fifteen,—no, wasn't it almost sixteen years ago—just at the time of the great Indian, Malon—invasion, eh? the time they got as far as Tapalquén and burned the *chacras* just outside Tandil, I was living on the Sauce Chico, quite on the frontier. . . . I used to drive my horses into the corral at night and sleep with a Winchester on either side of me. My nearest neighbour was a countryman of mine, young . . . yes, I think you would have called him a young man then. An educated man, quiet and well-mannered, yes, I think that was so . . . his manners were not bad.

"It is his story I shall tell you, not mine, you know. Somehow or other I think it was up on an expedition after the Indians, such as ours to-day, he came upon an Indian woman driving some horses. She had got separated from her husband, after some fight or other, and was returning to the tents. She might have got away, as she was riding a good horse . . . piebald it was, with both its ears slit, and the cartilage between the nose divided to give it better wind. Curious the superstitions that they have." Florencio Freites looked at the speaker, nodded and interjected, "If you had lived with them as long as I have you would say so, my friend. I would give something to slit the cartilage of some of their Indian snouts. . . ." No one taking up what he had said, he settled down to listen, and the narrator once again began.

"Yes, a fine horse that piebald, I knew him well, a little quick to mount, but then that woman rode like a gaucho—as well as any man. As I was saying, she might have got away—so said my friend—only the mare of her *tropilla* had not long foaled, and either she was hard to drive or the maternal instinct in the woman was too strong for her to leave the foal behind . . . or she had lost her head or something—you can never tell. When my friend took her prisoner, she did not fight or try to get away, but looked

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at him and said in halting Spanish, 'Bueno, I am take prisoner, do what you like.' My friend looked at her and saw that she was young and pretty and that her hair was brown and curly, and fell down to her waist. Perhaps he thought—God knows what he did think. For one thing he had no woman in his house, for the last, an Italian girl from Buenos Aires, had run off with a countryman of her own, who came round selling saints—a *santero*, eh? As he looked at her, her eyes fell, and he could have sworn he saw her colour rise under the paint daubed on her face, but he said nothing as they rode back towards his rancho, apart from all the rest. They camped upon the head waters of the Quequen Salado, and to my friend's astonishment when he had staked out his horse and hers and put the hobbles on her mare, so that her *tropilla* might not stray, she had lit the fire and had put a little kettle on to boil. When they had eaten some tough *charqui*, moistened in warm water, she handed him a *maté* and stood submissively filling it for him till he had had enough. Two or three times he looked at her, but mastered his desire to ask her how it was that she spoke Spanish, and why her hair was brown.

"As they sat looking at the fire, it seemed somehow as if he had known her all his life, and when a voice came from another fire, 'You had better put the hobbles on that Indian mare, or she'll be back to the *querencia* before the moon is down,' it jarred on him, for somehow he vaguely knew his captive would not try to run away.

"So with a shout of 'All right, I'll look out,' to the other fires, he took his saddle and his ponchos and saying to the Indian woman, 'Sleep well, we start at daybreak,' left her wrapped up in saddle-cloths, with her feet towards the fire. An hour before the dawn, the camp was all astir, but my friend, though an early riser, found his captive ready, and waiting with a *maté* for him, as soon as he got up and shook the dew out of his hair, and buckled on his spurs.

"All that day they rode homewards, companions leaving them at intervals, as when they struck the Saucecito, crossed the Mostazas, just as it rises at the foot of the Sierra de la Ventana, or at the ruined rancho at the head waters of the Napostá. Generally, as the various neighbours drove their *tropillas* off, they turned and shouted farewell to the Indian woman and my friend, wishing them a happy honeymoon or something of the kind. He answered shortly, and she never appeared to hear, though he saw that she had understood. Before they reached his rancho he had learned a little of the history of the woman riding by his side. She told him, as Spanish slowly seemed to make its

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way back to her brain, that she was eight-and-twenty, and her father had been an *estanciero* in the province of San Luis; who with her mother and her brothers had been killed in an invasion of the Indians eight years ago, and from that time she had lived with them, and had been taken by a chief whose name was Huinchan, by whom she had three sons. All this she told my friend mechanically, as if she had been speaking of another, adding, 'The Christian women pass through hell amongst the *Infidel*.' " The narrator paused to take a *maté*, and Anastasio sententiously remarked, "Hell, yes, double-heated hell: do you remember Ché, that Chilian girl you bought from that Araucan whose eye one of the Indian girls gouged out?" His friend Florencio showed his teeth like a wolf and answered, "Caspita, yes, do you remember how I got even with her, eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, as I once heard a priest say was God's law!" The *maté* finished, the Belgian once again took up his tale.

"When my friend reached his home he helped his captive off her horse, hobbled her mare, and taking her hand led her into the house, and told her it was hers.

"She was the least embarrassed of the two, and from the first took up her duties as if she had never known another life.

"Little by little she laid aside her Indian dress and ways, although she folded carefully, and laid by, her *chamál*, with the great silver pin shaped like a sun that holds it tight across the breast. Her ear-rings, shaped like an inverted pyramid, she put aside with the scarlet *vichu* that had bound her hair, which, when she was first taken, hung down her back in a thick mass of curls that had resisted all the efforts of the Indian women, aided by copious dressings of melted ostrich fat, to make straight like their own. Timidly she had asked for Christian clothes, and by degrees became again a Spanish woman, careful about her hair, which she wore high upon her head, careful about her shoes, and by degrees her walk became again the walk she had practised in her youth, when with her mother she had sauntered in the evening through the plaza of her native town, with a light swinging of her hips.

"Her Indian name of Lincomilla gave place once more to Nievés and in a week or two some of the sunburn vanished from her cheeks.

"All the time of her transformation my friend had watched the process as a man may watch the hour-hand on a clock, knowing it moves, but yet unable to discern the movement with his eyes.

"Just as it seems a miracle when on a fine spring morning one

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awakes and sees a tree which overnight was bare, now crowned with green, so did it seem a miracle to him that the half-naked Indian whom he had captured, swinging her whip about her head and shouting to her horses, had turned into the Señorita Nievés, whilst he had barely seen the change. Something intangible seemed to have grown up between them, invisible, but quite impossible to pass, and now and then he caught himself regretting vaguely that he had let his captive slip out of his hands. Little by little their positions were reversed, and he who had been waited on by Lincomilla, found himself treating the Señorita Nievés with all the . . . how you say . . . '*egards*' that a man uses to a lady in ordinary life.

"When his hand accidentally touched hers, he shivered, and then cursed himself for a fool for not having taken advantage of the right of conquest the first day that he led the Indian girl into his home. All would have then seemed natural, and he would have only had another girl to serve his *maté*, a link in the long line of women who had succeeded one another, since he first drove his cattle into the south camps, and built his rancho on the creek. Then came a time when something seemed to blot out all the world, and nothing mattered but the Señorita Nievés, whom he desired so fiercely that his heart stood still when she brushed past him in her household duties, yet he refrained from speaking, kept back by pride, for he knew after all that she was in his power in that lone rancho on the plains. Sleeping and waking she was always there. If he rode out upon the *boleada* she seemed to go with him; on his return there she was standing, waiting for him with her enigmatic smile, when he rode home at night.

"She on her side was quite aware of all he suffered, suffering herself just as acutely, but being able better to conceal her feelings he never noticed it, or saw the shadowy look that long-suppressed desire brings in a woman's eyes. Their neighbours, ordinary men and women, had no idea things were on such an exalted footing, and openly congratulated him on his good luck in having caught an Indian who had turned to a white girl. When he had heard these rough congratulations on his luck, he used to answer shortly, and catching his horse by the head, would gallop out upon the plain and come home tired, but with the same pain gnawing at his heart. How long they might have gone on in that way is hard to say, had not the woman—for it is generally they who take the first step in such things—suddenly put an end to it. Seeing him sitting by the fire one evening, and after having watched him follow her with his eyes as she came in and out, she walked up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder,

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and as he started and a thrill ran through his veins, bent down her face and pressing her dry lips to his, said, 'Take me,' and slid into his arms.

"That was their courtship. From that time, all up and down the Sauce Chico, the settlers who looked on love as a thing men wrote about in books, or as the accomplishment of a necessary function without which no society could possibly endure, took a proprietary interest in the lovers, whom they called 'Los de Teruel' after the lovers in the old Spanish play, who loved so constantly.

"Most certainly they loved as if they had invented love and meant to keep it to themselves. Foolish, of course they were, and primitive, he liking to rush off into Bahia Blanca to buy up all the jewellery that he could find, to give her, and she, forgetting all the horrors of her life amongst the Indians, gave herself up to happiness as unrestrained as that of our first mother, when the whole world contained no other man but the one she adored.

"As in a day out on the southern plains, when all is still and the wild horses play, and from the lakes long lines of pink flamingoes rise into the air and seem translucent in the sun, when the whole sky becomes intensest purple, throwing a shadow on the grass that looks as if the very essence of the clouds was falling like a dew, the Indians say that a Pampero must be brewing, and will soon burst with devastating force upon the happy world, so did their love presage misfortune by its intensity."

"A strong, north wind is sure to bring a Pampero," interpolated one of the listeners round the fire.

"Yes, that is so, and the Pampero came accordingly," rejoined the story-teller.

"Months passed and still the neighbours talked of them with amazement, being used to see the force of passion burn itself out, just as a fire burns out in straw, and never having heard of any other kind of love, except the sort they and their animals enjoyed.

"Then by degrees Nievés became a little melancholy, and used to sit for hours looking out on the Pampa, and then come in and hide her head beneath her black Manila shawl, that shawl my friend had galloped to Bahia Blanca to procure, and had returned within two days, doing the forty leagues at a round gallop all the way.

"Little by little he became alarmed, and feared, having been a man whose own affections in the past had often strayed, that she was tired of him. To all his questions she invariably replied

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that she had been supremely happy, and for the first time had known love, which she had always thought was but a myth invented by the poets to pass the time away. Then she would cry and say that he was idiotic to doubt her for a moment, then catching him to her, crush him against her heart. For days together she was cheerful, but he, after the fashion of a man who thinks he has detected a slight lameness in his horse, but is not certain where, was always on the watch to try and find out what it was that ailed her, till gradually a sort of armed neutrality took the place of their love. Neither would speak, although both suffered almost as much as they had loved, until one evening as they stood looking out upon the Pampa yearning for one another, but kept apart by something that they felt, rather than knew was there, the woman with a cry threw herself into her lover's arms. Then with an effort she withdrew herself, and choking down her tears, said, 'I have been happy, dearest, happier by far than you can understand, happier than I think that it is ever possible to be, for any man. Think of my life, my father and my mother killed before my eyes, myself thrown to an Indian whom my soul loathed, then made by force the mother of his children—his and mine. Think what my life has been there in the Tolderias, exposed to the jealousy of all the Indian women, always in danger till my sons were born, and even then obliged to live for years amongst those savages and become as themselves.

" 'Then you came, and it seemed to me as if God had tired of persecuting me ; but now I find that He or nature has something worse in store. I am happy here, but then there is no happiness on earth, I think. My children—his and mine—never cease calling me. I must return to them—and see, my horses all are fat, the foal can travel, and . . . you must think it has been all a dream, and let me go back to my master—husband—bear him more children and at last be left to die when I am old, beside some river, like other Indian wives. She dried her eyes, and gently touching him upon the shoulder looked at him sadly, saying, 'Now you know, dearest, why it is I have been so sad and made you suffer, though you have loaded me with love. Now that you know I love you more a hundred times than the first day, when, as you used to say, I took you for my own, you can let me go back to my duties and my misery, and perhaps understand.'

" Her lover saw her mind was fixed, and with an effort stammered, 'Bueno, you were my prisoner, but ever since I took you captive, I have been your slave . . . when will you go ?'

" 'Let it be to-morrow, *sangre mia*, and at daybreak, for you must take me to the place where you first saw me, for it has

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become to me as it were a birthplace, seeing that there I first began to live.' Once more he answered, 'Bueno,' like a man in a dream, and led her sadly back into their house.

"Just as the first red streaks of the false dawn had tinged the sky they saddled up without a word.

"Weary and miserable, with great black circles round their eyes, they stood a moment, holding their horses by their *cabrestos*, till the rising sun just fell upon the doorway of the poor rancho where they had been so happy in their love.

"Without a word they mounted, the captive, once more turned to Lincomilla, dressed in her Indian clothes, swinging herself as lightly to the saddle as a man. Then gathering the horses all together, with the foal, now strong and fat running behind its mother, they struck into the plains.

"Three or four hours of steady galloping brought them close to the place where Lincomilla had been taken captive by the man who now rode silently beside her, with his eyes fixed on the horizon, like a man in a dream.

"'It should be here,' she said, 'close to that tuft of sarandis . . . yes, there it is, for I remember it was there you took my horse by the bridle, as if you thought that I was sure to run away, back to the Indians.'

"Dismounting, they talked long and sadly, till Lincomilla tore herself from her lover's arms and once more swung herself upon her horse. The piebald Pingo with the split ears neighed shrilly to the other horses feeding a little distance off upon the plain, then, just as she raised her hand to touch his mouth, the man she was about to leave for ever stooped down and kissed her foot which rested naked on the stirrup, after the Indian style. 'May the God of the Araucans, to whom you go, bless and encompass you,' he cried; 'my God has failed me,' and as he spoke she touched her horse lightly with the long Indian reins. The piebald plunged and wheeled round, and then struck into a measured gallop, as his rider, gathering her horses up before her, set her face westward, without once looking back.

"I . . . that is my friend, stood gazing at her, watching the driven horses first sink below the horizon into the waves of grass, the foal last disappearing as it brought up the rear, and then the horse that Lincomilla rode, inch by inch fade from sight, just as a ship slips down the round edge of the world. Her feet went first, then the *caronas* of her saddle, and by degrees her body, wrapped in the brown *chamál*.

"Lastly, the glory of her floating hair hung for a moment in his

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sight upon the sky, then vanished, just as a piece of seaweed is sucked into the tide by a receding wave."

"That's all," the story-teller said, and once again began to paint his horses' brands in the wood ashes with his mutton bone, as he sat gazing at the fire.

Silence fell on the camp, and in the still, clear night, the sound of the staked-out horses cropping the grass was almost a relief. None spoke, for nearly all had lost some kind of captive, in some way or other, till Claraz, rising, walked round and laid his hand upon the story-teller's shoulder. "I fear," he said, "the telling of the tale has not done anything to make the weight upon the heart any the lighter.

"All down the coast, as I remember, from Mazatlán to Acapulco, pearl-fishers used to say, unless a man made up his mind to stay below the water till his ears burst, that he would never be a first-rate pearl-diver.

"Some men could never summon up the courage, and remained indifferent pearl-divers, suffering great pain, and able to remain only a short time down in the depths, as their ears never burst. It seems to me that you are one of those . . . but, I know I am a fool, I like you better as you are."

He ceased, and the grey light of dawn fell on the sleepless camp on the north fork of the Mostazas (or perhaps the Napostá); it fell upon the smouldering fire, with Lincomilla's lover still drawing horses' marks in the damp ashes, and on the group of men wrapped in their ponchos, shivering and restless with the first breath of day.

Out on the plain, some of the horses were lying down beside their bell-mares. Others stood hanging their heads low between their feet, with their coats ruffled by the dew.

The Antiquary

By C. F. Keary

III

"I SUPPOSE we are all going to the cricket match," said Mrs. Hammersley.

"Mordant and I will walk," answered the Colonel.

"Are you sure you'd rather walk? You've got your bicycle, haven't you?" Maud Hammersley, the sister, asked Paul.

"Oh no, I'd rather walk."

"We shall see Lady Sturt's beauty, I suppose," said the lady of the house. "However, Maud and I saw her yesterday in the distance with Lady Sturt and a man—only we couldn't catch them up. All I can tell you is she's red-haired. Do you like red hair, Paul?"

"Of course," Maud put in, "everybody must admire red hair. It's the most beautiful thing in the world."

"I think it's the ugliest thing in the world, generally," Colonel Hammersley said.

"My dear Arthur! Look at the old masters."

"I never do look at them if I can help it. . . . Look here," he said to his wife, "if you drive you mustn't want to be going back directly. I can't have the mare knocked up."

"Why, what nonsense! It's only four miles."

"I daresay it is. But Calton Hill is a beastly one to drive up and down; and she's not perfectly sound yet."

"Oh, nons— . . ."

"No, she's not. I felt her leg yesterday. Baker put a bandage on last night; that is, I told him to. And you only brought Mordant from the station. That is, I suppose you didn't go anywhere else, did you?"

"Yes: I went into Ashton. I had to fetch a parcel from Train's."

"Then why didn't you tell me you were going? I won't have you driving that mare all over the place. Wilmers could have brought the parcel perfectly well. I tell you her leg was quite hot last night."

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"It wasn't, Arthur. It's as clean as anything."

"Well, it wasn't when I felt it : that's all I can say. Look here, if you catch Wilmers he can order you a fly from the station."

"Oh rubbish ! It's perfectly ridiculous."

"Well, you must take care, that's all." And he went out.

"Arthur got out of bed the wrong side," Mrs. Hammersley said to her sister-in-law.

But Paul was more seriously annoyed. "Now," he reflected—and he had had occasion to make the same reflection before—"there's a chap who's a gentleman, a man of honour and all that ; and yet, directly he loses his temper, he's rude to every one all round. I'll be damned if I go to the cricket match with him or anybody else." And he went after his host to tell him his resolution.

"Oh, you'd better go. We needn't stay long. What is there to do before the first ?" And throughout the walk—for somehow Paul was obliged to go to the match—his companion was as friendly as if nothing had ever disturbed his equanimity. But Mordant's disposition was different. He resented this sudden placidity more than if he could have sulked the whole four miles. It seemed to rob him of a right.

For in truth Paul Mordant was a "difficult" guest. Yet, such is the perversity of women, that fact made him rather a favourite with Mary Hammersley and with Maud, her sister-in-law. The former, indeed, who had been Mary Sanderson, was one of the few old friends that Paul possessed. They were almost the same age. Her father had got "young Mordant" his appointment, and Mary, then just out, had vague hints of a discussion between father and mother as to whether the young man was to be asked to the house. Of course the notion that Paul had done "something wicked" made him an interesting figure ; and his shyness, his ferocity, the rugged features and the mass of black hair kept up the impression. The Sanderson girls, as girls, never broke through the ferocity and shyness. But when Mary, now Mrs. Hammersley, returned to England after six or eight years abroad, she found Paul still within reach, and then they became friends.

The way was mostly up-hill, heavy work in this August weather. But the road was shaded with great English elms ; and for the latter part of it they walked beside the paling of the Sturts' park, Infield Park, where the match was being played. They heard the hollow sound of a struck ball and cheers deadened by the leafy screen.

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Colonel Hammersley took a side road a score or so of yards long, and they entered the park by a wicket gate, which brought them plump among the spectators. These were a good gathering: but three classes, the gentry, a sprinkling of tradesfolk from Ashton, and labourers from the village made three different groups. As the two men ascended towards the pavilion, a neighbour called from his dog-cart to Colonel Hammersley, and Paul strolled on a few paces alone.

Suddenly he was arrested by a cry: "Ecco papa! It is Mr. Paolo!" There stood the weird form of Isotta Cartwright—not much changed in two and a half years. She held her father's coat, half inclined to rush forward, and half holding back.

It was surprising; but to Paul quite a pleasant encounter. He had always had a liking for the child, and a sort of feeling, never formulated, that she repaid that liking manifold, as children do get strange romantic attachments, they know not why. Moreover Paul had the knowledge, this too only at the back of his mind, the sense of having done Isotta a great service: by which I do not mean the service of pulling her out of the way of a carriage-horse on the Pincio. . . . Yet if the Contessa were there . . . ? All that episode, which had long seemed unreal as a dream, flashed back for a moment. No danger! She never came to England. He had meanwhile nodded to the little elf and smiled. Immediately after, he perceived that those two only formed one of a large group which produced a general sensation of smart dresses, of bright colours and summer stuffs. Cartwright had turned round, now he stepped forward, but not with excessive alacrity, and shook Paul's hand. At this moment the Colonel rejoined Paul. As he knew many of the party—which was, in fact, the Sturts' house-party—there was a minute of complete confusion. Before Paul knew what was happening, Isotta had rushed to his side, seized his hand, as on that very first day in the Via Vecchia Colonna, and kissed it.

"How delicious!" exclaimed a tall lady with a large nose. And lo! for a few seconds Paul and Isotta stood there isolated like a couple on the stage, with the house-party group—with all these as audience looking on.

The one person not embarrassed was Isotta. "He saved my life," she said, raising her large elfin eyes to the tall lady's.

"You darling!" the other said. She was the commanding presence. Some folks laughed, but politely—among them were Mrs. Hammersley and Maud, who had been at the back. The Colonel looked askance at his guest. Cartwright only felt a vast relief: at any rate he was saved the responsibility of making his

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friend known to all these others. Here were other godfathers for Paul, and he stood aside. So it was that when Paul had shaken hands with Lady Sturt and vaguely caught one or two more names uttered in an "introductory" manner, a tall young woman came forward on her own account and said, "I am Isotta's sister," and shook him by the hand. Her red hair made it evident—but to Paul only on reflection—that she was the "Lady Sturt's beauty" he had heard of at lunch.

"How very romantic!" said Mary Hammersley to Paul. "How did you save her life? You're always doing romantic things." Nita Calenka was somehow in her thoughts. But she did not really mean it quite as a compliment, and spoke with a certain inward despite. Maud's countenance had fallen—visibly to her sister-in-law's eyes. And Mary had detected in the beautiful Miss Cartwright a something, a moistening of the eyes at the moment of Isotta's declaration, which was indeed natural enough in a sister. As for this last, who now turned away, she could only take Mrs. Hammersley's words in their literal significance. Nor did Noel Cartwright perceive that by the other's manœuvre she had been a little shoved on one side.

These tiny social actions, which are always taking place, are so rapid and instinctive that nobody reckons of them, not the authors themselves. They are, nevertheless, like a child's dam, and many perchance turn a new-born stream of purpose one way or the other. Otherwise they produce nothing and are forgotten as soon as done.

Upon the whole this had formed quite a satisfactory introduction in Lady Sturt's eyes for "young Mr. Mordant" or "Isotta's young man" and later on "Mr. Paolo," which were his names among the house-party; and Cartwright enlarged more freely upon the acquaintance than he would have done otherwise. All the Hammersley household were brought in to tea—"brought in," I mean, to that special tent and that group within the tent—and Noel made a point of talking to Paul. But hardly *en tête-à-tête*. She had men always hovering around; and she had not enough conversance of the world to order things exactly as she would have them. In any station of life Noel Cartwright's good looks would have been noticeable. She was above the middle height, with dark fine red hair and soft brown eyes, and a mouth that smiled easily—but not smirked, as in Kneller portraits—and showed beautiful white teeth; and she had a simplicity and tenderness of character which had their attractions even to fashionable young men, who thought of her money as well as of

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her charms. As no more than a milliner's assistant, I say, she would have been handsome: with thirty thousand pounds of her own she easily passed as a beauty. She had all the frankness which her father lacked; yet there were points of reserve in her surroundings and in her history which kept her on the right (or the wrong) side of the factitious gaiety of the average young adorer or adored.

The point of reserve touched chiefly on Noel's only brother Vernon, two years her junior. He likewise had inherited a thousand a year from their mother. He seemed to have gone or to be going wholly to the bad. James Cartwright, the father, simply ignored his existence in a sublimely placid fashion. This was the easier, that since his second marriage twelve years ago now, Noel and Vernon had been altogether in the care of their mother's people. His daughter's home was with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Manning in Queen's Gate, a very simple-minded couple, very rich, yet almost out of "the world." There, too, had been Vernon's home, till a scandal put an end to the arrangement.

To Paul of course the girl seemed only one of a group of folk with whom he had no commerce and no interest. He felt and even noticed with some contempt the deferential attitude which the Hammersleys took up in relation to the great house of the neighbourhood—that relic of feudal feeling which still survives in the country, and often strikes a Londoner as strange and vulgar. It would never have occurred to Paul Mordant for a moment—what the *savoir vivre* of Reggie Sturt perceived quite well—that even for one afternoon he was capable of putting the noses of Noel's witty young adorers out of joint.

"Oh," said Isotta the morning after this, "I *am* glad that Mr. Paolo is coming again." It was said in Lady Sturt's little morning-room, where there were only four grown-up people, the lady of the house, Mrs. Debenham, Cecilia Sturt, and Noel Cartwright.

"Are you very fond of Mr. Paolo?" Lady Sturt asked, and Noel's cheeks took on a little deeper colour.

"Oh yes, I love Mr. Paolo, and so does mamma," the little girl answered.

Lady Sturt shot a quick glance at Mrs. Debenham; but nobody else noticed it.

"You haven't talked about him much before," Noel said. Isotta was leaning against her. Noel loved Isotta, but she didn't always believe in her.

The child looked up with the extraordinarily innocent look

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which she often had and which was a great fascination. "N-no I haven't. It was so long ago."

"Only two years."

"Two years is an age to a child," said Cecil, who thought Noel too severe.

"Yes : well," said the elder sister, putting her arm round the child, "he saved your life on the Pincio : that was worth while. We should not like to have our Isotta trampled by horses and run over by carriage-wheels."

"Oh, it was dreadful," said Isotta, covering her eyes.

"How did he do it ?" Cecil asked. "Did he stop a horse or what ?"

"He ran—he ran in among the horses," Isotta said, looking now with all her wide black eyes.

"And picked you up ?"

"Y-yes. The horse had knocked me down, and he ran in and picked me up, and a horse nearly—oh, nearly knocked him down too . . . only . . ."

"You couldn't have seen all that," Noel said.

"I did," said Isotta pouting, "and Angela saw it too. You can ask her if you do not believe me."

"Yes, dear one, we believe you," said Cecil. She was a great worshipper of Noel, as plain girls worship beautiful ones. But she did not always understand Noel's temper. But then Cecil knew no more than vaguely about the brother.

Seeing that Noel Cartwright's home was in Queen's Gate and that Paul Mordant lived within a stone's-throw of Brompton Road, and that all his work, too, lay in that quarter, the two young people had plenty of opportunity of keeping up acquaintance when they were both back in London. This was not till a month or more after the cricket match. But even the few meetings which he had had with Noel Cartwright in Hertfordshire had been enough to correct Paul's first sense of aloofness. He was passing out of the ferocity and pessimism of youth. Even at South Kensington his achievements had brought him recognition. When he had been to Rome that time two years and a half ago he had taken up all his holidays to pursue his favourite research and only with difficulty got a fortnight added thereto. But this year he had been furnished with time and money—the first by the Government, the second by the Society of Antiquaries—to superintend some diggings in the north, on the site of Hadrian's wall. And as life was no longer so difficult to Paul he was not so difficult with it.

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Moreover—I know not precisely how it happened—Noel did an exceptional thing when she went back to London. She induced her father to leave Isotta with her. Countess Margarita we know never came to England. It was not easy—less now that Vernon stood between a good understanding of daughter with father—to get Noel to the Via Vecchia Colonna. But if she kept Isotta now she was bound by promises to bring her back at Christmas. One result—was it foreseen?—of this arrangement was that it made the visits of Paul to Queen's Gate more certain and more natural than they would otherwise have been, and separated the antiquary from the regular run of Noel's hangers-on. Moreover he suited much better with the tastes of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Manning, her great-uncle and aunt, than the quick-witted and cynical Reggie Sturt and his compeers.

And then, and then . . .

It was one late November morning that Noel Cartwright awoke to find that the rumble of wheels which was just beginning in that quarter was in some manner an echo of the wheels of the sun-god's chariot, that a fly which was buzzing about her room was akin to all the winged things which mankind has seen or imagined, from eagles alone in the Himalayas or humming-birds in South American forests to pagan Victories or Christian angels, and that a sorry ray of daylight was the pathway of the gods to earth. She did not say these things, she was not wont to think in a high-flown strain: she felt them not the less. And when her thought, awaking more clearly to the world about her, began to question of her feelings they seemed to travel back and (as all roads lead to Rome) to end in nothing more and nothing less than the sensation of being helped out of a cab, and of the hand which . . .

At once Noel was wide awake as if she had received an electric shock. She had even unconsciously raised herself a little on her pillow. She stared into space: the ray of light—creatures with wings—the chariot-wheels had all disappeared from her thought. What she saw now was the first meeting with Paul Mordant in the cricket-field, before he knew of her existence indeed, and how his face, taken by surprise, had softened at the sight of little Isotta—the Lion with Una. It was *then*—not yesterday evening—that she had fallen in love. “How strange!” was all she said.

But it was yesterday evening that—that— What had happened? Had not they two by the proxy of their two hands—in reality fallen into each other's arms? For two hands can do this as effectively as the two lovers that own them. How strange!

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Strange ? How wondrous ! How miraculous ! The one eternal miracle ; as Noel felt :

Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen.

Schiller was her standard of poetry. Should he not be to a pure-minded maiden who knows nothing of the complexities of life ? And Noel repeated the lines as she sat up in bed, her two hands clasped upon her bosom, looking, had there been any one to see, like a well-sculptured figure, so still, so graceful was her pose.

O zarte Sehnsucht, süßes Hoffen ! . . .

Yet such is the nature of that terrible passion love, that upon his heels comes treading almost always a little shadow of doubt and fear.

That particular clasp of *his* hand,—of their hands,—had been professedly an adieu for some months, seeing that in two days she was to set out for Rome. That gave it its mighty significance. Two hands—we have said—can meet and embrace as if they were the two lovers who owned them. Only there is this difference. They are but proxies after all. And the principals can disown the bargain. A pang of terror upon the very heels of joy ! Oh ! what a world is ours !

But Joy triumphed. Joy helped her in her packing or in the superintendence thereof. He sat on one side of her, with Isotta and Stanner—the maid—reduced by her dumbness to entertaining one another on the other side, through the long boat and railway journey ; and shared her bed and board in the Via Vecchia Colonna. And one pair of eyes was not long in detecting the invited-uninvited guest. Naturally “ Paolo’s ” name came up early for discussion. It was Margarita and Isotta between them who had established the name of “ Paolo ” for Mordant in the Via Vecchia.

“ I am so glad he has come to know you,” the Contessa said. “ I told him to.” And she nodded her head sagely.

“ But we told you before how it happened. It was a pure accident,” Noel answered.

“ Ah ! ah ! ” was all her stepmother replied. But she nodded her head sagely. . . .

It was on the morning of the fifth day in Rome that Noel was driving with her father home again to luncheon—they were already in their street.

“ If they’d only left those houses exactly as they were,” said the connoisseur, staring very hard at the house fronts above him. “ You see those, and there again—that’s a very good rococo

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balcony. You don't get much that's earlier than rococo in this street ; but all the same . . ." On and on he went, without pause, utterly unlike his usual indolent manner. Never had Noel heard her father talk so much as in those few minutes—save for "company." When they got to their door the girl, turning round by chance, saw a figure dimly near the other end of the street which seemed to be making signs. She was short-sighted a little. James Cartwright, on the contrary, had very long sight. All at once Noel's suspicions were aroused. "I *believe* that's Vernon," she cried.

"Who ?—what ? Vernon ?" said the other, pulling vigorously at the bell, but not turning round, "Vernon—your brother ? Nonsense ! what should he be doing here ?"

"It is he, I'm certain. I shall go and speak to him," she answered.

"No ! I can't have Vernon here—with the child," her father said with feeble determination.

"You can't mind my speaking to my brother." And without more ado she walked away from the house. At this moment the house-door opened. Mr. Cartwright took the easiest way, as he always did. He went indoors without looking round. The person most curious over the transaction—though 'twas all dumb show to him—was the *vetturino*. He hadn't been paid : that did not matter : he knew the family well. The fly-driver had seen the young man from the first : his care now was to be still to the rear of the signorina when she met the stranger.

"Vernon, what have you——?" Noel could get no further, so unspeakably shocking was the squalor of the boy's appearance.

"I'm cleaned out," Vernon answered, going straight to the point.

"Cleaned out ? How ? Turned out, you mean ?"

"Cleaned out. You know what 'cleaned out' means well enough."

"But how ? Where ?"

"Where ? At Monte Carlo, of course."

"Why, but——"

"'But'—but you must give me some money."

"But why have you come here ?"

"You told me yourself you would be here in December."

"Vernon ! I wish you'd explain. You could have got money from London."

"Who from ?"

"Why, of course from the bank."

"I told you I was *cleaned . . . out*."

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"But you don't—you can't mean that you've spent all your money?"

"I do."

"All—you don't mean all?"

Vernon mocked. "All—all" he minced. "It's not such a lot, your all—only thirty thousand pounds."

This from the mouth of a boy—Vernon was two years her junior—had on Noel precisely the effect of a blow on the head: she became literally giddy. Noel had not come of a stock to whom it seemed possible to treat thirty thousand pounds as a small sum, less possible still to run through the whole of it in less than four years. "I don't understand! I don't believe it," she said looking wildly for the first time.

"Well, I can't stand here all day. Give me some money now anyway. I've had nothing to eat."

That was enough at any rate to empty Noel's purse. Her brother, after his usual fashion, declined to tell her where he should be, but promised to let her know some place where they could meet?

"How can he manage here alone?" she asked herself in panic. Anger burnt in her heart, but not with her brother. "It always happens so," she said to herself. She meant that when she was trying her best to "get on with" James Cartwright something always came between. And the "something" nine times out of ten had reference to Vernon.

It was hardly just. Could Mr. Cartwright in Rome be held responsible for that awful affair of Jane the housemaid in Queen's Gate? But justice is not the most conspicuous of feminine qualities. And then, of course, Noel had the privilege alike of knowing and not knowing the scandal of Jane the housemaid, and all the rights and wrongs of Vernon's refusal to repair his evil deed by marriage. That had been the Manning solution: Mr. Cartwright offered no solution. And Noel, who it is said could at once know and not know the affair, if she allowed herself to think of it would glose her conscience a little and say: "He was so very young." For Uncle and Aunt Manning that was an aggravation. Vernon had been just twenty-one when the 'scandal' saw the day.

"He ought—" she meant her father—"somebody ought—some man——"

And thereupon her heart gave an unaccountable throb of—oh, why?—of happiness.

"I can't stay here"—she went on in her thought—"I must, a few days. . . . What *will* he do?" (She meant Vernon this time.)

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But when there—at home again . . . was she maybe not so far from the time when she could ask advice and get help ? . . .

And truth to tell the time was nearer than she supposed. How it happened she afterwards never distinctly remembered—some opening occurred and she found herself telling “Mr. Mordant” just the very thing which was such a point of reserve in her life towards most folk. It was an infinitely touching expression of confidence ; and if Paul had not been in love already it would have been enough to make him in love. For what were so splendid and so appealing were the immense and successful efforts she made to tell him what she told dry-eyed and without fuss.

“I want to know what I can do, what I ought to do,” she said.

“In what way ?”

“He can’t starve. He won’t ever tell me exactly where he is. He’s never asked me for any more.”

“Since when ?”

“Since I gave him that in Rome.”

“That’s nearly a month ago.”

“Yes. And it was very little—what I had in my purse. Five pounds—a little more, 200 lire——”

“That’s eight pounds.”

“And a little gold.”

Paul smiled to himself. “Of course if he wanted tremendously—I mean supposing he were—were—wanted to turn over a new leaf—he *could* of course live on £10 a month.”

“Oh, I don’t think Vernon could. And then *now*——”

“No doubt it’s more likely he’s had a run of luck.”

“Ah ! You think he’s gone back and gambled.” Her face contracted with pain. “What *ought* I to do ?” And as she turned her face to her interlocutor it was all Paul could do to prevent himself taking the girl in his arms. The girl ?—the child. Is not every woman half a child ? ’Tis their supreme charm. This one was more simple really than Isotta. And yet he loved Isotta too.

“I can only see one thing you can possibly do.”

“What ?” she interrupted.

“Make your brother an allowance—a monthly allowance.”

“But I tell you I don’t know where he is. Of course I would let him——”

“Ah ! But I was going to say you must have it paid by solicitors. . . . But don’t you think your father——”

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"My father? No. I must do it. . . . He never speaks about Vernon. Did he to you, *then*, three years ago?" ("Then" was in fact a time when the Jane scandal was still much to the fore.)

There was a long pause. Paul made an effort over himself and said, "I got into an awful row with *my* family when I was very young."

"You did? Oh, I'm so glad!"

Paul laughed. It was impossible to help it. So did Noel. But alas! her laugh broke down her self-command. They were in the broad walk. Unnoticed the place had emptied. A man with gold lace on his hat, approaching, saw a romantic sight. Generously he decided to give them a few minutes more and turned aside half-way.

When people heard that "young Mordant" (young Mordant was just forty now, but 'tis no matter) had done such a praiseworthy act as to get engaged to an heiress it is astonishing how many friends of his father and his family came forward to congratulate him. The old General himself of course came up to the wedding, he and the second Mrs. Mordant. The old man lived at Cheltenham now; the breach betwixt him and his son had been bridged over years ago; but as a fact the two met not often. Florrie, Paul's sister, and her husband were abroad, but she wrote all that a sister ought to write. Paul and Noel were engaged in January and married in June. In that interval there had been some new developements in the history of Vernon Cartwright. He himself, it appeared, was married. Noel wanted him to bring his wife to the wedding, and Paul made no objection. (How should he?—he reflected. Had it not once been his dearest dream to make Nita Calenka Mrs. Paul Mordant?) Happily Vernon refused for his wife. "I'm not going to give them an opportunity of insulting me more than I can help," he said.

"It was noble of him to come," Noel said.

It was less noble of him to be quietly living on his sister as he was doing at this time. The wedding-guests at the sight of this brother nodded to each other and thought they detected a future skeleton for Paul's cupboard. And when the General heard of the arrangements Noel had made for her brother's future he lost his temper with the Manning's family lawyer.

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "He's her only brother," he said.

"It isn't as if it would do the young fellow the least good in

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the world. It's just the contrary. It'll take away his last chance. If he was sent off——"

And so forth. The lawyer waited till the diatribe was at an end—that was professional. "What you say is very true, General. But as your son has agreed——"

"The more fool he! You ought not to have allowed the girl to make such a fool of herself."

This was not professional. "My dear sir," said Mr. Wetherby senior, "we advise our clients, of course. There our duty ends." And he stood up the while he spoke, hinting that the powers of a "general officer commanding" were not conferred for life, nor did they extend from Peshawar to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

But to Mr. Richard Manning junior, who had been first cousin to Noel's mother, the lawyer explained himself more fully. "Yes, well. It's quixotic and that. But it's fine of the young fellow to back her up. With this trust she's made the little girl's not such a catch in the money way—six hundred a year, not a penny more. People always made more of her fortune than the reality: they always do. But as everybody knows she's one in ten thousand. I'm glad she's marrying a gentleman." That was how old Mr. Wetherby expressed it to Noel too. "You're marrying a gentleman, my dear. I can tell you that."

So if Paul had dreamt of a change of life—and probably he had looked wistfully to the possibilities that way—the dream had to be abandoned. But of course all things were very different from what they had been in his early days. Sometimes a habit of mind long outlasts changed circumstances. And looking back Paul saw that it was in Rome three years ago that he had shed his gloom. Margarita and Isotta between them had done something in that direction—that he must acknowledge. He had begun to come out of his shell when he got back. And Publius Sulpicius Gnatho from his tomb had done something too. He had turned Paul's researches in a direction which had proved a mine.

IV

James Cartwright and Isotta were both at the wedding. But Noel's father did not come to England the following summer, nor see his daughter for twenty months or so. His wife was out of health; then there was the advent of a new Mordant into the world: finally, before Easter in the second year, the husband, wife, and eight months' child and nurse were installed in the Via Vecchia.

Paul met his stepmother-in-law without a shade of em-

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barrassment. Only he wondered within himself that she should ever have seemed to him the least young as she had done—yes, once he remembered—in the Colosseum by moonlight. It came back to him—he chose to let it only so come back—unsubstantial as a dream. And alas! Isotta was changed too, not for the better. How should she be, poor child, with that hysterical mother? Nothing substantial could be discovered amiss with Contessa Margarita: but she insisted on seeing doctors. And Paul thought he could read hysteria in every line of her face. On that account alone—alone he was firm in repeating to himself—he was a little afraid of a *tête-à-tête* with his stepmother. But he took no special pains to avoid it and it was inevitable sooner or later.

“You find me an old woman now. . . .” The Contessa plunged at once into the middle of things. “Oh yes, you do.” (For of course he denied with energy.) “I saw it in your face the first moment we met. . . . And I find you younger and as you should be with a young wife.”

“She’s not so very young,” Paul said, resenting the implied disparity of years.

“No; she is not.” Noel—no in years she is not much younger than I.” (“What a thumping lie,” thought Paul.) “You think it is not true. Ah, no it is not true really. For a woman is as old as she looks, and I look old enough to be what I am, her mother.”

“Oh, come.”

“And a man is as old as he feels. And you feel *ringiovanito*, isn’t it true?”

“Well, I feel very well.”

“Younger and quite an Englishman.”

“I always was an Englishman,” Paul said, astonished and frightened too, a little. Possibly she had some illusions. . . .

“No, no. Once—once in your life you were an ancient Roman . . . once, once in the Colosseo. You know I believe in the—the *metempsychosi*. And I thought then that one of my forefathers had come to life——”

Paul had chosen never to think of that evening in the Colosseum. But he recognised this as a strange reading of the scene.

“Yes. I see that you have forgotten it all. You could not for all the wide world feel as you felt then.”

When Paul went to bed that night and this talk came back to him he confessed to himself there was “something in it.” But he felt no regret. How had he felt? He had forgotten. . . . And who could talk of regret that possessed the most angelic . . .

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He took Noel in his arms. She, too, seemed stirred to a mood of keener sentiment. "We need not stay here long," she said in the course of their talk.

"No. I don't want to. I'm sorry for your father. The Contessa—well you know she can be awfully kind—but she's a trifle odd."

"Yes," Noel said and even shuddered a little.

For between the two women *tête-à-tête* were necessary and frequent. And already Margarita had begun to talk in a strange way about Paul.

It had begun in nothing—or, if anything, in what Noel would have chosen, a mere love of turning the talk on her husband.

"Your Paolo," Margarita would say, with a lingering intonation, "is very handsome. Yes, many Roman ladies thought so when he stayed here so long——"

"Was it long?" answered the stepdaughter, not from real curiosity but to say anything that might keep the topic going. "Yes," she went on, "that was before I had seen him." And she, too, had a lingering intonation as she spoke.

Of course these reminiscences of Margarita's interested Noel in Paul's Roman visit, which somehow he had not talked of to her.

"Did you see many 'Roman ladies' in those days?" she asked her husband.

"I? Bless you, no. I saw nobody in those days."

"But here you did. Isotta so often talks of you then."

"Here. . . . Well, this was the only house I came to, except old Bernabei's."

He was smoking on the terrace and Noel stood behind him, with her hands upon his shoulders. "Oh," she exclaimed, "you've got so many grey hairs!"

"Bless your soul! I know that. I'm forty."

"I believe——" Noel mused.

"Believe what?"

"Oh, I don't know——"

Her husband paid no attention, but smoked on. "It's extraordinary," he said presently, "that it's only four or five years ago."

"Since you were here? Why extraordinary?"

"I feel like a different person. . . . I was most *fearfully* down on my luck just then."

"You were? Poor darling—why?"

"I don't quite know why. I suppose I'd been over-working really."

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"That's what I'm afraid of. You work too hard still." And Noel's arms advanced to encircle her husband's strong neck, while her head came down to the level of his. "You won't, will you?" And for the next half-minute verbal conversation ceased.

But all the while a secondary train of thought was going on in the husband's mind. Different person—he should think he was! What could prove it better than that even in memory he could not reconstruct the melancholy mood of those days. It began almost to annoy him—not to be able even in memory to go back. . . . And besides. . . . There was something else in addition to the melancholy of those days . . . a sort of grandeur, a sort of isolation. And his thoughts returned to Leopardi as something definite which might summon up the ghosts of that dead time. . . . Just for a moment. . . . No, he had forgotten Leopardi too. Certainly from the hour he was engaged—ah no, since long before that—he had not looked into Leopardi.

Noel tried to get her husband to talk more of the melancholy days of the past. "*Hæc olim meminisse*," Paul said to himself. But somehow he could not respond just then. The Virgilian phrase itself raised a certain irritation deep in his breast—irritation with himself, his past self, or with the poet, which? Ah me! was it not with both together?—just because the greatness of his own sadness then—its greatness and its utter silence—seemed to give him a part in the Virgilian line, a part in the march of legionaries up to the door of Dis's house, a part with the much-suffering Æneas and the race of whom he was the type and symbol.

On another occasion: "He was very wild once, Paolo," said the Contessa to Noel.

"No, he wasn't. . . . He did something wrong once when he was quite young. . . ."

"Don't be angry," she laughed. "Are you really such a Puritan, Noel . . . as you pretend? . . . We all like men who have been wild, not tame."

"No: no, not in . . . that . . . way."

"*Innocente!* There is only one way. All men are wild in the same way."

"It's *not* always the same way. With Paul . . . He told me about it."

"He *did*. *Non è possibile!*" The Contessa looked at her stepdaughter with horror. When she was excited she always talked Italian. But Noel was persuaded she was only acting.

"It *was* possible. I was sorry. But I think it was noble of

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him to tell me. And it made me . . .” She did not finish this sentence which referred to Vernon. The Contessa only gave a sigh as she rolled up her lace. But Noel saw her shaking her head to herself as she put it by in the work-table.

It was an additional aggravation that Margarita had been engaged on a veil edging for baby—la Florinetta as she called her. She was so provokingly “nice” to the baby, Florrie.

And the dreadful thing was that those *tête-à-tête* must recur and recur. In time there began with the wife that terrible war that goes on in all of us 'twixt the intellect and the imagination! *Why* should Margarita hint these things? She had no motive. But women—every woman feels the possibility of that deep in her soul—yes, women can do harm, give endless pain, for no motive: a mysterious mischievousness or prompting of the devil, which we call hysteria. And every woman, I say, feels the possibility of this in her. So it was ridiculous, Noel knew, even to lend an ear to these subtle hints and suggestions, raised tones, and exclamations—seeming impromptu sighs, head-shakings. Noel swore to herself by all her gods she would never, never dream of speaking of such things to Paul. She should despise herself for ever if she did that. He had been noble in telling her the simple truth, helping her thereby to think better of Vernon, not worse.

For all that imagination would come in, and gnaw and gnaw at Noel's thoughts. Only luckily—it was just then she had said it to her husband—they need not stay long.

Margarita, too, realised the shortness of time. Did she? Nay, she was by now a woman in the grasp of hysteria. Who can say how much she planned, how much seemed to come to her from without? Who can say what by this time she had come to think had been the state of affairs 'twixt her and Paul, or what the demon within forced her to pretend (pretend to herself) that she thought?

What I deem nearly certain is that Noel's very invulnerability did a good part of the mischief. In part Margarita set it down to English hypocrisy, in greater part to dulness—“want of introspection” the Contessa might have called it had she used psychological terms. But she did not: it was *stupidità*—no more, no less. And the poor wretched husband (she perceived) honoured this *stupidità* as a great moral quality, all the while that it was destroying what had once been great in *him*.

For that had really been a matter of faith with Margarita that Paolo was great. On that faith she lived. She did not desire

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him—precisely. But if he had desired her and had said to her “come” she would have gone with him—leaving even Isotta—to learn to be great too as her forefathers had been great, and even as in her own eyes she had been entirely small what time she took her handsome *fainéant* of a husband, chiefly because half a dozen of her girl friends were ready to take him if she did not.

And so the Contessa and the Author of Evil prepared between them a stroke, a dramatic scene. The occasion of it was a chance—the chance that they all together attended a representation of *Phèdre* (or rather *Fedra*, for it was acted in Italian) at the Teatro Nazionale. It cannot be supposed that the Contessa knew the play—the plot whereof is, when it is followed to the end, so complete a refutation of her own insinuation. And therefore she could not have designed her *coup* beforehand. And it is certain that none other of the party knew Racine either, who if read still at girls’ schools is not read in that particular production. Paul had indeed, read the *Hippolytus* some time : but he had no clear recollection of the whole story. As it was to turn out, not one of their party would learn from the evening how *Fedra* was to end.

Yet upon the other side it might be supposed that Margarita had some prevision of what the last melodramatic touch was to be. For she had hardly opened the outworks of this attack on Noel’s happiness. To do so, indeed, would have been to blast herself as well as her stepdaughter. What Noel did remember afterwards was that a shadow of coming evil had lain over her. Perchance it was some subtle indication in the Contessa’s face which she read without knowing it. Paul on the contrary was certainly in unusual high spirits—even jocose, which he was but rarely. He never troubled himself to know what he was going to see. The title *Fedra* failed to suggest anything to him.

There is a well-known story of an actress who of set purpose stabbed to death the man with whom she was playing her part. Who can picture the hurry of sensations and the horror of them when the victim saw *that* in the woman’s eye which showed him that the “picture scene” was turning into reality in such wise ? Nor could Noel herself have told afterwards how it had come about. How the commonplace and familiar scene of a lighted theatre, the rows on rows of faces, with this emphasis about it all that it was an Italian theatre, the faces Italian faces—how this seemed suddenly or was it gradually to fade away when she grew conscious of the strange actions—actings ?—of the woman who

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sat beside her, her strained attention, her pallor—early, early in the play while Freda made her confession to Enone—what was it?—was it madness?—and then, horror of horrors, her startling cry, turning to Paul, “Don’t look, Paolo, don’t look!” her swoop into genuine hysterics. *Paolo! Paolo! quella notte nel Colosseo.*

Noel’s eyes fell first, not on her husband, but on her father. He was pale as a ghost. Some subtle influence of blood anterior to all conscious thought seemed to her for a moment to range these two—father and daughter—upon one side against the strangers.

The whole theatre was astir. Many folk standing near—the boxes had but half-way partitions—must have heard the Contessa’s words. Everybody who was anybody in Rome knew the Cartwrights more or less: and a little reflection would with all these make out a dramatic story.

Noel thought not at all of that. It mattered infinitely to James Cartwright: perhaps it was really *that* that made his face turn so ghostly white. It was on James Cartwright’s face that Paul too looked first: though to him it fell to raise the prostrate Margarita. Had Paul been duller-witted it would have been better. In such moments as these slow brains have often an infinite deal to be grateful for, in gaining a reputation for courage or for innocency which they get—deserved or not—no other way. Mordant alas! took in at once all the aspects of the affair. He could hardly follow the Italian: but from Euripides he remembered enough to learn that the mother was confessing a passion for her son-in-law. His notion was that the Contessa had planned the whole scene with diabolic deliberation, knowing, as Paul himself knew by instinct, that Cartwright would hereafter ignore the whole business: so there would be no possibility of a clearing up. Knowing, as he deemed, all that the Contessa had intended, all that would be whispered, surmised, suggested; how none would undertsand that a woman could blast her own fame to gain a senseless revenge—he inevitably looked less completely innocent than he was indeed. But one moment’s evading glance—’tis a fearful thing. Folk have been hung for it: their whole life has been blasted by suspicion for no more—which is worse than hanging. And so unjustly! Alas! what is the use of pleading injustice, seeing that the judgments we pass in these cases proceed of horrible imaginings and not of reason. As well should a man plead to have over again that second when, of mere carelessness, his foot slipped on the edge of the crevasse.

Certain it is that for one half-second Paul turned his eyes away

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and would not meet his wife's. The next, he saw the madness of his act : for now Noel's eyes would not meet his.

It was over : they were home again. What would happen ? Noel had lived upon the edge of the great world. But she had never belonged to it. On one side at least she was descended from a line of Puritans. Paul knew all this : he knew that a reconciliation is only half a reconciliation if some deep distrust remains behind. What he did not say to himself in so many words instinct told him, an instinctive knowledge of his wife's nature—too simple and too faithful for complicated feelings.

But he was brave too. Paul knew there was no use repining. He had gone through evil days enough in former times. Of late fortune had seemed to make a special favourite of him. And now of a sudden this fearful set-back. One must take the good luck with the ill. It was true just for one half-second he had avoided Noel's eye. The only thing left to take care of is that not for one fragment of time hereafter was he to be caught playing the poltroon. "If one did not get to know one's wife so well," he thought, "it would be so much easier." But not to shirk, that was the all-in-all.

"What an awful scene ! What an awful woman !" he said when they were alone at last.

"Oh, awful !" Noel covered her face with her hands and shuddered.

("Not to shirk. That is the all-in-all," said Paul's protecting *daimon*).

He sat down before his wife and took hold of her hands and forced her to look him in the face. "I don't remember," Paul said slowly searching his memory, "anything particular happening that night we went to the Colosseum."

"That night !" said Noel under her breath, and her hands involuntarily twitched as to free themselves.

"We talked about the Romans—you would not understand—" Noel's hands twitched again—"I mean I cannot remember how I felt then. It was different somehow—about antiquities and everything. And . . . we talked. . . . Yes, I did kiss her. . . . I remember."

"You kissed her ! Paul ! My father's wife !" The hands had quite twitched away by now. And Noel looked almost as pale as Margarita had done. "And you say 'I remember,' as if you could have forgotten ! Oh—oh—" She covered her face with her hands and wept. Have we not said she was descended on one side at least of a long line of Puritans.

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And here her husband showed himself great ; only in a way the Contessa would never have appreciated. For Paul had the courage not to recede an inch from the truth.

"It didn't somehow seem wrong to me at the time," he said. . . . "And" (after a moment's reflection) "I don't see that there was any harm done. . . . Anyhow I've told you exactly what happened." And as Noel's face had been raised again he looked her straight in the eyes. Now the effect of being looked at straight in the eyes is to make the person who harbours any suspicion feel like the guilty person. For a moment his wife could not face the look. She did precisely what he had done at the theatre, and it cut Paul to the quick. But instinct told him he must never use the word "distrust," or both would be undone—who knows for how long? He even conquered his inclination to get up and put an end to the scene. "No," he said, leaning his elbows on his knees and his hand upon his chin, "there didn't seem to be any harm."

"But you never told me," Noel said plaintively, but feebly as she herself knew.

"I'd no right to tell you. Of course I couldn't tell you."

"No right!" But that was only a *salvo de forme*. The garrison had to confess itself beaten. Noel threw herself into her husband's arms. "Of course I knew you'd never do anything *wrong*," she said. "But . . . but how could she?" And she shivered as a child shivers before a harsh parent armed with a thong.

"She's mad, she's mad, poor soul," answered Paul.

"Poor Isotta. What's to become of her?" Noel said.

And that was really the last word said about the business. But both of them felt that they had stood at the edge of a precipice. Each remembered when he or she had avoided the other's look.

From the Chronicles of Hildesheim

By Ella D'Arcy

ONE may read in the Chronicles of Hildesheim, amidst much that is trivial, dry-as-dust, and of no human interest whatever, the story of Brother Angelo, a monk in the Monastery of St. Wittgaard. Of how, being young, he fell into grievous sin, of how he was brought to justice on the accusation of Master Berthold, the mayor, and of how he repented, confessed, and expiated his crime by fire, in the market-place, on August 17, 1603. One gathers incidentally that the summer had been abnormally hot, and that no rain had fallen for many weeks until the night of July 25, when the worst thunderstorm ever remembered broke over the town. And as one follows the quaint and crabbed phrases of the chronicler, the broken phrases of the boy's confession—ominously punctuated with dots—where the wheel was given another turn and another sentence wrung out . . . the present falls away and the past reconstructs itself in pictures. There floats out from between the lines something of the colour, warmth and fragrance of the story, something of its mystery of evil, of its poignancy, and of its pain.

The whole country about Hildesheim was burnt up with heat and the ground was veined with tiny fissures, like pottery spoiled in too fierce an oven. The leaves on the chestnut and maple-trees were brown as October ale, and the Düren had shrunk to a trickling and ill-smelling stream. During the oppressive mid-day hours neither man nor beast was to be seen in the fields, and not a sound broke the spacious silence save the crick-crick-crick of the grasshopper in the herbage and the cry of the corn-crake in the wheat.

The streets of Hildesheim were silent and vacant too. The sun poured down as from a heaven of brass upon its cobbled pavements and its open squares, upon its steep-roofed houses and their carven and painted façades. Every shutter of these was closed and the inhabitants, having dined, had retreated to seek sleep, and such coolness as might be found, within north rooms.

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The only creature visible in the High Street was a yellow cat, which, stretched out upon the stones, lay sweltering beneath his fur and napping lightly, his limbs spread loosely apart.

But in the cloister of St. Wittgaard's monastery there was coolness and greenness too. Two sides of the cloister were always in shadow, and the grassy enclosure was always of a fresh and brilliant green, owing to the convenient proximity of the well. This well, sunk in the centre of the grass-plot, with its low, encircling masonry, its over-arching, iron scroll-work from which the bucket hung, was old as the monastery itself, and yet, no matter how great the drought, had never been known to run dry. For it was fed from a spring, life-giving and inexhaustible as is God's grace.

The monks had finished dinner, and were come out into the cloister for an hour's recreation and repose. They had dined well, as they always did. Brother Merfwin was an excellent cook. But to-day he had surpassed himself in the composition of a new sauce, smooth as the votive, velvet carpet in the Lady Chapel, sharp as conscience-prick; while the young, persuasive voice of Brother Angelo, who was reader for the week, replacing Brother Hilary's raucous tones, had prepared the way for an easy digestion by suavely charming the ear.

The abbot chose his favourite seat, lengthened his leathern girdle by four holes, clasped plump hands across a plump paunch, and presently began to nod. The elder monks followed so excellent an example. The younger ones walked up and down in the shadow by twos and threes, relating to each other astounding legends of the saints, or resuming interminable discussions on points of doctrine so fine and sharp that no most learned Doctor of the Church might ever hope to handle them without cutting his fingers. Brother Rufus, the bursar, trotted alone, with podgy thumbs at the end of short arms stuck into his belt, with bald brow puckered in perplexity, as he struggled with an obstinate fiscal deficit that refused to be filled. And Brother Hilary, the cellarer, who, despite his office and name, took both wine and life morosely, employed himself in cutting in two with a spud any unfortunate lizard which chanced within his reach. In the pursuit of this amiable pastime he endured the heat of the sunny side of the cloister, since there most of the quick-darting lizards were to be found.

Angelo, being reader, had stayed behind in the refectory to eat his dinner alone. Ever since he had taken the habit at eight years old, he had spent his life very much alone. But this

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was no hardship to him. He was never dull. For besides his daily recitation of the Office and his pleasant daily work, transcribing in Gothic characters the Gospel of St. John, illuminating its capital letters in silver and gold, in the colours of the periwinkle and the campion flower, there were a number of other duties he had invented for himself and which occupied all his spare time.

One of these was to feed the birds, and every day he gathered up the crumbs from the refectory tables and scattered them over the grass. And every day the birds responded in dozens to his call. The sparrows would come first, a cheerful and impudent crew, whom the finches would watch from coigns of vantage, tiny heads on one side, bright eyes fixed on this crumb or on that. Then they would swoop down and, almost without alighting, carry away the coveted tit-bit from beneath the sparrows' very beaks. But should a robin-redbreast make his appearance, even the sparrows had to retreat. The robin is a pugnacious bird. Angelo, on one occasion, saw two cocks fighting each other, after they had driven off the sparrows and finished every crumb. They fought until the blood ran down their crimson breasts.

Brother Gottlieb, the gatekeeper, had stood by the boy's side watching too.

"You may be sure," said he, "there's a female in the case. They're not fighting like that for a mere crumb, although the crumb serves as an excuse. It's just the same among men. It was thus that our mayor ran young Luitpold through with his rapier last Eastertide, ostensibly for not ceding him the wall-side of the street, but in reality, as every one knows, for making sheep's-eyes at Frau Margaretha, the mayor's wife."

Being gate-keeper, Brother Gottlieb naturally knew a great deal of the outer world, and even Angelo, child as he was, had heard something of Frau Margaretha's reputation. He had also seen her one Sunday at Mass through the wooden grating of the choir, and had been scandalised by her fine clothes and glittering jewels. When her glance met his he had at once looked away, for he had thought her blue eyes overbold.

Watching the fury of the robins, and keeping in mind young Luitpold's tragic death, Angelo rejoiced to know himself safe in his monastery, instead of out in the great world where such horrors as this may happen every day.

When the last crumb had been picked up and the last bird had flown off, Angelo went to water the miraculous rose-tree which spreads its branches over the apse of the chapel, and has grown

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there for a thousand years. It sprang from the ground sanctified by the blood of Christ, slain over again at that spot by Sigismund the king. Sigismund had been hunting a stag to the last extremity, and although the poor beast had finally turned to drop upon his knees and mutely plead for mercy from eyes that ran with tears, the king, filled with the lust of slaughter, would not stay his hand. He flung his spear and transfixed his victim to the heart. But where the stag fell to the earth, thence Jesus Christ uprose, bleeding from a second wound in His side. "Whatsoever harm you do to the least of my little ones," He had said, "you do it to me, for does not the same spirit of God flow through every one of His children?" And, thereupon, Sigismund was converted, and built the church and the monastery to the honour of Christ and St. Wittgaard, whose name-day it happened to be. And he became the first abbot, while the miraculous rose-tree, growing out of holy soil, spread upwards through the centuries, until it had covered the whole apse, and netted a criss-cross of slender stems over the painted crucifixion of the east window. During the daytime within the chapel, one could follow this dark tracery of stem and leaf behind the glowing purples and crimsons of soldier and saint. But at night-time, when the tapers were lighted upon the altar, there looked down to him who stood in the monastery garden a pale, crucified Christ, with red roses for a crown.

Angelo loved the story of the rose-tree, of the stag, and of the king. And every day he drew water from the well all the summer through, filled the great two-handled copper water-pot which lay on the grass, and carrying it to the tree poured its contents solicitously about the roots. Now as he stood and drank deep of the sweet and subtle perfume of its thousand blossoms, he remembered that here upon one of its thorns he had torn a great three-cornered rent in his cloak, some three weeks since. Because the day was so hot, the cloak of heavy woollen material, and the task of repairing it distasteful to him, the boy determined to set about it at once, that he might have a little sacrifice to offer up to God.

He sat in the shadow of the cloister, the brown cloak across his knees, and from his pocket-housewife he selected a needle, and fitted it with a long thread of brown wool. First he drew the jagged edges of the tear neatly together, then he darned his needle to and fro, following diagonally the ribs of the cloth. At intervals he allowed himself an instant's relaxation, when his eye rested on the greenness of the grass, on the roses tapping against

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the painted window, or higher still, on the far-away blue and white sky. Here a range of afternoon clouds offered a wonderful pageant. They stood shoulder to shoulder, one exactly similar to another, close together but with a hand's-breadth of blue between each. And scarcely moving at all, they were drawn in long-linked beauty right across the heavens from east to west. Their upper edges, crisply curved, showed white as Alpine snow against the blue, and their intense lilac shadows and sun-saturated heights offered contrasts of loveliness which made the soul ache. Every time the boy looked his gaze rested longer on these clouds than on the roses or the grass, and when he brought his eyes back to his needlework, he remained dazzled for a moment, and could see nothing at all. And when he looked next upon the church, and the cloister, the grass-plot and the well, everything seemed equally meaningless, grey, and cold.

The abbot awoke, stretched his arms and went in. As he passed Angelo he laid a kindly hand upon his head.

"Always at work, little son?" said he approvingly. "That's as it should be. The devil will never find mischief for such busy hands as yours."

But Hilary, who followed the abbot, and hated those to whom he showed favour, stopped to sneer: "Heu, heu! We are making ourselves fine, are we, for an escapade into the town? To be sure the gate is locked and old Gottlieb holds the key, but the slater's ladder lies very handy under yonder wall. Well, my compliments to Frau Margaretha!"

Angelo, who was accustomed to Brother Hilary's bitter remarks, without understanding the reason for them, had learnt the wisdom of making no reply. Now, he merely bent his head lower over his work and went on darning. When the rent was mended, the damage scarcely showed. It would have required a sharp eye, examining the cloth for that purpose, to detect where the tear had been.

He put thimble and needle away, laid the cloak beside him on the bench, and, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, stared up long and earnestly at the clouds.

There came into his head, suddenly, a saying of the blessed Nannerl, his nurse, long since dead, when from her lap as a little boy he had looked up at white clouds similar to these.

"Every cloud," she had told him, "contains a naked white witch."

"Make one come down to me," he had pleaded, "I want to see her."

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The old woman shook her head. "I cannot make one come, but you yourself, when you are older, will be able to draw one down if you wish." Nannerl crossed herself piously. "But God forbid you should give way to such wickedness. It could only lead to the destruction of your body, or your soul."

Watching the white, luminous, almost stationary clouds Angelo wondered whether Nannerl's saying could be really true, and pondering over it, it seemed to him that one of the clouds was no longer quite in a line with the rest. It seemed to have moved a little forward, a little lower, a little nearer to the earth.

But was such a thing possible? His heart leaped, then sank again. Ah no, it could only be an optical delusion, the result of straining his eyes too long against the sunny sky. He looked away, he looked round the melancholy cloister, from which, unperceived by him, the monks had, one by one, retired. He steadfastly kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, but a desire, which was stronger than himself, pulled them back, forced them to fix themselves again upon the cloud.

And now he could not be mistaken. . . . This time he was certain that it had moved a little nearer . . . that it was moving still. . . .

An extraordinary sense of detachment took possession of the boy. All earthly and spiritual ties seemed to shrivel up. His whole being, his every sense, became absorbed in following the progress of the cloud. He heard, as in a dream, the sweet, sad note of the vesper-bell, calling him to service, but, for the first time in his life, it hung unheeded at his ear. Life and death, heaven and hell, the monastery and his own existence, appeared to have vanished away. Nothing remained in the whole universe but an immense longing and a white cloud.

Already the cloud floated quite free from the others, far below them, and as it approached the earth its appearance changed. It lost its sharpness of outline, its definiteness of form. Its edges softened and spread. It was no longer a cloud, but a luminous, sun-saturated vapour, swathing semi-transparent veils about a whiter denser core . . . and now it came down quicker, nearer and nearer . . . until it touched the roof-ridge of the church . . . until it sank, obliterating the little belfry from which the bell had ceased to ring.

Angelo's heart stood still, for a breeze arose and blew the cloud away, down behind the church, so that it was hidden from sight.

Angelo's heart stood still—was the cloud lost then for ever?

But no. The same errant breeze wafted it back round the

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circuit of the apse, and in an instant the entire cloister was filled with an opaque white mist.

As the mist slowly dissolved it left standing there, with rosy naked feet pressed down into the grass, a woman—the mayor's wife.

She was clothed in beauty, and with tapering rosy-fingered hands gathered together her long brown hair and held it against her breast. She stood motionless, and looked at him from eyes which Angelo recognised by their wonderful colour. But to-day they were no longer bold, but beseeching.

He had sprung to his feet in astonishment and horror.

"Woman!" he exclaimed in unconscious imitation of the abbot's severest tones. "How came you here? Begone this moment!"

But she, suppliant, yet smiling a little, answered with simplicity. "I came because you brought me."

"I?" cried Angelo, confounded.

"Yes, you looked at the cloud with longing, and so you drew me down. And I shall not be able to get away again unless you help me. To begin with, give me that cloak."

She pointed to his cloak lying upon the bench, and one half of her hair, thus loosened, fell low and caressed her knee. But when she had slipped her long white arms into the cloak's loose sleeves and had tied it up close about her throat, he was reminded of his own image as he had often seen it reflected in the water of the well. For the turned-back edge of the cowl cut off her hair short round her head like his own, and this hair was fine as silk and brown as a hazel-nut like his, and like hers his eyes were of a periwinkle blue. The mouth of each was full-lipped, red, and moist, as is the young mouth of a child.

"Now," she said, "let us consider, seriously, how I am to get home."

She took his hand, and her touch sent along his veins the strangest thrills. He wished that the warm, fine clasp of her fingers and palm might never again relax. The dusk had fallen, although he had not even noticed that the sun was set. But when he looked into the sky, he saw it draped with fragments and tatters of a stormy red. Dark sinister clouds had gathered menacingly in the west, and the air was sultry, as when one holds an iron to the cheek to test its heat.

As Margaretha led him across the grass, he noticed with surprise the extraordinary number of frogs, yellow-spotted, little frogs, which took long slender jumps away from her feet. And when she had made him sit down in the cloister close by her

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side, he could see the rafter-roof above them alive with bats. They pullulated up there, clinging to the beams, or swirling out into the darkness with a cheeping mouse-like cry. The night-moths, too, were come abroad unusually early, and heavy night-beetles, with a burring noise of wings, blundered into his face. Small forms of unfamiliar vermin darted hither and thither across the pavement, or crouched and crowded together beneath the benches wherever the shadows lay thickest. Angelo detected their presence by the glittering twin-points of their eyes.

But Margaretha curved one long arm about his neck.

"It is true that you brought me here," she repeated, "but I, too, wanted to come. I have wanted you ever since that Sunday—do you remember?—when I heard you sing the 'Agnus Dei' like an angel or a bird. Does my poor bird never pine to get out of his cage and be free?"

"No," said Angelo with his lips while his heart said "Yes."

"Does my angel never long for liberty and love? Come with me and I will teach you how good it is to live."

"No," he repeated the more strenuously, because his heart was weak with desire.

She laid her soft cheek against his, and he could feel their hair mingling and their breath.

"Do not say to the fountain," she murmured, "I will never drink of your 'stream'!" and he knew that within him was an Angelo who thirsted to drink. He felt himself to consist of two absolutely distinct personalities; one that cherished temptation, the other that prayed vehemently to escape.

Although the atmosphere remained suffocatingly close, a wind was beginning to rise. It spoke fitfully in strange, uneasy noises. A loose shutter flapped against some wall. Far away in the interior of the monastery a door went to with a reverberating crash. It grew astonishingly dark. At last Angelo could only distinguish his companion's face when the livid sheet-lightning illuminated for an instant cloister and sky.

"We must make haste," she urged him. "Can you get the keys and open the gate?"

But he knew that the keys never left Brother Gottlieb's side. Through the monastery gate there was no hope of escape. Then he remembered the slater's ladder, and groping their way over to it, hand in hand, he and Margaretha raised it, and set it up against the wall.

Lifting her monk's cloak in one hand, she went nimbly up. "Come!" she called down to him from the top, and he set his foot upon the first rung.

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A clutter of sparrows and finches broke out with angry chitterings from the ivy, and beat against him with tiny impotent wings, as though to force him back. Half-way up, a trailing branch of the rose-tree, torn loose by the wind, was flung across his breast, and grappled him with all its thorns. He disengaged them, tenderly, one by one from his habit, and went on, until he had joined Margaretha on the wall's top.

With amazing unconcern she slid down to the other side, and with the now incessant lightning playing over her uplifted face, over her white arms uplifted towards him, "Come!" she entreated in her voice of honey, "Come!"

Angelo knew that in another instant he must slip over and join her, although every one of his twenty holy years, from childhood to that hour, called upon him passionately to refrain. He had no strength left of his own, so he turned to Christ.

"Christ! Dear Sir! Save me!" he cried, and at that moment with a crash of thunder which seemed to split the heavens in two, the storm broke.

Angelo was found next morning lying unconscious at the wall's foot, drenched to the skin, and with an ugly wound in his head. But before he had recovered his senses in the infirmary, whither loving hands carried him, another storm of a more terrible nature had burst upon the abbot and the monks. For the mayor arrived at the monastery incoherent with fury and a tale which pieced itself together thus: Suspecting that his wife favoured some gallant, he had set a servant to watch the house. And last night as he dined at the Kaiserhof Inn, with three of the town councillors, this servant had run to him through the height of the storm, to tell him that a young monk had just gone in at the door. He had gone home instantly with the servant to find Frau Margaretha asleep, or pretending to sleep, and the lover flown, but there on the floor of the room lay the brown cloak of a monk of St. Wittgaard, which he had dropped in his flight.

An attendant produced the accusatory cloak, and Brother Hilary examining it with the eyes of malice, detected it to be Angelo's by means of the darn. He felt it was his painful duty to point this out. Nor could the others deny that the boy had spent the night out of doors, and his was the only cloak missing from its peg.

The scandal was too grave to be hushed up. The mayor carried his griefs before the Ecclesiastical Court, and Angelo was practically tried and condemned before he could rise from his

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bed. He was then removed from the care of the monks of St. Wittgaard, who were suspected of leniency towards one of their own, and given into the hands of the rival black monks of St. Otto, whose successful methods in dealing with the sinners of other orders were well known. It is to their assiduities that Angelo's so-called "confession" must be assigned. "The cloud did come down—and it filled the cloister—and when it dissolved—a woman—stood there in its stead—and I did lend her my cloak—and by means of the slater's ladder—helped her to escape." But he denied to the end that he had gone with her, and when urged to say her name, repeated always that she had not told him. Nevertheless, when his sentence was read over to him, he admitted that it was just. "For Christ knows," said he, "that I sinned by the heart's desire. And so he permits me to burn here, that I may not burn hereafter." The chronicler adds, with a grim touch which gives one to think, that the boy suffered with commendable courage considering his youth.

It was thus that the story reconstructed itself, for one reader, in coloured pictures. But a sceptical mind might perhaps question whether Angelo did not really go after all? Was the whole thing an hallucination from first to last, born of Hilary's malicious promptings, of the cloud's beauty and of young blood? or was it partly hallucination and partly fact? That no witch-woman ever came down into the cloister garden we may hold as fact, but did the boy, day-dreaming, almost hypnotically translate his dream into action? For his desire was strong, and the slater's ladder handy. Looking back across the turmoil of three long sad hundred years, the truth is hard to discover. At the time, however, the citizens of Hildesheim never had a moment's doubt on the subject, nor did the cloud-witches make any severe tax on their credulity. Greater wonders than this were matters of common hearsay with them every day. What, judging from their own hearts, they could not believe in, was the living presence of Christ, or the boy's strength to refrain.

Frau Margaretha died in the odour of sanctity fifty years later, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church.

A Call
A Tale of a Passion

By Ford Madox Hueffer

PART IV

III (*continued*)

“BUT——” Robert Grimshaw said.

Pauline remained silent. She began again to chafe Dudley Leicester’s hands between her little palms. Suddenly she looked hard at Grimshaw.

“Don’t you understand?” she said. “I do, if you don’t—see where we’re coming to.”

Robert Grimshaw walked to the farthest end of the tall room. He remained for a long time with his face to the corner. It seemed as if it were a new age, a new room, a new world that he came back to and once again he seemed older. His voice was even a little husky when, looking at her feet he said:

“I can’t think what’s to be done!” and in a very low voice he added: “Unless——”

She looked at him with her lips parted and he uttered the one word: “Katya!”

Her hand went up over her heart.

And he remembered how she had said that her mother always looked most characteristic when she sat, with her hand over her heart, erect, listening for the storms in the distance. And suddenly she said—and her voice appeared to be one issuing from a figure of stone:

“Yes, that is it! She was indicated from the first; we ought to have asked her from the first. That came into my head this afternoon.”

“We couldn’t have done better than we have,” he said. “We didn’t know how. We haven’t been letting time slip.”

She nodded her head slowly.

“We *have* been letting time slip. I knew it when I saw

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these two over Dudley this afternoon. I lost suddenly all faith in Sir William. It went out of me like water out of a glass. And I saw at once that we had been letting time slip."

Grimshaw said: "Oh!"

But with her little air of queried obstinacy she continued:

"If we hadn't, we should have seen from the first that that man was a cold fool. You see it the moment you look for it. Yes, get Miss Lascarides! That's what you've got to do."

And when Robert Grimshaw held out his hand to her she raised her own with a little gesture of abstention.

"Go to-night and ask Ellida if she will lend us her sister to put us all straight."

Eating the end of his meal—which he had begun at the Langhams'—with young Held alone in the dining-room, Robert Grimshaw said:

"We're going to call Miss Lascarides to the rescue."

The lean boy's dark eyes lit up with a huge delight.

"How exactly the right thing!" he exclaimed. "I've heard of her. She's a great professional reputation. You wouldn't think there was a whole world of us talking about each other but there is and you couldn't do better. How did you come to hear of her?"

Looking down at his food, Robert Grimshaw said: "Oh, well."

"But of course," Held continued in his joyous excitement, "she is Mrs. Langham's sister. How utterly splendid!" And then his face fell. "Of course it means my going out of it."

Robert Grimshaw let his commiserating glance rest on the young man's open countenance, over which every emotion passed as openly, and as visibly, as gusts of wind pass over still waters. Suddenly an expression of timid appeal came into the swarthy face.

"I should like you to let me say," the boy brought out, "how much I appreciate the way you've all treated me. I mean, you know, exactly as an equal. For instance, *you* talked to me just as if I were anybody else, and Mrs. Leicester!"

"Well you are like anybody else, aren't you?" Robert Grimshaw said.

"Of course, too," Held said, "it'll be such a tremendous thing for her to have a woman to confide in. She does need it: I can feel that she needs it. Oh, as for me, of course I took a first in classics, but what's the good of that when you aren't any mortal use in the world? I might be somebody's secretary,

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but I don't know how those jobs are got. I never had any influence. My father was only vicar of Melkham. The only thing I could do would be to be a Healer. I've so much faith that I am sure I could do it with good conscience, whereas I don't think I've been doing this quite conscientiously : I mean I don't think that I ever believed I could be much good."

Robert Grimshaw said : " Ah ! "

" If there'd been anything to report to Sir William I could report it, for I am very observant, but there was nothing. There's been absolutely nothing. Or if there'd been any fear of violence Sir William always selects me for cases of intermittent violence."

Again Robert Grimshaw said " Ah ! " and his eyes went over Mr. Held's form.

" You see," Held continued, " I'm so immensely strong. I held the amateur belt for wrestling for three years. I expect I could hold it still if I kept in training. Græco-Roman style. But wasn't I right when I said that Mrs. Leicester had some sort of psychological revulsion this afternoon ? " He spoke the words pleadingly and added in an almost inaudible voice : " You don't mind my asking ? It isn't an impertinence ? It means such an immense amount to me."

" Yes, I think perhaps you're right," Grimshaw said. " Something of the sort must have occurred."

" I felt it," Held continued, speaking very quickly. " I felt it inwardly. Isn't it wonderful these waves that come out from people one's keenly sympathetic to ? Quite suddenly it came. About an hour after Sir William had gone. She was sitting on the arm of Mr. Leicester's chair and I felt it."

" But wasn't it because her face fell—something like that ? " Robert Grimshaw asked.

" Oh no, oh no," Held said. " I had my back to her. I was looking out of the window. To tell the truth I can't bear to look at her when she sits like that beside him. It's so . . ."

A spasm of agony passed over Mr. Held's face and he swallowed painfully. And then he continued, his face lighting up : " Why it's such a tremendous thing to me is that it means I can go forward. I can go on to be a Healer without any conscientious doubts as to my capacities. If I felt this mentality so much I can feel it in other cases, so that really it means life and death to me, because this sort of thing if it's very good study doesn't mean any more than being a male nurse, so that I've gained immensely, even if I do go out of the house. You don't know what it's meant to me to be in contact with your two

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natures. My mentality has drawn in strength, light. I'm a different person from what I was six weeks ago."

"Oh, come!" Robert Grimshaw said.

"Oh, it's true," Mr. Held answered. "In the last place I was in I had to have meals with the butler and here you've been good and I've made this discovery, that my mentality *will* synchronise with another person's if I'm much in sympathy with them." And then he asked anxiously: "Mrs. Leicester wasn't very bad?"

"Oh no," Robert Grimshaw answered. "It was only that she had come to the resolution of calling in Miss Lascarides."

"Now I should have thought it was more than that," Held said. "I was almost certain that it was something very bitter and unpleasant. One of those thoughts that seem suddenly to wreck one's whole life."

"Oh, I don't think it was more than that," Robert Grimshaw said. And Mr. Held went on to declare at ecstatic lengths how splendid it would be for Pauline to have Katya in the house, to have some one to confide in, to unbosom herself to, to strengthen her mentality with and from whom to receive—he was sure she would receive it since Miss Lascarides was Mrs. Langham's sister—to receive deep and clinging affection. Besides Miss Lascarides having worked in the United States was certain to have imbibed some of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine, so that except for Mr. Leicester's state it was, Mr. Held thought, going to be an atmosphere of pure joy in the house. Mrs. Leicester so needed a sister.

Robert Grimshaw sipped his coffee in a rather grim silence. "I wish you'd get me the A B C or look up the trains for Brighton," he said.

IV

"Here comes mother and the bad man," Kitty said from the top of her donkey, and there sure enough to meet them as they were returning desultorily along the cliff-tops to luncheon, came Ellida Langham and Robert Grimshaw. Ellida at the best of times was not much of a pedestrian, and the donkey, for all it was large and very nearly white, moved with an engrossed stubbornness that, even when she pulled it, Katya found it difficult to change. On this occasion, however, she did not even pull it and the slowness of their mutual approach across the green grass, high up in the air, had the effect of the coming together of two combatant but reluctant forces.

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"He's a bad, bad man," little Kitty said.

"And he's a bad, bad man," Katya answered her.

At her last parting it had been agreed between them that they parted for good, or at least until Robert Grimshaw would give in to her stipulation. He had said that this would not be until he had grown very, very tired, and Katya felt it like Mr. Held, in her bones, that Robert Grimshaw had not come now to submit to her. They approached, however, in weather that was very bright, over the short turf beneath dazzling seagulls overhead against the blue sky. And Katya, having stood aside cool and decided in her grey dress, Ellida, dressed as she always was in loose black, flung herself upon the child. But having showered as many kisses and endearments as for the moment she needed, she took the donkey by the bridle as a sign that she herself took charge of that particular portion of the enterprise.

"You've got," she said to her sister, "to go a walk with Toto. I'll take this thing home."

Katya gave Robert a keen scrutiny whilst she said to Ellida :

"You'll never get it home. It will pull the arms out of your body."

"Well, I'll admit," Ellida said a little disconsolately, "that I never expected to turn into a donkey-boy but," and she suddenly grew more brisk, "it's got to be done. You remember that you're only my nurse-maid."

"That doesn't," Katya said amiably, "give you the right to dispose of me when it comes to followers."

"Oh, get along you cantankerous cat," Ellida laughed at her. "The gentleman isn't here as a follower. He's heard I've given you notice and he's taken up your character. He thinks you'll do. He wants to employ you."

Katya uttered, "Oh!" with minute displeasure, and a little colour came into her clear cheeks. She turned her profile towards them, and against the blue sky it was like an extraordinary cameo, so clear, so pale, the dark eyelashes so exact, the jet-black hair receiving only in its coils the reflection of the large, white, linen hat that Katya wore because she was careful of her complexion, and her eyes and her whole face had that air of distant and inscrutable determination that goes with the aspect of a divinity like Diana.

"In fact, it's only a matter of terms," Robert Grimshaw said, looking away down the long slopes of the downs inland.

"Everything is always a matter of terms," Katya said.

The white donkey was placidly browsing the short grass and the daisy-heads.

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"Oh, come up," Ellida said, and eventually the white beast responded to her exertions. It wasn't, however, until the donkey was well out of earshot that Grimshaw broke the silence that Katya seemed determined to maintain. He pointed with his stick to where, a dark patch of trees dominated by a squarish, dark tower, in the very bottom of a fold in the downs, a hamlet occupied the extreme distance.

"I want to walk to there," he said.

"I'm not at all certain that I want to walk at all," she said and he retorted:

"Oh yes, you do. Look how the weathercock shines in the sun. You know how when we were children we always wanted to walk to where the weathercock shone and there was always something to prevent it. Now we're grown up we're going to do it."

"Ah, it's different now," she answered. "When we were children we expected to find something under the shining weathercock. Now there's nothing in the world that we can want to find. It seems as if we'd got all that we're ever going to get."

"Still, you don't know what we mightn't find under there," he said.

She looked straight into his clear olive-coloured face. She noted that his eyes were dark and tired.

"Oh, poor dear!" she said to herself, and then she uttered aloud:

"Now look here, Toto, it's understood once and for all that I'm ready to live with you to-day. But I won't marry you. If I go with you now there's to be no more talking about that."

"Oh, that's understood," he said.

"Well then," she replied, and she unfolded her white sunshade, "let's go and see what we find beneath the weathercock," and she put her hand on his arm.

They strolled slowly down the turf. She was used enough to his method of waiting, as if for the psychological moment, to begin a conversation of importance, and for quite a long way they talked, gaily and pleasantly, of the little herbs of which, as they got farther inland, they discovered their carpet to be composed—the little mints, the little yellow blossoms, the tiny, silvery leaves like ferns—and the quiet and the thrilling of the innumerable larks. The wind seemed to move low down and cool about their feet.

And she exclaimed that he didn't know what it meant to her to be back—just in the quiet.

"Over there," she said, "it did seem to be rather dreadful

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—rather comfortless. And even a little useless. It wasn't that they hadn't got the things. Why there are bits in Philadelphia and bits round Philadelphia : old bits and old families and old people. There are even grass and flowers and shade. But somehow and what was dreadful, what made it so lonely was that they didn't know what they were there for. It was as if no one knew—what he was there for. I don't know."

She stopped for a minute.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know how to express it. Over here things seem to fit in—if it's only a history that they fit into. They go on. But over there—one went on patching up people—we patched them up by the score, by the hundred. And then they went and did it all over again and it seemed as if we only did it for the purpose of letting them go and do it all over again. It was as if instead of preparing them for life we merely prepared them for new breakdowns."

"Well, I suppose life *isn't* very well worth living over there ?" Grimshaw asked.

"Oh, it isn't the life," she said. "The *life's* worth living. More worth living than it is here. . . . But there's something more than mere life. There's—you might call it the overtone of life—the something that's more than the mere living. It's the what gives softness to our existence that they haven't got. It's the . . . That's it. It's knowing one's place ; it's feeling that one's part of a tradition, a link in the chain. And oh . . ." She burst out : "I didn't want to talk about it. But it used to come over me like a fearful doubt—the thought that I, too, might be growing into a creature without a place. That's why it's Heaven to be back," she ended. She looked down the valley with her eyes half closed, she leant a little on his arm : "It's Heaven : Heaven !" she repeated in a whisper.

"You were afraid," he said, "that we shouldn't keep a place for you : Ellida and I and all of us ?"

"Perhaps that was all it was," she dropped her voice to say. He pressed, with his arm, her hand against his heart.

"Oh," he said, "it isn't only the old place we want you to go into. There's a new one. You've heard that I've been taking up your character ?"

"Ah !" she said and again she was on the alert in an instant. "I'm to have a situation with you ? Who's the invalid ? Peter ?" The little dog with the flapping ears was running wide on the turf, scenting the unaccustomed grasses.

"Oh, Peter's as near speaking as he can ever get," Grimshaw said.

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Katya laughed.

"That would be a solution," she said, "if you took me on as Peter's nurse. But who's your dumb child now? I suppose it's your friend . . . ah . . . Dudley Leicester."

"You remember," Grimshaw said, "you used always to say he *was* like Peter."

"No : it was you I used to say were like Peter. Well, what's the matter with Dudley Leicester? . . . at least. No. Don't tell me. I've heard a good deal from Ellida. She's gone clean mad about his wife."

"Yes, she's mad enough about Pauline," Grimshaw said. "And so would you be."

"I daresay," she answered. "She seems brave. That's always a good deal."

"Oh, if you want braveness!" Grimshaw said. "But how can you consider his case if you won't hear about him?"

"I've had *one* version," she said. "I don't want two. It would obscure my view. What we know is that he sits about speechless and that he asks strangers in the street a question about a telephone. That's right, isn't it?"

"What an admirable professional manner you've got!" Grimshaw said, and he disengaged her hand from his arm to look better at her. "It's quite right : about poor Dudley."

"Well," she said. "Don't be silly for a moment. This is my work in life—you know you don't look over-well yourself—but answer me one question. I'm content to take Ellida's version about him because she can't influence my views. *You* might. And one wants to look only from personal observation. But . . ."

She stretched out her hand and felt his pulse for a light minute.

"You aren't well," she said. "No ; I don't want to look at your tongue. Here, take off your cap!"

And suddenly she ran her fingers smoothly and firmly over his temples, so that they seemed to explore deep places, cool and restful.

"That soothes you, doesn't it?" she said. "*That's* how I make my bread. But take care, dear thing, or it'll be you that I shall be nursing next."

"It lies with you to cure it," he answered.

She uttered a painful :

"*Oh!*" and looked down the valley between her gloved fingers. When she took her hands down from her face she said :

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"Look here! That's not fair. You promised not to."

He answered:

"But how can I help it? How can I help it?"

She seemed to make her head grow rigid.

"One thing at a time, then," she said. "You know everything. What happened to him at the telephone?"

And when he said that some one—when he was in a place where he ought not to have been—had recognised his voice, she said:

"Oh!" and then again: "Oh! That explains."

Grimshaw looked at her, his dark eyes imploring.

"It can be cured?" he said.

"It ought to be," she answered. "It depends. I'll look at him."

"Oh, you *must*," he answered.

"Well, I will," she retorted. "But you understand, I must be paid my fee."

"Oh," he said, "don't rub it in just now."

"Well you rubbed it in just now," she mocked him. "You tried to get round my sympathies. I've got to harden myself to get back to where I was. You know you shook me. But I'm a lonely woman. My work's all I've got."

"Katya!" he said. "You know your half of your father's money is waiting for you. I've not spent a penny of it."

"I know you're a dear," she said, "but it doesn't alter matters. I won't take money from a man who won't make a sacrifice for me."

"Ellida took her share," he said.

"Ellida's Ellida," she answered. "She's a darling: but she's not me. If you'd take the steps you might, you could have me and I'd have father's money. But that's all there is to it. I'll do all I can for Dudley Leicester. Don't let's talk about the other thing."

They came down to the hard road over the bank.

"Now we shall see what's under the weathercock," she said.

V

It was as if in the churchyard, amongst the old and slanting tombs, in the sunlight and in the extended fingers of the yews, there was the peace of God. In the high road as it passed through the little hamlet not a single person stirred. The cottage doors stood open and as they passed they could hear even the ticking of the clocks. The dust on the high road was

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stamped into little patterns by the feet of a flock of sheep that, from the hill above, they had seen progressing slowly at a great distance.

"The peace of God," Robert Grimshaw said.

They were sitting in the small plastered porch of the little old church.

"The peace of God which passes all understanding. . . . I've always thought that those words, coming where they do, are the most beautiful thing in any rite. It's like . . ."

He seemed to be about to enter on a long train of thought, but suddenly he said: "Oh, my dear," and he laid his head on her shoulder, his eyes closed and the lines of his face drooping. They sat silent for a long time and slowly into her's there came an expression of a deep and restful tenderness, a minute softening of all the lines and angles of his chiselled countenance. At last he said very low: "Oh! you must end it," and she answered in an echo of his tone: "No, no. Don't ask me. It isn't fair," and she knew that if she looked at his tired face again or if, again, his voice sounded so weary, that she would surrender to his terms.

He answered: "Oh! I'm not asking that. I promised that I wouldn't and I'm not. It's the other thing that you must end. You don't know what it means to me."

She said "What?" with an expression of bewilderment, a queer numb expression, and whilst he brought out in slow and rather broken phrases: "It's an unending strain. . . . And I feel I am responsible. . . . It goes on night and day. . . . I can't sleep. . . . I can't eat. . . . I have got the conviction that suddenly he might grow violent and murder . . ."

Her face was hardening all the while. It grew whiter and her eyes darkened.

"You're talking of Dudley Leicester?" she said, and slowly she removed her arm from beneath his hand. She stood up in front of him, clear and cool in her grey dress and he recovered his mastery of himself.

"But of course," he went on, "that's only a sort of nightmare and you're going to put an end to it. If we start back now you could see him to-night."

She put her hands behind her back and said with a distinct and clear enunciation: "I am not going to."

He looked at her without much comprehension. "Well, to-morrow then. Next week. Soon?"

"I am not going to at all," she brought out still more hardly. "Not to-day. Not this week. Not ever."

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And before his bewilderment she began to speak with a passionate scorn : " This is what I was to discover beneath the weathercock ! Do you consider what a ridiculous figure you cut ? You bring me here to talk about that man. What's he to you or you to him ? Why should you maunder and moon and worry about him ? "

" But——" Robert Grimshaw said, and she burst into a hard laugh.

" No wonder you can't give in to me if you've got to be thinking of him all the time. Well, put it how you will, I have done with him and I've done with you. Go your own idiotic ways together. I've done with you." And with her hands stretched down in front of her she snapped the handle of her parasol, her face drawn and white. She looked down at the two pieces contemptuously and threw them against the iron-bolted, oak church-door.

" That's an end of it," she said.

Grimshaw looked up at her with his jaw drooping in amazement.

" But you're jealous ! " he said.

She kept herself calm for a minute longer.

" I'm sorry," she said. " I'm sorry for his poor little wife. I'm sorry for Ellida who wants him cured, but it's their fault for having to do with such a soft, meddlesome creature as you."

And then suddenly she burst out into a full torrent :

" Jealous ! " she said. " Yes, I'm jealous. Is that news to you ? It isn't to me. That's the secret of the whole thing if you come to think of it. Now that it's all over between us there's no reason why you shouldn't know it. All my life you've tortured me. When I was a tiny child it was the same. I wanted you altogether, body and soul, and you had always some one like that, that you took an interest in ; that you were always trying to get *me* to take an interest in. Just you think the matter out. It'll make you understand a good many things." She broke off and then she began again : " Jealous ?—yes, if it's jealousy to want a woman's right. The whole of a man altogether." She closed her eyes and stood for a moment shuddering. " Good-bye," she said. And with an extreme stiffness she went down the short path. As she turned to go through the gate, she called back : " You'd better try Morley Bishop."

Grimshaw rose to his feet as if to follow her but an extreme weariness had overcome him. He picked up the pieces of her

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parasol and with a slow and halting gait went along the dusty road towards the village inn.

A little later he took from the nearest station the train up to London, but the intolerable solitude of the slow journey, the thought of Pauline's despair, the whole weight of depression, of circumstance made him, on arriving at London Bridge, get out and cross the platform to the down-train time-tables. He was going to return to Brighton.

Ellida was sitting in the hotel room about eleven, reading a novel that concerned itself with the Court life of a country called "Nolhynia." She looked up at Robert Grimshaw and said :

"Well, what have you two been up to ?"

"Hasn't Katya told you ?"

Ellida, luxuriating at last in the sole possession of her little Kitty, who by now prattled distractingly—luxuriating, too, in the possession of many solid hours of a night of peace, stolen unexpectedly and unavoidably from the duties of a London career, was really and paganly sprawling in a very deep chair.

"No," she said. "Katya hasn't told me anything. Where is Katya ? I thought you'd decided to go off together at last and leave poor little Pauline to do the best she could." And she held out, without moving more than her hand, a pink telegram which bore the words :

"Don't worry about me. Am quite all right. See that Kitty's milk is properly metchnikoffed."

"It was sent from Victoria," she said, "so of *course* I thought you'd been and gone and done it. I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry, but I think I was mostly glad."

She looked up at his anxious face curiously.

"Haven't you gone and done it ?" she said. "You don't mean to say you've split again ?"

"We've split again," he answered. "Worse than ever before." And he added anxiously : "You don't think she'll have been doing anything rash ?"

"Anything rash !" she mocked him pleasantly. "She's never in her life done anything else. But if you mean gone under a motor-'bus I can tell you this, Mr. Toto, she too jolly well means to have you to do anything of that sort. What's the matter now ?"

He related as carefully as he could and then she said : "For a couple of darlings you are the most extraordinary creatures on earth. Katya's Katya, of course ; but why in Heaven's name you can't be reasonable it passes me to understand."

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"Reasonable!" Grimshaw exclaimed.

"Well!" Ellida answered, "you don't know Katya as I do. You think, I daresay, that she's a cool, man-like sort of chap. As a matter of fact she's a mere bundle of nerves and insane obstinacies. I don't mean to say that she's not adorable. She's just the most feminine thing in the world, but what you ought to do is perfectly plain. You ought to bring her to her knees. If *you* won't give in to her—it would be the easiest thing to do—but it would be just as easy to bring her to her knees."

"It would?" Grimshaw asked.

"Yes," she said, "easy, but I daresay a bit of a bore. You go off with some other woman and she'll be after you with hatchets and knives in ten seconds after she hears the news. That's Katya. It's Kitty too, and I daresay it would be me if I ever had anything in the world to contrarify me."

"Oh, I'm tired out," he answered. "I told you some time ago that if I grew very, very tired I should give in to her. Well, I've come down to tell her that if she'll take on Dudley she can take me on too on her own terms."

Ellida looked up at him with her quick and bird-like eyes.

"Well, look here, Mr. Toto," she said, "if you're going to do that you'd better get it told to her quick. If you don't catch her on the hop before she's got time to harden into it as an obstinacy you'll find that she'll have made it a rule of life never to speak to you again and then there'll be nothing for it *but* your carrying on with—oh, say, Etta Hudson—until Katya gets to the daggers and knives stage."

"But where is she?" Grimshaw asked.

"Oh, well, you're a man who knows everything," she answered. "I expect she's gone to one of the six or seven of her patients that are always clamouring for her. You'd better hurry to find her or she'll be off touring round the world before you know where you are. . . . I've always thought," she continued, "that you handled her wrongly at the beginning. If, the moment she'd begun that nonsense, you'd taken a stick to her, or dragged her off to a registry office, or contrived to pretend to be harsh and brutal, she'd have given in right at once, but she got the cranky idea into her head and now it's hardened into sheer pride. I don't believe that she really wanted it then after the first day or two. She only wanted to bring you to your knees. I believe that if you'd given in then she'd have backed out of it at the last moment and you'd have had St. George's and orange blossoms and 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden,' all complete."

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"Well, I can't bother about it any longer," Grimshaw said. "I'm done. I give in."

"Good old Toto," Ellida said. And then she dropped her voice to say: "I don't know that it's the sort of thing that a sister ought to encourage a sister doing, but if you managed not to let any one know, and that's easy enough, considering how you've set everybody talking about your quarrels—you can just meet her at Athens and then come back and say you've made it up suddenly and got married at the Consulate at Scutari or Trebizond or some old place where there isn't a Consulate and nobody goes to—if nobody knows about it I don't see that I need bother much."

She looked up at him and continued: "I suppose you'll think I'm immoral or whatever it is, but after all there was mother who was really the best woman in the world. Of course I know you think of the future, but when everything's said and done I'm in the same position that your children will be, and it doesn't worry me very much. It doesn't worry Katya either, though she likes to pretend it does."

"Oh! I'm not thinking of anything at all," Grimshaw answered. "I just give in. I just want the . . . the peace of God."

VI

In the drawing-room with the blue curtains Mr. Held was saying to Pauline Leicester: "Yes, it's just gone ten. It's too late for a telegram, but I'm sure he'll get a message through somehow to say she's coming. After all he can telephone from Brighton."

"He mayn't have succeeded," Pauline said.

"Oh, I'm sure he's succeeded," Mr. Held answered. "I feel it in my bones."

It was now the thirtieth or fortieth time that, since eight o'clock, he had uttered some such words, and he was going on to say: "He and she are great friends, aren't they?" when Saunders opened the door to say that a lady wished to speak to Mrs. Leicester.

"Oh, they are great friends," Pauline answered Mr. Held. "Miss Lascarides is his cousin"; and then to Saunders: "Who is it?"

Saunders answered that he didn't know the lady, but that she appeared to be a lady.

"What's she like?" Pauline said.

The butler answered that she was very tall, very dark and,

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if he might say so, rather imperious. Pauline's mouth opened a little. "It's not," she said, "it's not Lady Hudson?"

"Oh, it isn't Lady Hudson, mum, I know Lady Hudson very well by sight. She goes past the house every day with a borzoi."

In the dining-room, lit by a solitary light on the chimney-piece, Pauline saw a lady, very tall, very dark and very cool and collected. They looked at each other for the shadow of a moment with the odd and veiled hostility that mysterious woman bestows upon her fellow-mystery.

"You're Pauline Leicester?" the stranger said. "You don't know who I am?"

"We've never met, I think," Pauline answered.

"And you've never seen a photograph?"

"A photograph?" Pauline said. "No, I don't think I've seen a photograph."

"Ah, you wouldn't have a photograph of me that's not a good many years old. It was a good deal before your time."

With her head full of the possibilities of her husband's past, for she couldn't tell that there mightn't have been another, Pauline said, with her brave distinctness:

"Are you perhaps the person who rang up 4259 Mayfair? If you are . . ."

The stranger's rather regal eyes opened slightly. She was leaning one arm on the chimney-piece and looking over her shoulder, but at that she turned and held out both her hands.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "it's perfectly true what he said. You're the bravest woman in the world and I'm Katya Lascarides."

With the light full upon her face Pauline Leicester hardly stirred.

"You've heard all about me?" she said with a touch of sadness in her voice. "From Robert Grimshaw?"

"No, from Ellida," Katya answered, "and I've seen your photograph. She carries it about with her."

Pauline Leicester said "Ah!" very slowly, and then: "Yes, Ellida's very fond of me. She's very good to me."

"My dear," Katya said, "Ellida's everything in the matter. At any rate, if I'm going to do you any good it's she that's got me here. I shouldn't have done it for Robert Grimshaw."

Pauline turned slightly pale.

"You haven't quarrelled with Robert?" she said. "I should be so sorry."

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"My dear," Katya answered, "never mention his name to me again. It's only for you I'm here, because what Ellida told me has made me like you." And then she asked to see the patient.

Dudley Leicester, got into evening-dress as he was by Saunders and Mr. Held every evening, sat blond and healthy to all seeming, sunk in the eternal arm-chair, his fingers beating an eternal tattoo, his eyes fixed on vacancy. His appearance was so exactly natural that it was impossible to believe he was in any "condition" at all. It was so impossible to believe it that when, with a precision that seemed to add many years to her age, Katya Lascarides approached and bending over him touched with the tips of her fingers little and definite points on his temples and brows, touching them and retouching them as if she were fingering a rounded wind-instrument and that when she asked: "Doesn't that make your head feel better?" it seemed merely normal that his right hand should come up from the ceaseless drumming on the arm of the chair to touch her wrist and that plaintively his voice should say: "Much better, oh! much better." And Pauline and Mr. Held said simultaneously: "He isn't . . ."

"Oh, he isn't cured," Katya said. "This is only a part of the process. It's to get him to like me, to make him have confidence in me so that I can get to know something about him. Now, go away. I can't give you any verdict till I've studied him."

PART V

I

IN the intervals of running from hotel to hotel—for Robert Grimshaw had taken it for granted that Ellida was right and that Katya had gone to the old place where she had stayed with Mrs. Van Husum and where they knew she had left the heavier part of her belongings—Robert Grimshaw looked in to tell Pauline that he hadn't yet been able to fix things up with Katya Lascarides but that he was certainly going to do so and would fetch her along that afternoon. In himself he felt some doubt of how he was going to find Katya. At the Norfolk Street hotel he had heard that she had called in for two or three minutes the night before, in order to change her clothes—he remembered that she was wearing her light grey dress and a linen sun-hat—

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and that then she had gone out, saying that she was going to a patient's and might or might not come back.

"This afternoon," he repeated, "I'll bring her along."

Pauline looked at his face attentively.

"Don't you know where she is?" she said incredulously, and then she added as if with a sudden desolation:

"Have you quarrelled as much as all that?"

"How did you know I don't know where she is?" Grimshaw answered swiftly. "She hasn't been attacking you?"

Her little hands fell slowly open at her sides. Then she rested one of them upon the white cloth that was just being laid for luncheon.

The horn of an automobile sounded rather gently outside and the wheels of a butcher's cart rattled past.

"Oh! Robert," she said suddenly, "it wasn't about me you quarrelled? Don't you understand, she's here in the house now? That was Sir William Wells who just left."

"She *hasn't* been attacking you?" Grimshaw persisted.

"Oh, she wouldn't, you know," Pauline answered. "She isn't that sort. It's you she would attack if she attacked anybody."

"Oh well, yes," Robert Grimshaw answered. "It was about you we quarrelled. About you and Dudley—about the household. It occupies too much of my attention. She wants me altogether."

"Then what's she here for?" Pauline said.

"I don't know," Grimshaw said. "Perhaps because she's sorry for you."

"Sorry for me!" Pauline said, "because I care . . . But then she . . . Oh! where do we stand?"

"What has she done?" Robert Grimshaw said. "What does she say?"

"About you?" Pauline said.

"No, no, about the case?"

"Oh!" Pauline said, "she says that if we can only find out who it was rang up that number it would be quite likely that we could cure him."

Grimshaw suddenly sat down.

"That means?" he said, and then he stopped.

Pauline said: "What? I couldn't bear to cause her any unhappiness."

"Oh!" Robert Grimshaw answered, "is that the way to talk in our day and, and . . . and . . . our class? We don't take things like that."

"Oh! my dear," she said painfully, "how are we taking

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this ? ” Then she added : “ And in any case Katya isn’t of our day or our class.”

She came near and stood over him, looking down.

“ Robert,” she said gravely, “ who is of our day and our class ? Are you ? Or am I ? Why are your hands shaking like that or why did I just now call you ‘ my dear.’ We’ve got to face the fact that I called you ‘ my dear.’ Then don’t you see you can’t be of our day and our class. And as for me, wasn’t it really because Dudley wasn’t faithful to me that I’ve let myself slide near you ? I haven’t made a scandal and any outcry about Dudley Leicester. That’s our day and that’s our class. But look at all the difference it’s made in our personal relations ! Look at the misery of it all ! That’s it. We can make a day and a class and rules for them, but we can’t keep any of the rules except just the gross ones like not making scandals.”

“ Then what Katya’s here for,” Robert Grimshaw said, “ is to cure Dudley. She’s a most wonderful sense and she knows that the only way to have me altogether is to cure him.”

“ Oh, don’t put it as low down as that,” Pauline said. “ Just a little time ago you said that it was because she was sorry for me.”

“ Yes, yes,” Grimshaw answered eagerly. “ That’s it. That’s the motive. But it doesn’t hinder the result from being that when Dudley’s cured we all fly as far apart as the poles.”

“ Then all that’s to be done,” Pauline said, “ is the one thing that you’ve got to do.”

“ And that ? ” Robert Grimshaw asked.

“ That is to find the man who rang up that number. You’ve got to do that because you know all about these things.”

“ I,” Robert Grimshaw said desolately. “ Oh yes, I know all about these things.”

“ You know,” Pauline continued, “ she’s very wonderful, you know Katya. You should have seen how beautifully she treated Sir William Wells until at last he positively roared with fury, and yet she hadn’t said a single word except in the most respectful manner in the world. Wouldn’t it have been best the very first to discover who the man on the telephone was ? ”

“ How did she know about the man on the telephone ? ” Grimshaw said. “ You didn’t. Sir William told me not to tell you.”

“ Oh, Sir William,” she said, with the first contempt that he had ever heard in her voice. “ He didn’t want anybody to know anything. And when Katya told him that over there they always attempt to cure a shock of that sort by a shock almost

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exactly similar he simply roared out : 'Theories ! Theories ! Theories !' That was his motor that went just now."

They were both silent for a long time. And then suddenly Robert Grimshaw said :

"It was I that rung up 4259 Mayfair."

Pauline only answered : "Ah !"

And looking straight at the carpet in front of him Robert Grimshaw remembered the March night that had ever since weighed so heavily on them all. He had dined alone at his club. He had sat talking to three elderly men and, following his custom, at a quarter past eleven he had set out to walk up Piccadilly and round the acute angle of Regent's Street. Usually he walked down Oxford Street, down Park Lane and so having taken his breath of air and circumnavigated, as it were, the little island of wealth that those four streets encompass, he would lay himself tranquilly in his white bed, and with Peter on a chair beside his feet, he would fall asleep. But on that night, whilst he walked slowly, his stick behind his back, he had been almost thrown down by Etta Stackpole, who appeared to fall right under his feet, and she was followed by the tall form of Dudley Leicester, whose face Grimshaw recognised as he looked up to pay the cabman. Having, as one does on the occasion of such encounters, with a military precision and an extreme swiftness, turned on his heels—having turned indeed so swiftly that his stick which was behind his back swung out centrifugally and lightly struck Etta Stackpole's skirt, he proceeded to walk home in a direction the reverse of his ordinary one. And at first he thought absolutely nothing at all. The night was cold and brilliant and he peeped, as was his wont, curiously and swiftly into the faces of the passers-by. Just about abreast of Burlington House he ejaculated : "That sly cub !" as if he were lost in surprised admiration for Dudley Leicester's enterprise. But opposite the Ritz he began to shiver. "I must have taken a chill," he said, but actually there had come into his mind the thought—the thought that Etta Stackpole afterwards so furiously upbraided him for—that Dudley Leicester must have been carrying on a long intrigue with Etta Stackpole. "And I've married Pauline to that scoundrel !" he muttered, for it seemed to him that Dudley Leicester must have been a scoundrel if he could so play fast and loose, if he could do it so skilfully as to take in himself, whilst appearing so open about it.

And then Grimshaw shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it's no business of mine," he said.

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He quickened his pace and walked home to bed, but he was utterly unable to sleep.

Lying in his white bed, the sheets up to his chin, his face dark in the blaze of light from above his head—the only dark object indeed in a room that was white monastically—his tongue was so dry that he was unable to moisten his lips with it. He lay perfectly still, gazing at Peter's silver collar that, taken off for the night, hung from a hook on the back of the white door. His lips muttered fragments of words with which his mind had nothing to do. They bubbled up from within him as if from the depths of his soul and at that moment Robert Grimshaw knew himself. He was revealed to himself for the first time by words over which he had no control. In this agony and this prickly sweat, the traditions—traditions that are so infectious of his English public-school training, of his all-smooth and suppressed contacts in English social life, all the easy amenities and all the facile sense of honour that is adapted only to the life of no strain, of no passions, all these habits were gone at this touch of torture. And it was of this intolerably long anguish that he had been thinking when he said to Etta Stackpole that in actual truth he was only a Dago. For Robert Grimshaw, if he was a man of many knowledges, was a man of no experiences at all since his connection with Katya Lascarides, her refusal of him, her shudderings at him had been so out of the ordinary nature of things that he couldn't make any generalisations from them at all. When he had practically forced Dudley Leicester upon Pauline he really had believed that you can marry a woman you love to your best friend without enduring all the tortures of jealousy. This sort of marriage of convenience that it was, was he knew the sort of thing that in their sort of life was frequent and successful enough and, trained as he was in the English code of manners never to express any emotion at all, he had forgotten that he possessed emotions. Now he was up against it.

He was frightfully up against it. Till now at least he had been able to imagine that Dudley Leicester had at least a devouring passion for, a quenchless thirst to protect, his wife. It had been a passion so great and beginning so early that Grimshaw could claim really only half the credit of having made the match. Indeed, his efforts had been limited to such influence as he had been able to bring to bear upon Pauline's mother, to rather long conversations in which he had pointed out how precarious, Mrs. Lucas being dead, would be Pauline's lot in life. And he had told her at last that he himself was irretrievably pledged, both by honour and by passion, to Katya Lascarides. It was on

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the subsequent day that Pauline had accepted her dogged adorer.

His passion for Katya Lascarides ! He hadn't any doubt about it, but his longing to be perpetually with Pauline Leicester—as he had told Ellida Langham—to catch her going through all her life with her perpetual tender smile, dancing as it were a gentle and infantile measure, this too he couldn't doubt. Acute waves of emotion went through him at the thought of her, waves of emotion so acute that they communicated themselves to his physical being so that it was as if the thought of Katya Lascarides stabbed his heart, whilst the thought of Pauline Leicester made his hands toss beneath the sheets. For looking at the matter formally and as he thought dispassionately it had seemed to him that his plain duty was to wait for Katya Lascarides and to give Pauline as good a time as he could. That Pauline would have this with Dudley Leicester he hadn't had till the moment of the meeting in Regent Street the ghost of a doubt. But now . . .

He said : “ Good God ! ” for he was thinking that only the Deity—if even He—could achieve the impossible, could undo what was done, could let him watch over Pauline, which was the extent of the possession of her that he desired, and wait for Katya, which also was perhaps all that he desired to do. The intolerable hours ticked on. The light shone down on him beside the bed. At the foot Peter slept, coiled up and motionless. At the head the telephone instrument like a gleaming metal flower with its nickel corolla and black bell shone with reflected light. He was accustomed on mornings when he felt he needed a rest to talk to his friends from time to time, and suddenly his whole body stirred in bed. The whites of his eyes gleamed below the dark irises, his white teeth showed, and as he clasped the instrument to him he appeared as it were a Shylock who clutched to his breast his knife and demanded of the Universe his right to the peace of mind that knowledge at least was to give him.

He must know : if he was to defend Pauline, to watch over her, to protect her he must know what was going on. His passionate desire swept over him like a flood. There remained nothing else in the world. He rang up the hotel which, tall, white and cold, rises close by where he had seen Etta Stackpole spring from the cab. He rang up several houses known to him and finally with a sort of panic in his eyes he asked for Lady Hudson's number. The little dog, aroused by the motions of his voice, leapt on to the bed and pattering up gazed wistfully at his face. He reached out his tongue to afford what consolation he could to the master whom he knew to be perturbed, grieved and

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in need of consolation, and just before the tiny sound of a voice reached Grimshaw's ears Grimshaw said, his lips close to the mouthpiece, "Get down," and when, after he had uttered the words: "Isn't that Dudley Leicester speaking?" there was the click of the instrument being rung off, Robert Grimshaw said to himself grimly: "At any rate they'll know who it was that rung them up."

But Dudley Leicester hadn't known: he was too stupid, and the tinny sound of the instrument had destroyed the resemblance of any human voice.

Thus sitting before Pauline Leicester in her drawing-room did Robert Grimshaw review his impressions. And looking back on the whole affair it seemed to present himself to him in those terms of strong light, of the unreal sound of voices on the telephone, and of pain—of unceasing pain that had never "let up," at any rate from the moment when, having come up from the country with Katya's kisses still upon his lips, he had found Pauline in his dining-room and had heard that Dudley Leicester didn't know.

He remained seated, staring, brooding at the carpet just before Pauline's feet and suddenly she said: "Oh, Robert, what did you *do* it for?"

He rose up suddenly and stood over her, and when he held both her small hands between his own:

"You'd better," he said—"it'll be better for both you and me—put upon it the construction that shows the deepest concern for you."

And suddenly from behind their backs came the voice of Katya Lascarides.

"Well," she said, "Robert knows everything. Who is the man that got up 4259 Mayfair?"

Robert Grimshaw hung his head for a moment and then:

"I did," he said.

Katya only answered: "Ah!" Then very slowly she came over and put one hand on Pauline's shoulder.

"Oh, you poor dear," she said, and then to Robert:

"Then you'd better come and tell him so at once. I'll stake my new hat to my professional reputation that it'll put him on to his legs at once."

And with an air of taking him finally under her wing she conducted him down the passage to Dudley Leicester's room.

In the dining-room Pauline stood for a long time looking

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down at her fingers that rested upon the table-cloth. The air was full of little noises, the clitter of milk-cans, the monotonous sound of water pulsing continuously from the mains, the voices of two nurses as they wheeled their charges home from the Park. The door-bell rang but no one disturbed her. With the light falling on her hair, absolutely motionless, she looked down at her fingers on the white cloth and smiled faintly.

II

In the long, dark room where Dudley Leicester still sprawled in his deep chair Katya stopped Robert Grimshaw near the door.

"I'll ask him to ask you his question," she said, "and you'll answer it in as loud a voice as you can. That'll cure him. You'll see. I don't suppose you expected to see me here."

"I didn't expect it," he answered, "but I know why you have come."

"Well," she said, "if he isn't cured you'll be hanging round him for ever."

"Yes, I suppose I shall be hanging round him for ever," he answered.

"And more than that : you'll be worrying yourself to death over it. I can't bear you to worry, Toto," she said. She paused for a long minute and then she scrutinised him closely.

"So it was you who rang him up on the telephone ?" she said. "I thought it was from the beginning."

"Oh, don't let's talk about that any more," Grimshaw said. "I'm very tired. I've come to give myself up. I went down to Brighton to give myself up to you on condition that you cured Dudley Leicester. Now, I just do it without any conditions whatever."

She looked at him a little ironically, a little tenderly.

"Oh well, my dear," she said, "we'll talk about that when he's cured. Now come."

She made him stand just before Leicester's sprawled-out feet and going round behind the chair, resting her hands already on Leicester's hair in preparation for bending down to make, near his ear, the suggestion that he should put his question, she looked up at Robert Grimshaw.

"You consent ?" she said, with hardly a touch of triumph in her voice, "that I should live with you as my mother lived with my father ?" And at Robert Grimshaw's minute gesture of assent : "Oh well, my dear," she continued quite gently, "it's obvious to me that you're worse than a little touched by

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this little Pauline of ours. I don't say that I resent it. I don't suggest that it makes you care for me any less than you should or did, but I'm sure—perfectly sure of the fact, such as it is, and I'm sure, still more sure that she cares extremely for you. So that . . .”

She had been looking down at Dudley Leicester's forehead, but she looked up again into Robert Grimshaw's eyes.

“I think, my dear,” she said slowly, “as a precaution—I think you cannot have me on those terms. I think you had better—” she paused for the fraction of a minute—“marry me,” and her fingers began to work slowly upon Dudley Leicester's brows. There was the least flush upon her cheeks, the least smile round the corners of her lips and she heaved the ghost of a sigh.

“So that you get me both ways,” Robert Grimshaw said.

“Every way and altogether,” she answered.

THE MONTH

EDITORIAL: *THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE—English Literature of To-day (ii); The Extension of Liberalism, by J. A. HOBSON; Women's Vote and Men, by HENRY W. NEVINSON; The Constitutional Crisis: A Liberal View, by G. P. GOOCH, M.P.; India in England, by "VIDVÁN"; Tammany, by SYDNEY BROOKS; Divorce Law Reform, by E. S. P. HAYNES; The English Educational Renaissance, by FOSTER WATSON; Publications Received*

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English Literature of To-day

II

OF non-commercial English Dramatists three names at least are worthy of consideration. They are those of Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. John Galsworthy and Mr. Bernard Shaw. These writers we may call non-commercial because sincerely, according to their abilities, they adhere for their stories, their "plots," to the probabilities of life in the particular plane of life in which they elect to deal. They avoid, as far as they can, the meretricious coincidences of the conventional stage, the screens, telephones, melodramatic discoveries by injured husbands and all the rest. They attempt to present us with really human figures caught in the toils of vicissitudes really human, acting as human beings really would do in a world such as these Dramatists, each after his kind, may chance to see it. This is most particularly true of Mr. Granville Barker and least so of Mr. Bernard Shaw. The attraction of Mr. Shaw is that of unreasonable brilliancy. The sallies of his characters hold our attentions but they do not engage our sympathies. We are delighted with his figures whilst they talk, but all the while we are subconsciously aware that we do not believe that any human beings so ready with their tongues ever existed. The consequence is that Mr. Shaw's plays—and it is with this purpose that he sets out to write—may very well awaken thought. But it is as to the ideas expressed by his characters rather than as to their human and personal problems that we are set thinking. The idea which is aroused in us by the conclusion of *Arms and the Man* is that an hotel-keeper may possess as many table-cloths, horses, servants and opportunities for hospitality as the owner of Arundel Castle. This may or may not be a fruitful jumping-off place for a train of thought. But we are not interested as to whether the Swiss mercenary and the daughter of a semi-savage will make a good match of it. We are not interested in their fates, because neither Captain

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Bluentchli nor Raina are very much more human than two talking-machines uttering witticisms of the familiar timbre of Mr. Bernard Shaw. And just because ideas as to ideas are relatively valueless in comparison with the ideas aroused by human problems, so the effect of Mr. Shaw's work is comparatively transitory. Not one of his plays will leave as much mark upon the emotions as, let us say, *The Playboy of the Western World*, by Mr. Synge, now so untimely dead. Mr. Synge's play was not realistic in the sense that it was a parcel of life obtained by striking an average of the daily papers. It had, however, that deeper realism which comes with sincerity and with human sympathy. It had the realism of the fairy-tale and when we looked at the *Playboy* we said, "By the Grace of God there might go ourselves." For the *Playboy* has the adventurous spirit which is in all of us—that adventurous spirit under whose afflatus poor humanity continues to strive against all the odds, hoping, as it were, to bluff providence and to stand at last a triumphant hero upon some stage.

OF the more commonly accepted form of realism Mr. Barker's work, and more particularly his *Voysey Inheritance*, is the best example that we have. Mr. Barker's actual output has been so small, his activities in other fields have been so multifarious and so exhausting, that he must be regarded as a figure rather of promise than of achievement. But all his work has the quality of making us believe that when we have witnessed it we have been present at an "affair." It is as if we watched from our windows several people walking along the street and were told: "That man is So-and-so; he desires such and such things. That man is Mr. 'B.' His bank balance is exceedingly overdrawn. That lady is Mrs. 'C.' She permits Mr. 'B.' to manage her investments and they are all going to the house of Mrs. 'D.', a widow who has accepted a proposal from Mr. So-and-so, but would prefer to elope with either Mr. 'B.' or her chauffeur." And in witnessing Mr. Barker's plays we have, as far as his stories are concerned, some of the engrossment that comes from listening to gossip about people whom we see and know, and added to it the satisfaction of knowing that the gossip is true. In the texture of his dialogue Mr. Barker has nothing of Mr. Shaw's brilliancy. His characters, as a rule, are rather dull, normal people. That they seem to be people who have all of them read Mr. Shaw's works does not detract from their reality. So many people have read Mr. Shaw's works.

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But just because his dialogue is not so brilliant, Mr. Barker's characters are more real stuff of life. They talk, it is true, like inverted Nonconformist ministers, but their talk does not influence their actions in the least. Thus it is in real life. This characteristic was singularly evident in Mr. Barker's story, *Georgiana*. Here, though the characters talked with the ponderous gravity of members of Ethical Societies, their actions, which it is true took place only after a tremendous amount of talk, were precisely those of any other couple determined to achieve an illicit entanglement. And this, again, is life: it is as much what every man does as *The Playboy of the Western World* was what every man desired to be. Thus to us Mr. Barker appears the most promising of present-day Dramatists.

MR. J. M. BARRIE is much more difficult to classify. His works have achieved such immense popularity that in the strongest sense of the word they are commercial successes. But Mr. Barrie impresses us—we are not of course talking of his personality—as a figure that has wandered into, that has never sought, commercial success. He appears a little bewildered, a little timid, a little like a modest and unknown man who walks on to a platform of an immense gathering to find himself in the most unexpected manner overwhelmed with plaudits. And perhaps what Mr. Barrie has found is not so much commercial success as universal affection. He handles his themes with such timidity that every now and then he arrives sincerely at something which very much resembles the stage device of the commercial Dramatist. In *What Every Woman Knows* he adumbrated a problem of an extreme seriousness: he played round it in his charming manner until the very last word of the very last act. And the very last word of the very last act evaded the problem—with a little joke! That this is exactly what the public wanted is Mr. Barrie's good or bad fortune, but that Mr. Barrie wrote that little joke because he thought the public would want it we are sufficiently certain was not the case. He wrote it because all that was timid, gentle and charming in his unassuming soul as a writer wanted that little joke. It expresses its author's yearning to see life as an affair in which little jokes will not only count but solve problems: it is the product of a child-like mind seeking to see in a very complicated world a quaint, a trixy fairyland. And just because the make-believes of a child have about them nothing that is repulsive, Mr. Barrie's artificialities do not inspire us with dislike. If there is

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about them nothing very courageous, there is about them also nothing that is mean. It is not Mr. Barrie's province to be a prophet. It is his place—and how excellently he fills it!—to satisfy that side of human nature that craves after quaintness. If he does not ask us to look a grim world in the face he hangs up before us a gauze curtain through which we see dark valleys and level masses of tree-tops and the stars sparkling artificially. The little lights shine out in the trees, the windows of a little hut light up and the witch sails away on a broomstick.

How considerable a literary skill Mr. Barrie had whilst he still wrote novels is to be seen by any one who will take the trouble to read *A Window in Thrums* or *Auld Licht Idylls*. These for their workmanship are almost the most attractive that we have. For workmanship—for getting an effect with the fewest number of words—Mr. Barrie was almost the equal of Mr. W. W. Jacobs to-day and of Mr. Kipling in his early years. And that his attention to methods of producing an effect in pure Literature aided him very materially when he came to attack the Drama we need have very little doubt. Some doubt we may have, for the technical qualities required to conduce to excellence in the Drama are almost entirely the converse of those called for in the production of written Literature. It is seldom sufficiently remembered that the difference between the play and the novel is identical with the difference between the spoken speech and the printed page—the difference between Rhetoric and Literature. Rendered enthusiastic or rendered sympathetic by the tones and gestures of the actor the audience will pass, will applaud, sentiments and situations which upon the printed page, time being allowed for reflection, would appear gross, absurd or vapid. One of the most considerable pre-occupations of the novel-writer is to give his characters personality, form and voice. One of the most attractive of the resources that he has at his disposal is the rendering of atmosphere, of the appearance of natural objects and the utterance of thoughts not immediately appreciable by hurried minds. For the Dramatist, as we have already pointed out, none of these resources are permissible. Nevertheless, to hold an audience a play demands a greater degree of technical skill than any other form of imaginative writing. For in the end the province of technical skill is simply to interest. And speaking very roughly the quality in an Art which interests us is the quality of surprise. The small quaintnesses of Mr. Barrie hold our

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attention for this reason, and for this reason the plays of Mr. Galsworthy—another considerable dramatic author whose early training was in the novel—hold our attention. And this is more particularly true of Mr. Galsworthy than any other of our novelists. It is probably the reason why his plays are more satisfactory than his novels, why, as a Dramatist, he is in the first rank, whereas as a novelist his place is much lower.

FOR, if the Dramatist must be more sedulous perpetually to interest his audience, so he works in a coarser material. His effects must be more obvious since an audience has no time to reflect; his surprises must be such as the mind can grasp immediately. In the novel, as in the play, Mr. Galsworthy pursues the quality of surprise with a dogged, an unblinking persistency. You never catch him nodding; he never nods. But whereas it is the province of the really great novelist to conceal his æsthetic methods—by which means he achieves the appearance or the actuality of subtleness—the Dramatist has no need to make this one step further in the realm of Art. He must, indeed, stop short of subtlety. This Mr. Galsworthy just does in his novels as in his plays.

WE have amongst us, at the present time, perhaps some six purely imaginative writers whose work it may be here profitable to study in the effort to discover whether there exists any school of conscious Literary Art in England to-day. For ostensibly there is nothing but a formless welter of books without any tendency as without any traditions or æsthetic aims. Of these six writers three—Mr. Henry James, Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. George Moore—we may regard as being wholly concerned with their Art, as belonging to the school which represents the main-stream of the current of European Literature, and as having no external considerations for anything but their individual presentations of life. We have Mr. Galsworthy, whom we may regard as belonging technically to the same school, but as falling short of ultimate preoccupation with his Art. And we have two imaginative writers who, not artists in the strict sense that they have any canons of Art by which they work, yet by virtue of personalities attractive or unusual carry on in the typically English manner the traditions of the insularly English novel. These are Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. These

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writers do not, of course, exhaust the catalogue of novelists whose work is worthy of attention or perusal, but they stand out as very excellent sign-posts to mark the difference between the more insular and amateur and the more cosmopolitan and scientific schools of writers at present at work in these kingdoms.

MR. CONRAD and Mr. James stand so far above any other imaginative writers of to-day that their significance and their importance are apt to be a little lost. They stand, moreover, so far apart one from another that they have, as far as any literary movement is concerned, an entire want of unity or cohesion. They are united by one thing—by an extreme literary conscientiousness. With personalities so absolutely differing that the fact is obscured, the literary methods of each are in essentials the same. Each takes in hand an “affair”—a parcel of life, that is to say, in which several human beings are involved—and each having taken hold never loosens his grip until all that can possibly be extracted from the human situation is squeezed out. The defect of each as an artist is his too close engrossment in the affair he has in hand. In each case this leads to what is called digressions. Mr. James digresses because he desires to build up round his figures an immense atmosphere of the complexities of relationships. He loses hold, from time to time, of the faculty of selection; he will step aside to introduce some subtlety of relationship because it is quaint or because it amuses him; he will neglect to observe that this subtlety does not help his story forward and that thus he has gone outside his main-stream. Mr. Conrad is much less concerned with spiritual relationships and much more with a sort of material fatalism. For him every one of the situations of a book must be rendered inevitable. The actual situations thus set up he is less careful to define. In that way he is an impressionist. If he had to describe, let us say, a murder, he would give his story the true tragic note. The motive for the murder would be overwhelming, the circumstances in which it was brought about would be so described that we should imagine ourselves to be present at the actual time. But not only this: Mr. Conrad would find it necessary to describe minutely the knife with which the murder was committed, the manner in which it fitted into the murderer’s hand. Nay, more; supposing the murderer to be an individual of a wild or an excited appearance, Mr. Conrad’s conscience would make it necessary that he should minutely describe the man who sold the murderer the

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knife. He might provide us with the genealogy of the seller in order to prove that owing to the idiosyncrasies of his father and mother he was predisposed to the selling of lethal instruments to men of wild appearance. Or he might give us an account of the vendor's financial ups and downs for the preceding two years in order absolutely to convince us that the vendor was inevitably forced by destiny to dispose of the knife. In the former case the cap of the vendor's mother and the photographs over her parlour mantelpiece would be carefully described in order to render *her* real; in the latter, the knife-seller's account-books would be sedulously projected before us and at the moment when he was hesitating whether or no to sell the knife there would float before his eyes, written in red ink, the amount of the balance against him at his bank. But these digressions, if they serve to take up time, do give to Mr. Conrad's work its extraordinary aspect of reality. Without them we should not feel that we are experiencing—at least to the extent that Mr. Conrad would experience them—the actual scenes that he describes for us. Without them, indeed, it is very likely that Mr. Conrad's impressionism would fail of its effect. For having minutely described the purchase of the dagger, Mr. Conrad would go on to render for us the journey of the murderer in a four-wheeler through a thick fog. We should be conducted to the door of a house where the crime was to be committed, the rust of the knocker would be felt, not seen, because of the thickness of the fog. The door would open upon a black hall and there the episode would end. The point would be that Mr. Conrad would by this time so entirely have identified us with the spirit of the expedition that we should take up the tale for ourselves. We should go up the creaking stairs which Mr. Conrad beforehand would have described for us with such intimacy that we should feel ourselves simply at home; we should push open the door and in the shadow of the bed-curtains we should perceive a sleeping form. But Mr. Conrad, having dropped his story with the knocker upon the front door, would begin his next chapter with an observation from Inspector Frost, of the Secret Service. He would describe the room in which Inspector Frost sat and he would give us the inspector's biography, with an episode of his school life which would go to prove how inevitable it was that the inspector should pass his days in the detection of crime. And so once more Mr. Conrad would take up the story of the murder with the inspector's inscription in colloquial English of what the corpse's hands looked like.

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BUT it is to be observed that any faults at all cardinal in the writings of these two great artists arise from nothing but their too great attention to their Art. Their defects, in short, are those of over-consciousness. It may be observed that both Mr. Conrad and Mr. James are somewhat limited in the range of life of which they treat. But that again is a form of conscientiousness, since a writer can only really write with assurance of the life which he himself has lived. And it is the characteristic of both these writers—who were trained in the same school—that they are unable to write with any pretended feeling of assurance of the planes of life with which they are unacquainted. They are, that is to say, in the strictest sense, realists, whether they treat of the romantic and the far away or of the everyday and the here.

BOTH Mr. James and Mr. Conrad are products of the great French school of writers of the eighties. They are thus in the main-stream of that developement of modern Literature which, beginning with Richardson, crossed the Channel to influence Diderot (we are thinking of his *Rameau's Nephew*), and the Encyclopædists, to issue, as it were, by means of Chateaubriand into that wonderful group whose fervour for their Art drew together Flaubert, Maupassant, Turgenev, the Goncourts and the rest. Mr. James is, as it were, more essentially the child of Turgenev, Mr. Conrad draws his blood more widely from the whole group, but it is safe to say that had these writers not existed, neither Mr. James nor Mr. Conrad would have written at all as they do. There remains one other very distinguished exponent of this school whom we have left unmentioned—Mr. George Moore. Mr. Moore once delivered himself of the witticism: "Mr. James came to Europe and studied Turgenev. Mr. Howells remained in America and studied Mr. Henry James." Mr. George Moore, on the other hand, left Dublin to study Guy de Maupassant. And so closely has he assimilated the technical methods of the author of *Une Vie* that, except for the language, *Esther Waters* or *Evelyn Innes* have nothing to show that they did not emanate from the pen that wrote *La Maison Tellier*. The technical excellencies of Mr. Moore are probably unsurpassed in the world at the present time. If he has any rival it is M. Henri de Regnier. In reading *A Drama in Muslin* we experience exactly the same sensation that comes to us in the perusal of, say, *Mariage de Minuit*. There is the excellence of description, the hard, cool style, the hard, cool characters and, in the mind of the reader, a lasting

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hunger for the illuminating phrase. We read on filled with admiration, we expect the something revelatory until the very last paragraph, until the very last line, until the very last word. And at the very last word there is nothing, no illumination, no suggestion, nothing. The book has ended and that is all. We may put it down in a sort of literary shorthand that both Mr. Moore and M. de Regnier are lacking in the gift of poetry. And by the gift of poetry we mean not the power melodiously to arrange words but the power to suggest human values. Mr. Conrad and Mr. James are both poets because each of their phrases suggests something more than it actually expresses. Mr. Moore observes very wonderfully, but in their renderings his observations are frozen. This is probably due to a defect of personality. The face of Mr. Moore that seems to look up at us from his pages has cold eyes. He is wonderful but he sets fire to nothing.

SOME of this frigidity is present in the work of Mr. Galsworthy the novelist: none of it at all in that of Mr. Wells, though there is one writer, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who, with a view of life singularly similar to that of Mr. Wells in his more serious work, has assimilated in everything but style almost as closely to the methods of our great French precursors as Mr. James, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Moore and Mr. Galsworthy. Mr. Galsworthy's methods as a novelist—whether by accident or design—are precisely those of the Flaubert who wrote *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, whereas of the Flaubert who wrote *Cœur Simple* we find in him little or no trace at all. In his earlier work he was obviously very much influenced by Turgenev. But Turgenev is the great writer that it is the most unprofitable to study for his literary methods alone. He had, in short, no methods. He has the most marvellous power of telling a story, the personality of the sweetest poet that there ever was, he has a fine sympathy to bestow upon the oppressed and a fine indignation: he has a sympathy none the less fine for the oppressors. His methods were his own: his earliest stories are as flawless in form as any that he wrote after he went to Paris. And having no methods all that the disciple can gain from the study of his work is his point of view. This, at one time, Mr. Galsworthy very faithfully represented. He radiated, as it were, sweetness and light, but having nothing very particular to say, his work had no special significance. With *The Island Pharisees*, *The Country House*, *The Man of Property*, Mr. Galsworthy entered upon a new stage of his career. He

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became, that is to say, the moral observer of the British middle class. And it was then that Mr. Galsworthy passed over into the camp of Gustave Flaubert. The whole of British middle-class society became for him, as it were, one tremendous figure of Homais the Pharmacist, of Madame Bovary. He gives us a British comfortable class of the most entirely unimaginative description and, as was the case with Flaubert of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* his characters vie with each other in exhausting the gamut of imbecilities and of want of intellectual courage. A little later the terrible idea, the terrible phantom of the poor, obsessed Mr. Galsworthy's brain. The phase is one through which every social reformer passes or in which every social reformer remains once he has attained to it. Thus Mr. Galsworthy is giving us the Literature of agonised materialism. He does not, of course, make the mistake of presenting us with a leisured class uniformly villainous and a poor always deserving. On the contrary, each white imbecility of the rich man is neatly balanced by the black imbecility of the pauper whose toes stick out of holes in his boots. The only difference is that, whilst Mr. Galsworthy treats of the comfortable class both objectively and subjectively, when he comes to the poor he treats them objectively alone. This he does, we suppose, under the theory that the poor being so lacking in material matters have nothing but material matters to think of. It would, we imagine, be a mistake to say that Mr. Galsworthy takes himself more seriously as a prophet than as a man of letters. But such attention as he pays to social abuses must logically weaken his claim to be considered an artist. And the difference between the commercial writer and the artist is that the latter engrosses himself strictly in his art and thinks of nothing else. The former will, to a greater or a less degree, vitiate the artistic perfection of his book to suit some extraneous end of his own—to gain money, importance, influence or to advocate some cause. He must, of necessity, vitiate his art since art consists in the selection of illustrations. And if we imagine a writer who considers himself born or who grows to consider himself a prophet sent to redeem the State, we shall see how, of necessity, to the extent of his wholeheartedness he will vitiate his work. He will do it with a mathematical precision. The only conscious artists in letters that we have to-day in England belong to the school of Mr. Galsworthy. Their method is one of the production of what a barrister would call "cases." They do not obtrude their personalities: they state as well as they can the definite facts of a story, leaving to the reader the

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task of adopting what moral attitude he will towards a given set of circumstances. This is the modern canon. It will be observed that this elevates the novelist of this school to the rank of a scientific observer. His business is to lay before the reader the results, not of his moral theories, not of his socially constructed ideas, not even of his generous impulses nor even of his imagination, but simply the results of his observations in life. Let us imagine a writer whose passionate theory it was that the great landowner is the most beneficent personality in the State. Let us imagine that this writer, instead of a pamphlet upon the subject, desires to embody his views in a novel. He sets out to discover the best administered large estates. He describes carefully the prosperity of the farmers; the fertility of the ground. During the course of his novel there will be a cycle of years of fine weather. The kind of seed corn employed will, owing to the investigations of the landowner, be such that more bushels are grown to the acre than anywhere else in the world. We shall be present at a dinner where a beloved land-steward is presented with a silver-gilt punch-bowl by smiling tenants and the happy agricultural labourers will, as it were, come out of their rose-clad cottages and beg us to enter and inspect the beautiful water-supply that the Duke has had laid on for them. On the other hand, we shall be presented with the miserable case of the small-holder. We shall be introduced to a colony of unsuitable cultivators: their soil will be of exhausted brick-clay: their landlord will be a corrupt Municipal Council or a cruelly mercenary company working in the disguise of philanthropists. The colony will be situated in the basin of an uncertain river so that from time to time they are inundated. Their cottages will be always damp, ague will be common amongst them, and since they will have no knowledge either of the methods of cultivation or of how to market their crops, their cabbage plants will fail miserably and they will be swindled by the salesmen in the markets. Now there is nothing to be said against the selection of such a theme. And treated by the large passionately sincere and careless hand of a writer, let us say, of the school of Dickens, the product might be moving in the extreme. It is a theme that, say, Mr. Richard Whiting might handle with profit for himself and pleasure for a great number of readers. Its value as a sociological contribution might be that it would alleviate the lot of a certain number of hard cases. But this theme, if it were treated by a writer with the methods to which we have alluded, would become immediately a much more serious matter. From his restrained

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methods the reader would gain the idea that the author was treating not of specially hard cases that he had gone out to find, but of what he considered to be the average vicissitudes of modern agricultural life. And with his austere training in a school whose main object is the perfecting of its powers of presentation, this author would convey an impression of austerity and sobriety that would lead the reader to imagine that he was presenting a complete picture of that life. The author, knowing that his business was not to excite the emotions, which is an achievement very transitory in its effects, but to arouse conviction, which is a thing leaving very lasting impressions—the author would be very careful that his exaggerations of fact and motive were each individually very small, each so small as to be individually hardly observable and yet so numerous and so cumulatively persuasive that in the end the reader would be left with a fairly permanent feeling of depression when he came to consider the question of small-holders and with a feeling amounting almost to adoration for the great landowner.

WITH the sociologically evil effects of such an achievement we are not here concerned. But the point is that such a work, according to the canons of the school which it represented, would be bad art. It would be, as it were, one of the later books of Zola set against, let us say, *Fathers and Children*, by Turgenev. Moreover, in a work of art of this particular school constant exaggeration, however slight in one direction, brings in its train the Nemesis of monotony. That, in effect, is why, even for his most enthusiastic readers, Zola's *Rome*, *Paris*, and *Fécondité* are books lost in a hopeless oblivion, whilst *L'Œuvre* or *Pot-Bouillie* remain for them masterpieces.

THE fact is that it is a folly for a man to set out upon the task of arousing enthusiasm when his equipment is that of restraint and reserve. The most intellectually influential figure in England at the present day is that of Mr. H. G. Wells, and his influence is so enormous because his writings appeal so much to the imagination of the adolescent and of young middle-aged men. Mr. Shaw and his colleagues of the Fabian Society have become already the prophets of the middle-aged and of the middle class. To that extent they are upon the wane. Mr. Wells' dominion will endure much longer. Outside the circle of those who work consciously at a conscious art Mr. Wells is also the most prominent novelist that we have. He has his

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bad moments and he has his astonishingly good ones. Probably he cannot tell the one from the other. We should imagine that, according to his own views, his semi-scientific stories are of no, or of a merely popular, value. Yet perhaps his best and most suggestive work of art is *The Invisible Man*, or such a short story as *The Man who could work Miracles*. In these, with texts merely negational, Mr. Wells is at his ease and comparatively serene. It is only when he becomes constructive that he grows petulant. And this is in the nature of the case, for it is neither difficult to argue nor is it an argument that would cause you much heat, if you are contraverted, to sustain the theory that no man, if he had the powers to work miracles, would profit very much by it. If you so argue you do not very much care about the facts that you adduce, so that it does not so very much matter if you meet even with stubborn imbecility in your opponent. But the moment you become constructive your theory is an integral part of yourself and you will defend it according to the intensity of its hold upon you until you are worsted in correspondence in the public press or until you have earned the faggot and the halo of martyrdom. It is perhaps foolish—it is certainly perilous for the imaginative writer to attempt to occupy the position of a man of intellect. The imaginative writer, in fact, has practically never any intellectual power whatever except in one or other department of life. His business is to register a truth as he sees it, and no more than Pilate can he, as a rule, see the truth as it is. Moreover, in all intellectual subjects the accepted truth of to-day is the proven lie of to-morrow, and it is only the specialist who can discern in any given realm of human knowledge what is the fashion of to-day and what is permanent. The main energies of the imaginative writer must always be directed to voicing the desires and the aspirations of his day. And this occupying so much of his energies he has not the time that the specialist has at his disposal—he has not the power, the energy or the austerity to state what will be good for to-morrow. And this last is in essence the business of the prophet.

So little does Mr. Wells fill this *rôle* that what he prophesied yesterday as being good for himself, for the race, for humanity or for the Solar System, to-morrow he will be engaged upon disproving. When Mr. Wells was a biologist he set out to prove—and he proved it beyond the shadow of a doubt—by every muscle in the human body and by every bone of the

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evolutionally developed higher animals, that a man ought only to have one wife. As a Fabian Mr. Wells advocated at least an extension of the Laws of Divorce. What Mr. Wells may advocate to-morrow, who but accident shall say? For Mr. Wells is a poet fascinated by the aspects, borne away by the emotions of the moment. He is very blessed and, for the rest of the world, he is very beneficent in that he retains the heart of a child. His mental career having been one of adventures and discoveries it is a little difficult at all shortly to classify him. He writes without the help of any æsthetic laws, trusting to his personality alone. The only rule that he observes, as far as we have been able to discover, is that he never introduces his hero and heroine together in the first chapter. This is, in its way, an excellent practice since it ensures for his novels what musicians would call the sonata form. Mr. Wells is the disciple of no technical school. He produces a British novel along the lines of his national temperament. He trusts to his personality, he revels in it. And, as each new thing interests him, he makes a book of it. Æsthetically he is the child of artless writers like Dickens, and by the young men of our generation he is regarded with an affection as great as that the whole nation accords to Mr. Barrie. A wayward person, his writing is at times astonishingly good, at times astonishingly slipshod. But young Oxford, young Cambridge, the young men and women of the medical schools and of the provincial universities discuss his ideas with the avidity that their forefathers accorded to Mr. Ruskin. To what ends of thought he will conduct them we have no means of knowing. We imagine that, supposing him to discover by accident in an old furniture-shop a piece of Venetian embroidery sufficiently beautiful to arouse his enthusiasm he might end as a Mediævalist. In that case he would begin to weave beautiful theories as to the Communism of City Guilds before the thirteenth century and he would discover once more that life fell hopelessly to pieces at the introduction of machinery.

MR. WELLS is, in short, that fascinating and valuable thing, the enthusiast of the moment. He has in Mr. Arnold Bennett—at any rate in the Mr. Arnold Bennett of the Five Towns stories—a blood-relation of the pen. Each seems, as it were, to voice the people in a manner far more effective, because far more from the inside, than that of Mr. Galsworthy when he is dealing with the poor. But Mr. Bennett writes with composure as against Mr. Wells' enthusiasm. It is very noticeable that Mr.

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Wells' characters never act along the lines of passion, of settled conviction or of reason. Their deeds seem to be dictated by fits of irritability, so that his books have the appearance of being driven along before the wind of brain-storms. This may very well be a characteristic of modern life and we have no particular quarrel with Mr. Wells because he renders it. Mr. Bennett's books, on the other hand, are more composed in tone and his models have been almost as exclusively French as the writers to whom we have earliest referred. *Old Wives' Tales* reminds us more than anything of *Germinie Lacerteux*—that sombre façade with the sparse lighted windows. It is probable that Mr. Bennett has in his work a more composed tone because more than Mr. Wells he represents that side of modern life which has left romanticism behind. For modern life has left behind old faiths, old illusions, old chivalries and old heroisms. But at times, and spasmodically, it chafes after these old and impractical virtues. Individuals continue to strive to assert themselves against the pressure of the body politic: individuals attempt at times to hold up torches in the general greyness. And inasmuch as it becomes daily more difficult to emerge, so the friction of the struggle induces irritability. It is this tendency in his characters that Mr. Wells so adequately represents for us. It is, perhaps, a further stage of our life that Mr. Bennett portrays.

It is significant that both these writers, having evidently a strong desire to give us what is their best of a non-commercial kind must yet, as it were, pay their way with writings that each probably regards as negligible in the extremest sense just as apparently Mr. Galsworthy salves his conscience as a citizen by whole books or by passages in other books in which he attempts to uphold the cause of the weak. The world, in fact, is too much with us. It is with us to such an extent that non-commercial writing is almost an impossibility to-day. With the standard and cost of living increasing daily and with the contempt for the imaginative writer daily increasing too, it becomes almost impossible for the novelist to remain the stern scientist that he should be. On the one hand, if he be poor he will seek to snatch some of the joys of life by means of books which he hopes will tickle the ears of his inferiors. Or, on the other hand, he will seek to palliate the contempt which he feels is bestowed on his career or to wash away the stigma of effeminacy in a materialistic nation which he dimly feels that being a mere

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writer confers upon him, by attempting to become a social reformer, a man of action or a censor of the State. The most dismal instance of this last tendency is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In him we have a writer of gifts almost as great as gifts could be. To read merely, let us say, *Stalky and Co.* is to be almost overwhelmed by the cleverness in handling incident and in suggesting atmosphere. But at a certain stage of his career Mr. Kipling became instinct with the desire to be of importance, with the result that, using his monumental and semi-Biblical language, alternating it with his matchless use of colloquialisms, Mr. Kipling set out to attack world problems from the point of view of the journalists' club smoking-room and with the ambitions of a sort of cross between the German Emperor of caricature and a fifth-form public school boy. This is a lamentable record, for in Mr. Kipling we seem to have lost for good a poet of the highest vitality, a writer the most emotionally suggestive. For the business of the imaginative writer is to stir up and thus to sweeten and render wholesome the emotions. The mere rendering of human lives is a task so great and so subtle as to call for all the intellectual activity of any given man. He may—indeed he ought to—have within him a reserve of activity for the leading of an active and material life. He may very well use his emotional force in the endeavour to prove a good citizen. For without having lived how can any man write of life? But his life-work will call for all his intellectual power.

WE have treated, of course, only of the writers who are typical of certain movements—of those whom it is possible to classify. For outside the ranks of these two literary schools there remain an infinite number of novelists producing, some of them, work eminently creditable with or without knowledge of what they are actually achieving. And there are, we are well aware, several younger writers whose output, though it has hitherto been very limited, has yet maintained a very high level of conscience. But it is obvious that we could do no more than we have done. Our task has been rather to discover whether there did or did not exist in England a school of Literature at all or whether Literature of to-day was all and altogether a matter of disunited and disordered individual activities without tendencies as without traditions—without standards as without aspirations. And we think we have proved that, in the case of such writers as Mr. James, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. George Moore, the great main-stream of European International Litera-

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ture is cultivating still in England the muses upon a little thin oatmeal. The temperamentally British novel, the loose amorphous, genial and easy-going thing that was represented by Fielding, by Dickens and by Thackeray, and with more art and less geniality by Anthony Trollope—this thing that is as essentially national as is the English pudding—is a little more difficult to discern. But Mr. Wells has his spiritual kinship with Dickens : Mr. Kipling is, or perhaps we should say was, a less discursive Thackeray. And have we not Mr. William de Morgan ? And it should be remembered that a writer is very seldom exactly discernible to his contemporaries. It would be profitless to say that Mr. Conrad is a greater writer than Dickens or Mr. Galsworthy a figure bulking more largely than in her day did George Eliot, just as it would be offering hostages to fortune to say that they are smaller. The contemporaries of these writers thought them of comparatively little account compared with others before them whom we have now forgotten. Fitzgerald, for instance, was of opinion that Tennyson never wrote a line of any real value after 1842. And there is no criterion of greatness save the verdict of the future. Indeed every day to attain to any view of contemporary Literature grows more and more difficult. Public taste is no guide, for public taste at one time applauded Shakespeare and at another ignored Keats. And the critics of to-day grow daily more tired, grow daily more negligent, grow daily less inclined to say as they ought before the opening of each book that here is a potential Turgenev. They will say upon one day that Mr. So-and-so is as great as Thackeray ; upon the morrow they will say the same of Miss ——. But they will, in the one case as in the other, be entirely insincere. So that we have no means of knowing. We have no means of knowing at all. Personally, to sum the matter up, we should say that, regarded as an art, Literature in England was, at the present moment, on a higher plane than it has attained to for many centuries. In consequence it has lost its appeal to the great people. For Art, which perceives things not visible to the everyday eye, whose truths become apparent only to future generations, can make very little appeal to the everyday mind of its time. The greatest products of Art have sometimes appealed to their own times for one set of reasons and to times unborn for another. Thus Mr. Wells might very well appeal to all youth by his ideas or Mr. Kipling by his. This is probably what happened in the case of Shakespeare, who apparently regarded his own plays as mere pot-boilers, echoing vulgar catchwords, bristling with popular

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jokes and topical allusions and beating quite as loudly as Mr. Kipling the shrill cymbals of aggressive patriotism. But, the man being dead these popular attractions became, as it were, merely so much dry dust, and what was sweet and charming in the personality, what was noble and lofty in the views of life that he held came out from beneath the detritus and showed beautiful as beneath its patina a statue shows. So it may very well be with some writer despised to-day as Shakespeare was despised by the higher literary lights and the smaller hack writers of his age. And, for the matter of that, how can we tell that the manuscript that yesterday editorially we rejected may not contain the first, or, for the matter of that, the last writing of a writer greater than the world has ever seen. And the only comment that we can make, the only moral that we can draw is that the writer in days that for him are rather dark should still, according to his light, strive to fulfil what he may regard as the particular canon of his Art. For no one canon of Art is right though one or another may seem to suit itself more nicely to the spirit of an age. But sincerity and a tranquilly fierce enthusiasm of a man set upon expressing to the last word the truth as he sees it—these, though they are not a sure passport to immortality, are the only ones that a writer may find.

So to the measure of the light vouchsafed
Shine poet in thy place and be content.

E. R.

The Extension of Liberalism

By J. A. Hobson

WHAT speciousness attaches to the charge of Socialism which is freely flung to-day against the latest developements of Liberal policy is due to the fuller and more positive interpretation of personal liberty slowly forced by pressure of events upon the Liberal party. And not upon the Liberal party alone. In a recent indictment of the "Socialism" of the present Government, Lord Hugh Cecil named three crucial instances, the Old Age Pensions Act, the Development Bill and the Finance Bill. But the two former measures have received the support of all save a small section of Conservative politicians, while the so-called "confiscating" taxation of the Budget, however condemnable on ethical or economic grounds, can hardly be denounced as essentially "Socialistic" by any one who has due regard to the accepted meaning of "Socialism" as involving an enlargement of the productive and regulative functions of the State.

That the end of good government is to furnish individual liberty and opportunity is so firmly rooted in our habits of political thought that it is very difficult to conceive the displacement of this principle by that of "the good of society" or any similar abstraction. The modern enlargement of the functions of our State in the direction of Factory and Public Health Acts, Education, the extension of municipal public services, has always been advocated primarily as a defence of individuals against evil conditions of work or life imposed upon them by the superior economic strength of landlords, employers or private monopolies, aided and abetted by their own folly, ignorance and lack of forethought. Every one of these measures, whether or not regarded as Socialistic, have been mainly directed so to improve the physical, moral, intellectual or economic condition of individuals as to secure for them a larger measure of liberty in the disposal of their lives.

The phrase in which this reform movement is most succinctly expressed is equality of opportunity. Like most general phrases it has its ambiguities, but none the less it furnishes the best

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opening for an inquiry into the nature of the fuller and more positive liberty to which the Liberalism of the future must devote itself. This inquiry will best take shape in an attempt to give a simple dogmatic answer to the question, "What are the equal opportunities which every Englishman requires to-day in order to secure real liberty of self-developement?"

It is, I think, plain that in the front of this charter of individual liberty comes the right of every man to an equal share with every other in the use of the land and of the other natural resources of his native country. This right, if it has been alienated or compromised, must be restored. That the bulk of the land of any nation should continue to be the property of a few thousand persons who are thereby legally empowered to determine to what use it shall be put, or whether it shall be put to any use, and to determine whether large numbers of their fellow-citizens shall be free to work and live in the village or the countryside where they were born and bred, is a manifest infringement of this doctrine of equality. The legal status of a landless man in England to-day lacks the elements of personal liberty: upon enclosed land (virtually all the land), he may not trespass so as to obey the primeval law bidding him earn his bread in the sweat of his face; upon the public thoroughfares he may not rest, and moving on continually he becomes a rogue and vagabond. In order to live at all in his native land he must succeed in making a bargain with some owner, who has a "right" to refuse him this right to live. Competition between owners in some parts modifies the rigour of the landless status: it never cancels the lack of liberty.

Now what does equality of opportunity demand in relation to the land? Evidently not that every man shall have an equal-sized parcel of land assigned to his exclusive use, for that would be impracticable, even were it otherwise desirable, in a country so thickly and so unevenly peopled as ours. If every one wanted to return to the soil, there would not be enough, however intensive the cultivation. What is required is that any man who wants the use of a bit of land which he is fit to work shall have an equal chance with every other man of getting and of keeping it, on terms regulated by a public authority and not a private owner; and that every man can on similar terms get a fixed home to live in without the liability of being turned out at the will of another. These conditions cannot ultimately be achieved, as is sometimes fondly imagined, by the intervention of public bodies hiring land from private owners: no settled equity is possible until

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by degrees private ownership in urban and large portions of rural land has given place to public ownership.

Apart from this equal access to natural resources for individual use, the axiom of equality requires that, either by means of public ownership, or by taxation, the annual values of land, as distinct from its improvements, shall become a public income to be expended for the equal advantage of all members of the community. An equal stake in the valuable uses of the land, with publicly guaranteed security of tenure for those who want to work or live upon a piece of land, is now a generally accepted principle of land-reform among all grades of thoughtful Liberals.

So important is equal access to the land as a basis of individual liberty that it is not unnatural that many reformers should call a halt at this point, insisting that all the elements of practical freedom are present, if every man is free to apply his labour to the land, and no one is permitted to monopolise the sources of all material wealth. But most persons, on reflection, will perceive that full liberty of self-developement involves other opportunities, some of which are not related even remotely to the ownership or use of land.

First let us take one form of modern liberty which is in part a land question. The right to move unhindered from one place to another is as much an element of freedom as the right to stay where you are. If a man is to make the best use of his faculties, he must be free to take himself and his belongings from where he is to where he wants to be. Mobility is more and more essential to freedom in our modern industrial system, where local industrial conditions are continually changing, and where every one must be able to follow his trade and to open up new markets for his personal skill or his products.

That this mobility belongs to individual liberty is indeed embodied in the most hallowed maxim of the individualist philosophy, *laissez-faire, laissez-aller*. But to tell a man he has this right, this liberty *to go*, is not to give it to him. The freedom to walk along the high road is not the real mobility required for modern life. Effective liberty of travel involves the use of railroads, which in substance are our natural highways. Now an ordinary labourer, obliged to bargain with a private company for carriage, and disabled by his narrow means from moving easily, quickly, or far at a time, is in fact deprived of an opportunity essential to his full liberty of choice in life and work, and society is also the loser by this limitation of his power. Most civilised nations have already become aware that it is the business of the nation to be the owners and managers of its

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highways, and that they cannot safely be left either to the wasteful competition or the vexatious combination of private profit-makers. In this country the issue of nationalisation of the railways is just coming into the arena of practical policy, and it is important to dissociate it from any general Socialism, recognising it as a reform warranted by the most accepted principles of individual liberty. A dividend-seeking company is justified, indeed may be compelled, to discriminate in rates so as to favour foreign importers as against British producers, to shower advantages of cheap and rapid service upon thickly peopled centres, while starving outlying and more sparsely populated regions, and in various ways to help rich localities and persons and injure poor ones in freight and passenger rates. A truly public high-road policy, designed to give equal opportunities to all parts of the country and all classes of the people and so to develop in the fullest and the farthest-sighted way the national resources, can only be pursued by a railroad system owned and operated by the nation. Absolutely free transit may not be attainable or advisable, but a national railway system, which, by its cheap rates and quick frequent service, enables every man to move to and from his work without waste of time or money, and to follow his economic opportunities wherever they may lead him, is necessary to-day to "free" men in a "free" country. And what holds of persons holds of the produce of their labour. A public railway system will tend towards an equalisation of rates such as prevails in the postal system for the carriage of letters, telegrams and small parcels, the purpose and result of which would be to facilitate access to markets for local industries in all parts of the country, and so to contribute to equality of opportunity for the persons dependent on these industries.

Then comes another issue of modern liberty which also has its roots in Nature and man's equal access to natural powers. For most purposes of organised industry the use of some non-human energy is necessary : civilisation more and more implies the liberation of the muscular and nervous powers of man from heavy routine work, and the substitution of mechanical energy. In large provinces of industry the time has come when the success or failure of a man to establish himself in business, and to make a living wage or profit, depends upon the terms upon which he can get cheap and reliable access to this energy. Hitherto steam has been the dominant power, and the wide distribution of our coal-fields and the competition of the numerous mines have maintained over large industrial areas a

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substantial equality of access to this power. But it is tolerably evident that we are on the eve of a new industrial revolution, which is destined rapidly to displace steam by electric energy as the main instrument of production. If all our factories and workshops are to be dependent on the supply of electricity, which may, by improved economy of distribution, decentralise many trades, perhaps reviving large numbers of home industries ; if, in addition to this general industrial use, traction, lighting and other local services become entirely electric, it is evident that the question of the generation and distribution of this new power is of supreme importance. Should the control of this agent be allowed to pass into the hands of great profit-making companies, possessing virtual monopolies of electric supply over entire districts, the ordinary man of business and the body of citizen-consumers will find themselves confronted with a new industrial tyranny even more oppressive than the so-called land-monopoly or railroad-monopoly from which they may have liberated themselves. That serious attempts are being made by far-sighted business men to fasten this new yoke on the necks of this and other industrial nations, before the full significance of the age of electricity is grasped by the larger public mind, there can be no manner of doubt. Whether patents of secret processes, superior access to coal, water or other sources of power, monopoly of copper or of some other dominant factor in electric processes, are made the instruments of the new control, the peril of allowing such power to be utilised for purposes of private profit will be apparent to any moderately thoughtful person. If every big or little manufacturer and every ordinary citizen has to make his separate bargain with the local branch of some huge electric syndicate for leave to work his mill, to turn his lathe, to light his shop, to cook his dinner, it is clear that we shall enter a new *régime* of extortion and discrimination far worse than is exhibited by any railway in this country. For the electric-supply companies will hold the keys of industry, and on their policy and rates will depend the prosperity and ruin of whole towns or trades, while the biggest manufacturing concern may be a mere pawn in this profitable game. The menace is a very serious and a pressing one : it is one of the chief tests of public intelligence in our day whether our Parliament and our local authorities will, out of ignorance, apathy or corrupt connivance, permit a new economic despotism to arise which will cost a mighty struggle and immense expenditure of public money to " buy out " when its oppressive power has grown intolerable.

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Since it is possible that the new physics and chemistry may in the early future disclose new mineral sources of energy in radium or other form available for industrial uses, or may furnish a practical solution to the difficulties which at present preclude us from utilising the direct power of the sun or the tides for generating mechanical energy, the modern State should safeguard society in advance against such new forms of economic tyranny. This could be done by means of an enactment reserving to the Crown such mineral or other sources of power as are as yet unrecognised or unutilised. It would be sheer madness to hand over to the owners of our foreshores the right to rack-rent the community for the use of tidal energy, or to permit the monopolists of spots of land rich in pitchblende to "hold up" the national industries in an age of "radium."

Liberty of trade demands the public ownership and operation of industrial power for sale on equal terms to all who want it.

The use of capital on fair and equal terms is in this country essential to every man who wishes to live, not as a wage- or salary-earner, but as an independent producer or trader. For such purpose credit is capital, and no man is "free" to use his business skill unless he can get a reasonable amount of credit upon easy terms. There are two purposes for which a worker or a small business man wants an occasional advance of money. One is to meet some unforeseen emergency in his business or his private life against which adequate insurance is impossible. Every one is liable to such misfortunes, and a small man working and living with no margin is obliged, when they befall him, to have recourse to the money-lender. It is not too much to say that next to war and pestilence the greatest single source of human misery in world-history has been the oppression of usury forced on peasant cultivators of the soil by bad harvests. No serious land reformer here, or in any other country, can hope to set agriculture on a sound basis without finding some way of rescuing the peasant from the clutches of the money-lender. But it is not the peasant only who is subject to this peril. Everywhere in our industrial towns, for lack of reasonable credit, the poor become entangled in debt to money-lenders, shop-keepers or other richer persons who can take advantage of their extremity of need to drive hard bargains.

The other need of credit is, not to meet an emergency, but to seize an opportunity. It is sometimes supposed that only a big man with large resources can set up in business to-day with any reasonable prospect of success. But this general supposition is unwarranted. Even in some of the staple manufactures it is

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often possible for a workman who has got a practical understanding of some branch of a trade to set up for himself with a good prospect of doing well, if he can get a little business capital on reasonable terms. At present, as a rule, he must either forego the chance or else put himself entirely in the hands of some "trade furnisher" or machine-making firm which can squeeze him as it likes. Our ordinary banking system, falling more and more into the hands of a few great amalgamated companies with innumerable local branches, and virtually compelled to run its loan business by strict regulations as to security, does not attempt to meet the needs of these small men. Even manufacturers and traders of fair position feel more and more the lack of any cheap elastic credit system, and are often driven to borrow upon usurious terms and under conditions which enslave them to some bank. The machinery of credit and finance is the dominant factor in our modern capitalist system : more and more of the practical control over industry, as well as of the profits, belong, not to the manufacturer, the merchant, or other trade-capitalist, but to the financier. I am convinced that if a close scrutiny into the distribution of wealth were made, it would be found that in every advanced country a rapidly growing proportion of the wealth was passing into the possession or control of that small class the manipulators of fluid capital. Recent statistics showing the exceedingly high average rate of interest upon paid-up capital in British banking companies bear striking testimony to the truth of this conjecture.

What this restriction of credit means for the ordinary man is this. If he has got a bit of land, and knows how to put it to advantageous use, he requires some money to get manure, stock or farm implements : though he may have good personal credit he cannot get the money upon fair terms. If he is a small artisan with a good idea, a shop-foreman or an agent, anxious to set up a little business of his own, he is in fact deprived of the opportunity to apply his ability by the absence of all access to credit. This is a grave practical barrier, not merely to individual advancement, but to the growth of national wealth, for it shuts out great numbers of able enterprising men from contributing to industrial progress. So far as agriculture is concerned, some recognition of the difficulty exists and some remedies are in course of experiment : governmental loans have for some time past been made to distressed landlords to assist them in improving their estates : Irish and now English Small Holdings Acts make some provision of public loans of capital

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for specific purposes. In various countries, as is well known, local co-operative banks have succeeded in organising a system of cheap credit, not only among farmers but among industrial groups of town workers. Whether private co-operation is competent to solve the problem in this country, or whether a public system of loan banks is required, is a question too intricate to be discussed with profit here. It is enough to insist upon the prime importance of devising a bank system which shall enable any person who can show that he can make good use of capital, giving personal or other security, to obtain it upon the easiest terms. Personally I believe that the credit of the State is of necessity so much better than the credit of any private banker or money-lender as to indicate that the whole of the money-lending business from the pawnshop up to the largest discount operations will in time pass into State control. Most of the objections raised by business men to such a proposal are based either upon the greater elasticity of private enterprise in banking or upon the supposed necessity of secrecy in matters of loan-credit. Now the first of these advantages is rapidly disappearing under the modern branch-bank system : the second, the secrecy, is not an advantage at all, for though the interest of the individual borrower lies in secrecy, that of society lies in publicity.

These considerations, however, are too nice for us here to pursue. I can only repeat that credit is an essential element of liberty and of equality of competition in modern business, and so becomes an item in our charter of opportunity.

If a man has his fair use of the land and other natural resources of his country, and of the national highways, can get industrial power and financial power upon equal terms with any other man, he has made large strides along the road of liberty. But he is not really free—because he is not secure, and the sense and the substance of security belong to a free man. A working man, a clerk, a small shopkeeper or his assistant, in fact the great majority of the population in our rich and civilised country, are conscious always of standing in a precarious condition. They and their families may be plunged into poverty and its attendant degradation and disease at any time by the ill-health or other disablement of the bread-winner, by the failure of an employer, by some change of public taste, some shift of market, some introduction of improved machinery, or some trade depression. Few of these emergencies can be foreseen ; against the graver ones no adequate provision can be made, even by the best-paid grades of workers. Among the

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middle classes, especially among the professional and commercial classes of our towns, the competitive struggle is fraught with growing hazard : it is rarely possible to see far ahead, and the complexity of markets and of price-changes baffles the keenest foresight. Though such men may make some fair provision against destitution, they cannot ensure a standard of comfort for themselves and their families, and the wear and tear of anxiety is an increasing cost of production in modern industry. The business of insurance has sprung up to deal with these conditions, and is grappling manfully with some of them. But then insurance itself so often is not sure, and this applies particularly to the societies to which the working classes have recourse. An enormous proportion of the savings of the workers, made often at the expense of some element in their personal efficiency, goes in elaborate expenses of management, contributing nothing towards insurance, while the system of weekly retail collection involves the maximum trouble of collection. It is quite evident that if there is one form of enterprise where the State has an advantage over private profit-making companies, it is insurance. The intelligence of civilised nations in all parts of the world is coming to a clear recognition of this truth, and governments are everywhere assuming the new responsibility. Organised society must do for its members what they are unable, either as individuals or as loose co-operative groups, to do for themselves, viz., to obtain such security of employment and of livelihood as is necessary to give them confidence and freedom in their outlook upon life. No man, whose standard of life lies at the mercy of a personal accident or a trade crisis, has the true freedom which it is the first duty of the civilised State to furnish.

How very imperfectly this prime duty of the State is yet performed appears in the administration of justice. We are in the habit of accepting the dictum that "all men are equal in the eyes of the law," as if it were equivalent to the statement that "every man equally enjoyed the protection of the law." Now this latter statement is notoriously false. Freedom and equality of access to public justice do not exist in this country. Neither in a criminal nor in a civil suit does a poor man stand upon a level with a rich man. So long as the preparation of a case, the feeing of counsel, the expenses of witnesses, court fees and other costs of public justice are charged against private litigants, the owner of the long purse has an evident advantage, and can beat down, choke off or wear out his poorer adversary. This iniquity is still more monstrous where, under the false

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name of public justice, the Crown with all the public resources at its call, in a Court of its own selection, assails the life or liberty of a poor and ignorant defendant, who has neither the wit to defend himself nor the money to fee skilled counsel and to state his full defence. That some courts have power to provide counsel for persons suing or defending *in formâ pauperis*, and to remit certain fees, I am aware, but such provision is utterly inadequate to meet the demand for equal justice. The result is that in classes of cases where heavy expenses are involved in hiring counsel, calling experts and in appealing to higher courts, justice to all intents and purposes is sold to the highest bidder. These are by no means the only inequalities of law that need redress. The substance of whole departments of our law is still biased in favour of real property, the whole scale of penalties is weighted by class interests and prejudices, and still worse the bulk of the administration of the law is entrusted to incompetent and untrained amateurs, drawn almost exclusively from the possessing and employing classes. Under such conditions justice must remain precarious, and that general implicit confidence in justice which is the spiritual foundation of a State is grievously impaired.

I cannot here enter into discussion of the precise remedies required, but must content myself with formulating a demand for the free and equal access of all men to public justice. This can only be achieved by relieving private litigants from all expenses in the preparation and conduct of criminal or civil cases, and the removal of all such work from a private to a public profession. The defence of life and property from internal attacks must be put on the same footing as external defence. Because the special interests of individuals are involved in law-suits, that is no reason for leaving half the work of justice to private enterprise under conditions of such inequality as I indicate. These cases are undertaken in the interests of public justice, and the public should pay and provide, taking what precautions are necessary to safeguard itself against frivolous or otherwise unwarrantable litigation.

A man might have all the equal liberties which I have named, access to land, facility of travel, industrial energy, credit, economic security and justice, all these things might be freely distributed throughout the community, and yet true equality of opportunity might be lacking : a society where all these liberties were won might be sunk in the stagnation of conservatism, or might even breed new forms of inequality and tyranny.

For there is one opportunity upon which the efficacy of all

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the others, as instruments of self-developement and of social benefit, depends : equality of access to knowledge and culture. Without this, every other opportunity is barren for purposes of personal or social progress. Education is the opportunity of opportunities. We, therefore, who are concerned not with liberty to stagnate but with liberty to grow, must set the nationalisation of knowledge and culture in the front of our charter of popular freedom. It sometimes seems as if this great secular struggle for popular enlightenment were won, in principle at any rate. Every one, we are told, believes in opening wide the gates of knowledge that any one who will may enter : every one believes in personal culture, in the extension of general and technical education, in free libraries and cheap literature : most persons admit that the State must take, as it is taking, an ever larger part in the education of the people. But the battle in this country, at any rate, is far from won. For consider what equal opportunity of knowledge and of culture implies. It implies that neither poverty, nor ignorance of parents, nor premature wage-earning, nor defects of teaching apparatus, shall keep any person from any sort of learning which will improve his understanding, elevate his character, and increase his efficiency as a worker and a citizen. Now we have hardly begun to realise these essentials in our system of public education, where not five per cent. of the children of the working classes get anything beyond the barest rudiments. No serious endeavour is yet made to bring within their reach any appreciable fraction of the great world of literature or science, or to bring home to them through history that knowledge of social institutions and popular movements without which the formal rights of citizenship are little better than an idle toy or even a perilous tool.

What is needed is not an educational ladder narrowing as it rises, to be climbed with difficulty by a chosen energetic few, who, as they rise enter a new social stratum, breathe the atmosphere of another class, and are absorbed in official and professional occupations which dissociate them from the common life of the people. It is a broad, easy stair, and not a narrow ladder, that is wanted, one which will entice every one to rise, will make for general and not for selected culture. I am well aware that all will not equally avail themselves of the opportunity for culture, but, unless the door is held far wider open than it is at present, an intolerable wrong is done and an immeasurable waste of national efficiency and progress is incurred. The individual culture and the social efficiency of every man and

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woman are the two related aims of national education. Such an education must be free, so that poverty be no impediment, open to all from the primary school to the university, disinterested in its aims and management. These are the main essentials of intellectual economy. We are very far from having secured them. At present popular culture in this country is crushed between the upper millstone of public parsimony and the lower millstone of theological intrusion. We do not believe in ideas as we believe in force, as an instrument of national security and progress. Otherwise we should not find it so easy to add ten millions of yearly public expenditure on warships, so difficult to find one million for the higher education of the people. Yet any truly intelligent public financier, looking ten or twenty years ahead, who merely concerned himself with the provision of future public revenue, would recognise his wisest policy to lie in sowing knowledge broadcast in the common mind, to ripen afterwards in industrial efficiency. And this is but the lowest plea for national culture. But short-sighted parsimony, proceeding from a lack of faith in ideas, is not the gravest peril to our free education. Disinterested culture is what we need. Now this is not attained when a church, an academic caste, or a social class, directs or dominates our schools or colleges. Popular self-government is as essential for education as for any other province of public conduct. So long as clergymen are permitted to tamper with education, or military patriots are allowed to inject their poison into the minds of the young, or authorities from the older seats of learning are allowed to impose obsolete intellectual standards upon the rising popular culture, the free intellectual life of the people will be heavily impeded.

One particular peril which immediately confronts us I cannot forbear to name. It lies in the temptation to rely upon the financial patronage of rich men, millionaire endowments, for the means of establishing universities and colleges for the higher education of the people. Now for any nation to turn to private charity for the performance of its public duties is a degradation and a danger. Education sustained by such means will never be really free, or fully disinterested. The history, the economics, the ethics, even the biology, taught in these privately bounty-fed institutions, will carry in various subtle but certain ways the badge of servitude to the special business interests that are their paymasters. If rich men can afford this bounty, the State can by taxation obtain from them the public income needed to sustain the intellectual needs of the nation.

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If intellectual liberty in the sense of free access to disinterested culture is to become the common heritage of all, public ownership and control of the instruments of this education is indispensable.

I am particularly urgent in this matter because, not merely is this intellectual and moral franchise essential to the effective operation of the other opportunities, but it is essential to their winning. We have not yet got the land, the railways, the public credit, the free justice and the other opportunities. A cluster of special interests stubbornly defends each stronghold of monopoly. The success of the popular demand depends upon the intelligent use of the franchise and the instruments of government, so as to form sound judgments, to express them in valid legal forms, to press these demands through the legislative machinery, and to secure accurate, even-handed administration of the laws. Now an ignorant, dull, capricious people, more interested in drink, sport and gambling than in anything else, easily diverted from pressing their "rights" by some artful appeal to military or commercial Jingoism, and broken into contentious factions by any specious promises of present gain, is incapable of a sustained, energetic and well-directed effort to realise democracy. Skilled sophists of the law, the press, the party, aye of the pulpit and the lecture-room, become the conscious or unconscious tools of reaction and obstruction, denouncing the illegality, the immorality, the unreason and the futility of the popular demands. The greatest of immediate needs, therefore, is the training of popular leaders with the intelligence, the knowledge, the discretion and the confidence required to break down these sophistical defences, together with that broader general intelligence which will enable the people to choose able leaders, to resist scares and bribes, and to form sober judgments on the broad issues of public policy submitted to them.

These are reasons why "free education" in the fullest sense of that term must rank as the first and most urgent issue of our time. By this I do not mean that other demands should be postponed. The field of progress is best ploughed by driving many teams abreast. I only mean that important as is access to the land and to other economic liberties, the intellectual and moral liberty which comes with the cultivation of the mind is more valuable, not only on its own account, but because without it none of the others can be won, or if won can be securely held. That the charter here drafted contains the full tale of human rights and liberties, or that it exhausts the

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political reforms which an enlightened modern State should strive to compass, I do not profess. But I would invite serious consideration of these two questions. First, is there any one of these great lines of advance here indicated which would not contribute to the positive enlargement of personal liberty, and which, by redressing some present inequality of opportunity, would not secure the better developement and more advantageous use of the energies of individual citizens? Secondly, is it not evident that these reforms belong to Liberalism and are involved in that saner, more positive and progressive conception of liberty which identifies that word not with absence of restraint but with presence of opportunity?

It is true that the attainment of this practical equalisation of opportunities involves a larger use of the State and legislation than Liberals of an older school recognised as necessary or desirable. But the needs of our day are different from theirs and the modern State is a different instrument. There is nothing in Liberalism to preclude a self-governing people from using the instrument of self-government for any of the measures I have named: on the contrary, to refuse to do so is to furnish the mere forms of liberty and to deny the substance. Moreover, there is not one of these great positive liberties that has not been acknowledged and in large part secured for the people by some advanced State in Europe or in our colonies. Free land, free travel, free power, free credit, security, justice and education, no man is "free" for the full purposes of civilised life to-day unless he has all these liberties.

Women's Vote and Men

By Henry W. Nevinson

No one could wonder if the Suffragists now said little about the object of their contention. When a contest is hot and the danger mortal, it is not easy to meditate on the far-off land for which you are fighting. As old-fashioned Americans would say, you can't climb Pisgah with a Hotchkiss. Amid the dust and tumult of the conflict, one has to assume the promised land, or even to forget it. For the Suffragists the struggle has now become so intense, its phases change so fast from day to day, and such elements of abhorrence and indignation have been added, that the ultimate hope and result of it all cannot be much spoken of. In the midst of tactics and manœuvres, in defence and attack, in law courts and police courts, in prison cells, during the pain of hunger strikes, and under the abomination of stomach-tubes forced against their will down their throats or nostrils, the women who are fighting for political rights in this country have hardly time to remember the full significance of their aim. They are obliged to take all that for granted, and to argue about it now seems a little irrelevant, a little uninteresting. The Vote to them has become a symbol, a summary of faith—something for which it would be glorious to die, something assured and indisputable that needs no demonstration. It is to them what the Cross was to the Christians.

In speaking of Suffragists, I am here thinking only of the "Militants." As is well known, there are many other excellent, long-established and recent Suffragist bodies, which spend a great deal of energy in dissociating themselves from the "militant" societies. But for the moment the "Militants" are the only Suffragists who count, because they have realised the old saying in Mill's "Subjection of Women," that "the conceptions of the privileged to the unprivileged are seldom brought about by any better method than the power of the unprivileged to extort them." Or again (if one may quote a still earlier advocate of their cause), they remember Mary Wollstonecraft's words,

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that "Prudence is ever the resort of weakness, and they rarely go as far as they may in any undertaking who are determined not to go beyond it on any account." And so, if victory is won, it will be the "Militants" who win it, not because they do this or that, but because they have no reservations. I do not mean that it will be theirs to receive the enemy's surrender and enjoy the fruits of victory. Quite the contrary. When the moment comes, the other Suffragists will smilingly enter the field over the wreckage of battle and assure us they always knew reasonable methods would prevail.

From women Suffragists engaged in such a conflict for political rights as now claims some attention even from the Liberal Government and its gaolers, we ought not to demand repeated statements of the advantages they expect for women from the franchise. They will tell us if we ask them, but all has now been said, and the pressure of immediate events is too acute for abstract arguments on what Mr. Asquith, speaking of his deceptive "pledge" to Suffragists, has called "a remote and speculative future." We men, however, who cannot be so deeply and personally involved in the struggle, and who, by reason of our sex, necessarily escape the worst ignominy of the mob and the most shameful outrage of Government torture—we have still the opportunity for calmer and more extended views.

Assuming, as we may, that political rights will be given at all events to the tax-payers among women within the next few years, we are bound to consider how the change will affect ourselves as well as women. Most men in opposing women's suffrage dwell entirely on the harm it will do to women—the loss of womanliness and feminine influence, the overthrow of chivalry, and the reduction of "the strength that lies in woman's weakness." But these tender and sentimental arguments are due only to the natural unselfishness of the opponent's nature, just as the fear that women will not vote enough "Dreadnoughts" and will somehow shock our Indian Empire is due to the householder's habit of thinking in Continents. Being plain, practical people, we others are bound to consider ourselves as well as the women and the dangers to which they and the Seven Seas will be exposed. We must not allow any exaggerated or chivalrous consideration for womanhood to blind us to the question of our own interests, nor must we lose our sense of proportion in pity for dear, shrinking and womanly qualities exposed to the storms of freedom. When we hear the male Anti-Suffragist talk like this, we naturally feel very brutal and inferior; we also feel much

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inclined to be sick ; but let us restrain ourselves and look the probable future in the face, for it concerns ourselves.

In outward politics—in elections and legislation, probably we shall not be conscious of so much change from the women's vote as is either hoped or feared. The best experience we have to judge from is the case of Australia and New Zealand, where the people are of our own stock, living under similar laws, and confronted with much the same kind of problems, except that theirs are on a smaller scale. Mr. Pember Reeves has described the absolute calm with which the women's franchise was there received. A chapter upon the subject in his "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand" shows that nearly all women use the vote, but there is no fuss or disorder, and very little effect on the balance of parties or the tone of public life. Priestcraft has not been strengthened, as some prophets feared ; the functions of the State have not been unduly extended ; and nothing has been done to impede progress. On all general subjects there has been hardly any distinction between the women's vote and the men's. In fact, when Mr. Pember Reeves' book was published (1902) the only legislative changes that could be definitely traced to the women's franchise were some restrictions on drink and the raising of "the age of consent" by three years.

Both are significant, for a husband's drunkenness and the seduction of girls specially concern women. It seems likely that in this country, when women get the vote, we men may have stricter limitations placed on our drinking and debauchery. The abuses surviving from the Middle Ages are also probably more numerous here than in the Antipodes, while the political sense of our women will be all the keener after their present struggle for the vote. The women may insist upon legislation giving a wife the right to draw a share of her husband's wages, as in Germany, and introducing new provisions in the divorce laws, so as not to leave them an indecent farce for the rich and a useless mockery for the poor. I can even imagine them securing a law under which a mother might for the first time be declared at all events part-parent of her own legitimate child.

The effect of legislation of that kind would be to make it a little more difficult for us men to break all the vows and oaths we take in marriage ; such as that promise "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," which I suppose is the commonest lie in the kingdom. As we have promised all our worldly goods, the law under women's franchise might perhaps induce us to give five shillings in the pound. It is possible also that laws in which

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women have a voice will make it more difficult for us to live by sweating women's work, more difficult to escape the allowance to a mother for our bastards, and more difficult to keep a wife with us in the workhouse against her will.

But, after all, laws are only made for evil-doers, or exceptional cases, and comparatively few of us haunt the workhouse, or have bastards, or debauch girls, or starve our wives, or take their children from them. If legislation were all that women's franchise would effect, it would be well worth fighting for certainly, and many of the ancient abuses to which women are subject for want of legal status would be removed, but I doubt if it would have aroused the present enthusiasm, profound as religion, and undeterred by martyrdom. My own belief is that, on the purely political side, the chief result of women's franchise as far as men are concerned will be a general elevation and increase of political interest. That result has been noticed already in Australasia, and during the recent by-elections in this country many electors have for the first time realised that there must be some value in a vote which women are ready to die for. My friend, Mr. Prevost Battersby, writing in the *Morning Post*, regrets this tendency. He thinks the interest in politics is already excessive, and perhaps he feels an artist's horror of the subject. Like one of the old Greek poets, Mr. Battersby is "a follower of war and of the Muses." So am I, and yet I do not regret the stir, the questioning and the zeal by which the presence of the woman's vote will transform the stagnation of much in our political life. As for the languid indifferentist who sniffs at public interests while cloistered in the aloofness of his artistic treasury, certainly Mr. Battersby would never deplore his extinction. For Mr. Battersby knows as well as I know that only in countries where national feeling is high and the public conscience intensely sensitive can either wars or Muses be worth the following.

But I will agree with him that the political interest, unless we extend the term past recognition, is not the main thing in life. All the great teachers have insisted that the main thing is the condition of the soul, and as we pass from politics into that region we may just notice one great change which will be equally wholesome both for the politics and the souls of us men. I mean the disappearance of feminine influence from the back stairs. Among the Anti-Suffragists there are two or three clever women who say they have enough political influence already. So they have, and a most poisonous influence it is; I do not mean necessarily in its results, but in its methods.

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They call it indirect, by which they mean what other people call back stairs, and we all know the social intrigue and assorted flattery through which it is exercised. When woman's influence openly enters the front door of politics with the vote, we men may gradually see ourselves deprived of those charming entertainments at which the hostess almost imperceptibly cajoles the judgment of hesitating editors or politicians. We may see ourselves deprived of many such flattering attentions, and we can only comfort our regret with the knowledge that the dose of poison in politics and in our own souls is being proportionally reduced.

Coming a point nearer to the centre of things, we may expect that women's franchise will sooner or later effect some change in our own everyday manner to women. In all sorts of subtle ways the inferiority of women is now impressed on us from babyhood. The very fact that we are brought up by mothers and nursemaids has something to do with it; for, if only by long stress of habit, mothers and nursemaids are inclined to make most of the male, and it is a very uncommon nursery in which the son is not crowned king above his sisters. The position has the further sanction of what was once considered divine revelation. Writing, I think, with entire seriousness, Sir Thomas Browne says :

The whole World was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman. Man is the whole world and the breath of God : woman the rib and crooked piece of man.

No one now takes the story of Eden thus literally, but the unconscious impression of it has remained fixed in the habits and thoughts of our people, whose education was long almost limited to the Old Testament. Milton's line upon the first man and woman—"He for God only, she for God in him"—has for many women obscured all the beauty and power and freedom of the poet's works. And the idea at the root of it still survives, as we see by the storm whenever a woman dares to assert the separate existence of her soul by adopting some form of religion different from her husband's, or by consulting any other man upon the subject. In denouncing the Suffragettes, a well-known minister in London lately reached his climax of abuse with the word "Bipeds !" It was a relic of the Mosaic story of Creation still pervading religious thought.

But it is said that the evil effect of this doctrine of women's inferiority, decreed by heaven and inculcated by nursemaids, has long been mitigated by the usages of chivalry, and if women

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are granted political equality, the blessings they receive from chivalry will be lost. I recognise the beauty of the chivalrous ideal as much as anybody. The conception of the courtly knight killing dragons without fear, and honouring women without reproach, is always attractive, and it makes a far better training for Sunday-schools than the older doctrine of woman as a spare rib. But when people begin to talk about the loss of chivalry owing to the vote, I have the same sense of sickness as when they talk about the loss of womanliness and about woman's weakness being her strength. I much prefer to remember the definition given by a young curate in Whitechapel when he was taking a party of working people round the picture-gallery. Coming to a picture representing a knight heavily clad in armour releasing a beautiful woman bound to a tree and not at all heavily clad in anything, he became conscious, perhaps, of the shock to the habitual decency of the poor, for he hurriedly exclaimed: "That, my friends, represents the glorious days of chivalry, when knights rode about the country rescuing fair damsels from other people's castles, and carrying them off to their own!"

Though rapidly conceived, it is the best definition of chivalry I know. I remember it with satisfaction whenever I see the men in the Tube spring up to offer their seats to pretty and well-dressed women, but remain profoundly occupied with the politics of their paper while a worn-out and draggled creature with a baby and a roll of butter sways from the straps against their knees. I see no reason why this chivalry should ever become extinct, vote or no vote. For there will always be plenty of well-bred men who can rise to that pitch of heroism and politeness, provided the vote does not have the effect of making all women hideous, which is against likelihood and the experience of our Colonies.

Chivalry would be safe even though Mr. Asquith, in a fit of repentance, proposed plural votes for women. What serious people mean by chivalry is, I suppose, the special courtesy and consideration due to all women as such, because they are in some respects physically weaker, in some respects more sensitive, and surrounded with the halo of danger and pain from actual or possible motherhood. We honour them for that, just as we like an old soldier for his medals and a young one for his uniform. But the idea that true chivalry will decline seems to spring from the notion that a vote will make women, not only equal to men, but the same. You might as well say that a poplar is the same as a church because it is equally high. All the old-fashioned

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attempts to prove that women are the same as men, and should have the vote for that reason, were beside the mark. It is just because they are different that the votes of men cannot represent them.

Chivalry has become a mawkish word, but the honourable idea still lingering in it will remain ; and so will good manners, and the natural attraction between men and women. It is a fine old saying that "the King's Government must be carried on." But Nature has a much more important thing to carry on than the King's Government, and we may be quite sure she will go through with it, not suffering the country to be depopulated because women obtain the right of walking to a polling-station once in five years. For us men, I think the standard of manners towards women will even be raised, and our efforts to win approval will become more strenuous. Suffragists who carry sandwich-boards and sell their paper in the streets tell me that already the manners of the working people towards them show a visible and audible improvement. The poor are always more sensitive and quicker to politeness than shop-assistants, Liberal stewards, and others of the middle classes, because they are nearer to suffering and less trammelled by snobbery ; but the improvement due to women's claim for equal rights will gradually spread upward. The complacent sense of natural and legalised superiority, so bad for us all, whether we are dukes or only men, will be shaken when the law and constitution refuse to recognise it. This alone will make us men more agreeable, besides increasing our chance of heaven, and in every class throughout the country a finer respect will be paid to every woman when she is no longer debarred from equal citizenship. For respect generally varies directly with power.

The loss of our assumed superiority would, as I said, make us more agreeable. It would also, one hopes, save our characters from the invalid atmosphere of all that nursing, coddling, soothing, tending and comforting, which we have regarded as the special function of women so long that their life is often a perpetually occupied hospital or madhouse. Dr. Johnson said a man should never put himself out to nurse, but that is exactly what almost all the male sex does. We live in a sanatorium with female attendants. We have whined, "A ministering angel thou !" till we have secured for ourselves a continuous supply of amateur nurses, much as we have made women moral by killing them physically or socially if they were not, and then maundering over the charm of their purity. We shall

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have to give up some of our notions upon woman's self-sacrifice, self-abnegation and self-devotion, in so far as they mean sacrifice, abnegation and devotion for the benefit of our own precious selves. But consider how much we shall gain by deliverance from that languid and hospital air in which we rot at ease! Everything, like the vote, which breaks down our comfortable doctrines of women's subservience and dependence on our own well-being, tends to deliver us, as though into the open air of day. Let us deliver ourselves at all costs. How one sympathises with the man in James Stephens' poem of "Nora Criona"!

"I've looked him round, and looked him through,
Know everything that he will do
In such a case, and such a case:
And when a frown comes on his face
I docket it, and when a smile,
I trace its sources in a while.

"He cannot do a thing but I
Peep and find the reason why.
For I love him, and seek
Every evening in the week
To peep behind his frowning eye
With little query, little pry,
And make him, if a woman can,
Happier than any man."

. . . Yesterday he gripped her tight,
And cut her throat—and serve her right.

Besides gaining a more agreeable temper than is there described, and freeing ourselves from the fractiousness of invalids and spoilt children, as we lose our legalised assumption of superiority, we men will also receive an added and peculiar zest in winning a woman's affection and trying to keep it. The difficulty must in most cases increase, but that alone will heighten the joy of triumph. As equal opportunities open to women (and the vote is a symbol of equal opportunities), fewer of them will be willing to marry "any one." The thing will be less of a "trade," to use Miss Cicely Hamilton's word, and in the end it will be so much the better for "any one"—who is not very nicely treated now, as I think she has remarked. If women reach such a position that they will marry only the men they want, we shall have to put ourselves out to win them. Sex is powerful but insufficient, and there is nothing more amusing than to watch the average sensual man overwhelmed at finding his average sensual charm thrown away upon a woman who demands ever so much more than that. We shall have to

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develope other powers of pleasing, and for many of us that will imply a great effort—an effort which must be maintained even after marriage when the woman enjoys equal opportunities of slamming the front door if she can endure us no longer. But difficult as we may find the struggle, it will surely be very improving for the condition of our souls, which we have agreed is the main thing in life. Nor, indeed, as I suggested before, could we seek a more splendid triumph than to win and hold the affection of one whose demand for equality almost amounted to “antagonism.”

One of the Suffragists has told us that a working woman, speaking of her husband in a London back street, said the other day: “He’s a saver, and he don’t knock me about much, but somehow he never thinks as a woman counts.” It is a fair summary of behaviour among the better kind of men. They work and practise thrift; they do not knock women about much, and perhaps they do not even join in the foul laughter of *Punch* and Members of Parliament over the anguish inflicted on women by the Government’s “forcible feeding.” But, blinded by long habit, they somehow never think that a woman counts. The woman’s vote will help to remind them. For the vote is not only another assurance that the day has come when, in Napoleon’s phrase, the career is open to the talent; it is above all things a symbol of personality. When women obtain it, we shall be obliged to recognise, as they are beginning to recognise now, that their happiness, like our own, lies, if anywhere, in the realisation of self, and not in self-suppression, self-abnegation, or any of the other dismal virtues we have imposed on them for our own comfort. The assertion of self, the fulfilment of function, is the final object of life. It may not bring happiness, but without it happiness is impossible, and for women, as for men, the methods of exercising it are infinitely varied. A Winchester master, whom we will call the Worm that Turned, once wrote in his report: “This boy has no special aptitude, power, or qualification; will make an excellent parent.” We see the fine satire of it when applied to a future father, but it is very much the view we hold of most women, though it does not in the least follow that a particular woman’s true function is motherhood, any more than fatherhood may be a man’s.

Self-realisation in place of self-suppression—that has been the moving principle of the last two or three generations both for men and especially for women. It is no new principle, being at least as old as Aristotle, but it has been kept in the back-

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ground by rulers and preachers. I do not deny that its revival will effect great changes in our lives, but I am convinced that the changes will be for the health of our souls, as nearly all change is. What increase of happiness women themselves gain from the growing rights of personality falls outside my present subject. But how great that increase will be may to some extent be seen from the extraordinary happiness of the women who are now engaged in fighting for the Vote, which, as I said, is their symbol of personality. They are transformed; they are raised above themselves; in the midst of shame, mockery, violence and Government torture they remain tranquil and full of joy. There is a well-known saying of Nietzsche that a good war justifies any cause. The Suffragettes are enjoying all the advantages of a good war now, but they have the further advantage of a far-reaching and profoundly significant cause which will need no justification when it is won.

The Constitutional Crisis: A Liberal View

By G. P. Gooch, M.P.

IN view of the grave decision which the country will have to make at the next General Election, whenever it comes, it is clearly desirable that the standpoints of the opposing forces should, as far as possible, be made intelligible to each other. In the following pages I shall endeavour to explain how the situation appears to a private in the Liberal army.

The Battle of the Budget has merely brought to a head a controversy which was in any case bound to be fought out in the near future. It has focussed, not created, the demand for a limitation of the power of the House of Lords. Even had the Budget been as humdrum as its predecessors, the problem would have come up for solution at the next election. Rejection will precipitate the struggle, but acceptance will not avert it. The Liberal party cannot perform its work under existing conditions. This conviction was general before the Budget was introduced; it is now universal, and is combined with a grim determination to alter those conditions. That is the governing fact in the political situation.

The struggle which is now approaching its conclusion has been developing since the opening of the era of reform. Before 1832 there was little difference between the Houses; but with the appearance on the political stage of a new class nourished on Bentham and the *Edinburgh Review*, incompatibility of temper began to manifest itself, and the enormous increase of legislation multiplied the occasions of friction. Newman used to maintain that the Church of Rome had "steadied" the progress of thought. In a similar manner the House of Lords "steadied" the progress of democracy by resisting reforms till it became too dangerous to resist them any longer. Gladstone's first two Administrations were marked by incessant conflict, and with the Home Rule Bill the situation became acute. The secession of the Whigs left the democratic section of the Liberal

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party supreme and ensured a permanent and overwhelming Conservative majority in the Upper House. Since 1886 a decisive struggle between the Houses has only been prevented by the profound displacement of normal political forces occasioned by the Home Rule Bills and the South African War.

Prior to the election of 1906 some Liberals believed that the best, or at any rate the easiest, way of surmounting the difficulty was to return a large Liberal majority. In 1892-5 the Lords could, with some reason, declare that the country had spoken in faltering accents and that large changes must stand over. But the experiences of the last four years have rendered the situation impossible. Our case, which is cumulative, may be thus summarised. The largest majority in the experience of living men is returned. During the lingering decay of the Balfour Ministry our programme had been explained to the electors with a fulness rarely, if ever, rivalled. A mandate, as precise as mandates can ever be in a large and complex community, was given to reverse certain features of the administration and legislation of the outgoing party and to carry through bold and comprehensive reforms, all the more urgently needed owing to the almost complete arrest of social legislation during the preceding decade.

Despite these facts, the Lords wrecked the Education Bill, introduced within a few weeks of the election, and the Plural Voting Bill; in the second year the Scotch Land Bill and Valuation Bill; in the third year the Scotch Bills again, and the Licensing Bill. The fate of the Education and Licensing Bills created the more resentment owing to the widely different treatment of measures relating to the same subjects passed by the late Government. Though the leaders of the Conservative party had announced in express terms at the election of 1900 that the issue turned on the war alone, and invited Liberals to vote for them without prejudice to their views on domestic policy, the Act of 1902 swept away the School Boards and compelled the ratepayers to support the Denominational schools without granting full public control. Though the Bill aroused the intense hostility of Nonconformists, the Lords not only accepted it but proceeded to strengthen some of its anti-democratic features. On the other hand, the Bill of 1906, which incorporated the principles to which the majority of the electorate had assented, was virtually rejected.

The case of the Licensing Bill was somewhat similar. In 1904, again without a word of warning at the election of 1900, the annual licence of public-houses was transformed into a *quasi-*

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permanent tenure, with a statutory right of compensation. This Bill was welcomed by the Lords with no less readiness. During the debates in both Houses the leaders of the Liberal party made it clear that they would reverse the decision as soon as they were in a position to do so, and that they would fix a time limit. How thoroughly it was understood that the party had adopted this principle was manifested when the Trade papers during the election informed their readers that a vote for a Liberal was a vote for a time limit. Though the Bill closely followed the lines so long and so clearly announced, though carried by enormous majorities and though supported by the leaders of all the churches and by a number of Unionist peers, it was rejected on second reading.

It is necessary to recapitulate the familiar tale because the treatment of these measures opens a new chapter. We now know that no majorities, however large, can ensure the acceptance by the Lords of principles fully explained and endorsed at a General Election. Long ago Bagehot wrote: "On a first-class subject the House of Lords ought to be slow, very slow, in rejecting a Bill passed even once by a large majority." The Lords are of a different opinion. All the world now sees that, whether there is a majority of 30 or of 300, the Liberal party holds office on a servile tenure and possesses, as Lord Rosebery bitterly complained in 1895, only a mockery of freedom. The Prime Minister merely recognised facts when, on the rejection of the Licensing Bill, he declared the vote of the Lords to be the dominant issue in politics.

The reassertion of the claim to reject the Finance Bill will naturally intensify the struggle. Coming as it does as the culmination of a series of attacks, the claim put forward by the entire Opposition press and by many of the leaders of the party to contest the power of the Commons in regard to finance renders a speedy and final decision on the whole question of the veto essential in the interests of the country. The matter has become still more urgent owing to the demand of Lord Ridley and others that the Lords should now reassert and exercise their claim not only to reject but to modify Finance Bills and the money clauses of other Bills.

The defence of the proposed action rests on three grounds. The first is that the rejection of a Finance Bill by the Lords is within their unchallenged legal right. The second is that the present Budget is not a mere Finance Bill, but that proposals for valuation have been unconstitutionally tacked to it. The third contention is that it is so novel and even revolutionary in its

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principles that the electors ought to have an opportunity of expressing their opinion on it before it becomes law.

As regards the first, we admit the legal right of rejection just as we recognise that the legal right of veto continues to reside in the Crown. But we assert that action in the one case would be as revolutionary as in the other. "The power is not dead," declares Lord Courtney in his authoritative work on the Constitution, "but it cannot be called living." The Resolutions of the Commons, notably those of 1678 and 1860, and the phraseology of the King's Speech, which addresses the request for supplies to the Commons alone, express the considered judgment of the people in regard to financial control, and the acceptance of the Budget of 1861 has been hitherto regarded as a tacit surrender of the claim to reject the financial provisions for the year.

In regard to tacking, we frankly admit that such a course would be contrary to the spirit of the Resolutions on which the Commons base their claim; but we deny that any such charge can be established against the present Budget. Can any one seriously contend that the valuation of land is an object foreign to the taxation of land values, or that the increase of licence duties ceases to be a financial measure because the Licensing Bill was rejected a year ago? The charge of tacking is only timidly and fitfully advanced, and it has made no impression on the mind of the country.

The third ground for the rejection of the Finance Bill is that on which the controversy really turns. To ask for a "referendum" on important financial changes does not at first blush appear anti-democratic; but it is a claim that strikes at the root of our institutions. A referendum on a Finance Bill is utterly different from a referendum on other legislation. There is no precedent for such action or such a claim, and no one imagines that it would be advanced in regard to a Unionist Budget, however novel its principles might be. But these are minor objections. There are two decisive considerations, one practical, the other constitutional.

The practical consideration is that the admission of a claim on the part of the Lords to enforce an election on the Finance Bill of the year would revolutionise our traditional methods of collecting revenue. When new taxes are imposed, or existing taxes are raised, say, on tea, sugar or tobacco, the collection of the tax is authorised by a Resolution of the House of Commons passed immediately the Budget has been introduced and telegraphed to the Customs houses at the different ports. Payment begins

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at once, and a ratepayer refusing to pay on the ground that the new tax was not authorised by statute would be informed that a Resolution of the Commons authorising a tax has the same force as a law. Had there ever been any doubt whether the financial proposals of the year would be accepted by the Lords, such a custom would never have arisen. To admit even the possibility of rejection is to postpone the collection of part of the Revenue till the Finance Bill has received the royal assent. During the intervening months dealers in articles on which taxes were imposed or increased would continue to import them at the old rate and would have ample opportunity of forestalling the tax and thereby diminishing its prospective yield by buying all the stock on which they could lay hands.

The second decisive objection is that it would concede to the Lords the power of forcing a dissolution. The financial provision for the coming year has to be made by a certain date if the machinery of the State is not to stop working. It was for that reason that Lord Salisbury advised his supporters to pass the Budget of 1894, bitterly as he disliked it, and despite the fact that the third reading had only been carried by a majority of fourteen. Lord Salisbury was far too good a Conservative to arrogate to the House in which his influence was supreme the right to dictate the time and occasion of a dissolution. Such a power belongs to the monarch alone, acting on the advice of his responsible Ministers. If it be said that there is no likelihood that the Lords would use such a power often or arbitrarily, we reply that there is no guarantee. The gulf between the democracy and the territorial class which dominates the Upper Chamber is widening every day, and it is highly probable that Budgets which they will like as little as the present one will be approved by the Lower House in the years that lie before us.

To admit this revolutionary claim would thus be to disorganise our system of collecting taxes and to grant to the Lords the power to dissolve Parliament whenever they liked, since a Finance Bill must be carried every year. But the popular verdict will probably be decided less by these formidable arguments than by a shrewd perception of the real meaning and origin of the demand. The country knows that the reason why the Opposition propose a Referendum is not any disinterested championship of the sovereign right of the people, but because they hate the Budget and believe that it will damage the chances of Tariff Reform. The referendum was an afterthought, put forward late in the summer when it became obvious that the land taxes were growing in popularity the more they were understood.

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There can be little doubt that if an attempt is actually made to deprive the House of Commons of its unfettered control of finance, it will be defeated. It will then be our task to render its repetition impossible by incorporating in an Act of Parliament what has hitherto been the custom of the Constitution. The tacking of extraneous matter to a Finance Bill must be guarded against as carefully as possible ; but the real guarantee against such a course must continue to be that respect for the spirit of the Constitution which has prevented such action for two centuries, during which the Commons and the country have believed that the discussion of Finance Bills in the House of Lords was merely an academic formality.

Behind the statutory limitation of the power of the Lords over finance lies the far more important and difficult question of the modification of their veto in ordinary legislation. Some limitation is a necessity if we are to do our work on anything like terms of equality. The country lives under a single Chamber when the Unionists are in power, however small their majority, while a Liberal Administration, however large its majority, is thwarted at every turn. The favoured position of the Unionist party under existing conditions may be compendiously summarised in the expressive if somewhat unacademical formula, "Heads I win, tails you lose." They play the game of politics with loaded dice. No reasonable man can expect a great party patiently to submit to such gross inequality.

The Unionist reply is that the treatment meted out by the Lords to the handiwork of the Commons is determined by the fact that Liberal Bills are often detrimental to the welfare of the country, while Unionist Bills are not. This answer can satisfy no one but an extreme partisan ; but there is less sign than ever of any willingness to allow the game to be played under fairer rules. They declare that the majority in 1906 was swollen, if not created, by misrepresentation, that debate has been stifled, that our measures are inspired by the Labour party, and that the new Liberalism is not as the old. Under these circumstances they cannot go beyond promising to accept a measure sent up to them in two successive Parliaments if unequivocally demanded by the people at the intervening election. This, however, does not meet the case. In the first place, the pendulum tends to swing backwards and forwards, and the election of two successive Parliaments of the same political colour has been the exception rather than the rule. Further, the complexity of national and imperial interests is such that an election is almost invariably fought on several

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issues, and it would be open to the Lords to contend that in the clash of conflicting issues the mandate for a particular measure to which they strongly objected was not sufficiently emphatic.

Some Unionists are prepared to go further and to alter the composition of the House of Lords ; but this desire for reform is of recent birth, is far from universal and takes widely different forms. Lord Wensleydale was refused admission as a life peer fifty years ago ; the repeated invitations of Lord Rosebery in the eighties and nineties to consider the question of reform were rejected. They might have halved their numbers, as Hungary did in 1885 ; they might have allowed the creation of life peerages ; they might have allotted seats to men who had held specified posts at home or abroad. Except for the admission of the four " Law Lords " nothing was done. The Report of the Rosebery Committee a year ago came too late. It satisfied neither party. It went too far for Lord Halsbury and other Eldons of our time ; it left the Conservative preponderance untouched and the certainty of recurring deadlocks between the Houses undiminished.* Its most valuable feature was the admission that birth alone ought not to carry with it a seat in the Upper Chamber.

I now pass to the Liberal position. Advocates of a single Chamber are not unknown on our benches or in the rank and file of the party ; but they are in a minority. No first-class self-governing State has attempted such an experiment, and the absence of a written Constitution makes it specially unlikely that it will be adopted in Great Britain. It is, of course, in any case unthinkable without the introduction of the referendum. The views of most Liberals coincide broadly with those expressed by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and incorporated in his Resolution of June 26, 1907. They believe that a purely hereditary Chamber is indefensible, and they entirely deny the right of an unelected body to speak in the name of the people. But they consider that the reform of its membership, even were there a practicable scheme before the country, is less urgent than, and can be no substitute for, the limitation of its powers.

The Resolution proceeds on the assumption that a Liberal majority should have the same, or as nearly as possible the same, opportunity of carrying its legislation as a Unionist majority. Its object is to secure that the will of the elected

* The overwhelming Conservative majority which any scheme likely to be acceptable to the Lords would leave is also a bar to the adoption of the Colonial practice of both Houses voting together when neither will yield.

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House shall prevail some time or other during the life of the Parliament. It is often contended that a limitation of the veto which allows the Lords to reject a measure twice but not thrice is the inauguration of Single Chamber Government. But there is a vital distinction. A single Chamber passes its measures straight off; the Resolution allows for repeated conferences with the Lords and for the lapse of a couple of years, during which the opinion of the people would have ample time to express itself, to develop and to change. There is force in the contention that an appeal should lie from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Such an appeal is preserved by the period of delay which the Lords would have power to impose. The instinct of self-preservation, which Liberals share with other people, renders it probable that they would modify or withdraw their proposals if disinterested public opinion, as opposed to selfish interests, were to condemn them.

The Resolution has not escaped criticism from the other side. It is pointed out that during the last year or the last two years of a Liberal Government, the Lords would be able to veto measures for the Parliament. That is true enough; and it carries with it the corollary that controversial legislation would have to be introduced in the early days, when contact with the electors was still fresh and vital.

The Liberal demand is for equality of opportunity. The Resolution brings it nearer, but it does not give it. Unionist measures which pass their third reading in the Commons take their place automatically on the Statute Book. Liberal measures, however urgent they are considered by the electorate, would still be liable to be held up for a couple of years, and the time of the House would be occupied by a second and perhaps a third series of debates on one or more complicated Bills. How much of a check this arrangement would involve cannot, of course, be foretold; but criticism of its inadequacy comes strangely from a party during whose tenure of office the revising Chamber goes to sleep and the country is governed by a majority of the Lower House without let or hindrance.

Supporters of the general principle of the Resolution are quite willing to consider proposals for providing against the abuse of the increased power which it would confer. Its author proposed to diminish the chances of a Parliament losing touch with the country by reducing its life to five years. Simplification and extension of the franchise—many will add the admission of women—are needed to make Parliament a more faithful mirror of the mind of the people. Further, the growing

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popularity of Proportional Representation in other countries is making it incumbent on us all carefully to consider whether its adoption is desirable. Lord Acton used to maintain that the test of the liberty of a country was to be found in the guarantees which it afforded for the rights of minorities. In this branch of political science there is certainly room for experiment.

The most powerful of all safeguards would perhaps be found in the Referendum. It is sometimes asserted that in striking at the veto we are really weakening the control of the people over their representatives. We have no desire to escape from their control. We wish for the same power to carry out the wishes of the majority as expressed at a General Election as the Unionists already possess; and if there is to be a veto, let it be exercised not by a Chamber packed with the representatives of vested interests but by the people themselves. It is, however, by no means certain that a referendum would be a conservative force. Dr. McKechnie, in an excellent survey of the problem in his recent work on the Reform of the House of Lords, believes that it would not. Many students of the working of the system in Switzerland, on the other hand, incline to think that it would. It may therefore be discussed without party heat, since no one can be sure how it would affect party interests. It is, moreover, less attractive than it at first sight appears. Some voters would abstain through indifference; others would decline to isolate the issue and would vote to strengthen or weaken the Ministry. Threatened interests would have a rare opportunity for whipping up opposition, and it is doubtful whether any temperance reform, however necessary, would survive the ordeal. It would, moreover, lower the responsibility of the legislature. Despite these and other obvious disadvantages, the question deserves fuller consideration than it has yet received as a possible method of re-adjusting the balance of power in the constitution after the veto has been limited. It would, for instance, be of real value if it could be applied to proposals which had not been before the country at the latest General Election.

I will say nothing of a proposal which finds favour in certain quarters of requiring more than a bare majority in the case of organic changes. No authority exists which would be able to decide whether a certain proposal was organic or not, and no one proposes to create a Supreme Court on the American model merely in order to undertake the task.

The ultimate guarantee of reasonable action lies far less in machinery, in checks and balances, in the separation of powers

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than in the temper of the people. Professor Lowell finds amongst us "an almost complete absence of the passion for equality." Democracy is government by opinion. Extreme measures defeat themselves. Each party in turn on taking office knows that its tenure is not permanent and that in a few years its opponents will be in a position to undo such part of its work as the country may disapprove. When Home Rule drove Gladstone from power he recalled the fact that in most of the great legislative struggles of the nineteenth century the masses had been right and the classes had been wrong. The masses indeed lack culture, but the possessing classes are often blinded by selfishness and timidity. If Maine and Lecky are right in regarding the people as a wild animal needing to be caged, if Taine's picture of "a fierce and greedy gorilla" is drawn from life, there is no hope for democracy. If, on the other hand, we think more kindly of human nature, we may perhaps assert that the best chance of ordered progress lies in the timely modification of arrangements and institutions which in their present form no longer correspond to the needs of a growing and changing community.

India in England

By "Vidván"

It is still difficult to broach an Anglo-Indian topic at the present juncture and invite dispassionate discussion while the shock of the recent outrage is comparatively fresh in the minds of all. Nevertheless, Englishmen would be untrue to some of the best traditions of their race if they allowed themselves to be deterred by the detestation and horror of political assassination from calmly examining some of the features of the relationship between the two nations. Political crimes are far from being confined to one country: in fact, on the basis of population alone, the British Empire has been singularly and exceptionally free from a criminal disease which has raged throughout all ages and climes, claiming in other regions its victims from every class, from the head of the State to the lowest grade of subject. It cannot, therefore, be inappropriate at the present moment to consider the general attitude of the British public towards India, for it may well prove that the notorious lack of interest over here in Eastern matters may be a predisposing cause towards making it difficult for the two nations to understand one another.

What is the cause of the present indifference and want of knowledge about India, and how can the British public be induced to quicken its perception, comprehension and appreciation of Indian topics? Surely one prominent cause is the want of an Eastern cynosure, a central embodiment in the heart of the Empire of the history, traditions, resources, power and meaning of the greatest appanage of the British Crown.

India, in point of superficial area, can boast of covering one-sixth of the aggregate area of the British Empire, while its population is nearly three-quarters of the total. But as a visible entity over here, representing a grand and distant country, where is India to be found?

The India Office stands four square between Whitehall and St. James's Park, but with the exception of a score or two of dusky statues, perched far too high to be seen from the pavement, there is nothing at all distinctive about the exterior. Inside, there are

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lofty rooms and good corridors, comfortable offices and a few pictures and statues dotted about enable the visitor, after due scrutiny, to realise the Eastern connection and origin of things around him. But how dull and disappointing the whole *entourage* is to those who come, we will say, to interview some official! As for the public, they have no right there at all, so there is even less to attract them. When the Secretary of State's establishment first came to be housed in Charles Street, the museum was relegated to a few rooms on the top story, but exigencies of space soon drove it thence. The move to South Kensington was a mistake. Instead of allowing the museum to grow with the developement of the Empire it professed to represent and to fulfil its true function, that of kindling the interest and imagination of the masters of India, and encouraging them to inform themselves exactly regarding the little-known resources of so priceless a possession, it brought an absurdly imperfect Eastern collection into immediate contrast with rich, elaborate, artistic and specialised Western shows of conspicuously different character. It is not necessary to review its subsequent history, but as a crisis has now arrived and as among other questions the future of the Indian collection is now under consideration, cannot some solution more worthy of the great cause be arrived at?

Indian arts have been cold-shouldered because India is altogether unfamiliar to us, and the British public is indifferent to the whole subject. If India is to be properly understood and appreciated we must begin by advertising, not only its arts, but the resources, the manufactures (the finished article rather than the raw product), the literature, the history, the attractions it presents to travellers and tourists and the benefits, political and material, that accrue to its masters. The East India Company, magnificent in its aims, methods and achievements, was in its essence a commercial and money-making body. Supposing it had endured, without being interfered with or superseded, for fifty years longer, can we doubt for one moment what the Company would have done to keep abreast of the times? They would have "boomed" their dominions for all they were and are worth. Planted in the heart of the city where advertisement, that wonderful and ever-growing product of the last fifty years, is the very breath of commercial existence, they would infallibly have imbibed the atmosphere of their surroundings and erected a museum, in the wider sense, a home of Oriental learning and arts, and microcosm of the greatest territorial and national possession of civilised times.

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Why not try to effect this now ?

There was much point in Mr. J. D. Rees' remark, when Lord Curzon's deputation waited on Mr. Runciman, that what city men want is to be able to go to a certain place and say, "There, within four walls, we find the representation of India." Only, be it observed, to do justice to such a conception, the four walls must be fairly comprehensive—bigger, perhaps, than Mr. Rees' hearers imagined. The architecture and decorative arts of India must shine forth in the exterior and interior of the shell : the unrivalled scenery of a country that embraces every known temperature and climate on the globe, from the eternal ice of the Muztagh to the exuberant shores of Travancore, must be typically, if not exhaustively, shown : the resources, agricultural, forest, mineral, and piscatorial, must be exhibited as well as the innumerable manufacturing and artistic products. It may be urged, "Oh ! but that would constitute an exhibition rather than a Government museum." "Well," I would reply, "that is, in great measure, what we lack—an intelligently organised and glorified exhibition, where all that is worth seeing and knowing about India is brought forward and exhibited in the best light for public edification." And, be it noted, the collections and cases must be subjected to frequent overhauling, for it will not do for what is representative at one time to be accepted as adequate a few years or even months later. Such minerals as gold, coal, petroleum and manganese ore play a far more important part nowadays than they did twenty years ago in the economic exploitation of the country. The sea fisheries of the Indian Ocean are a new and unworked industry, that, at present, would make but a meagre show, but which a few years hence, under Government encouragement, would display results of far greater importance, as bearing extensively on the means of livelihood and industries of the inhabitants of the Peninsula. Speaking generally, the progress of India, as a manufacturing country, is one of gradual evolution that is attaining gigantic proportions day by day. It would be impossible to specify details of these here, because the industries are far too numerous : even the groups into which the products are broadly divisible (*e.g.*, those connected with oils, dyes and tans, fibres, drugs, timber, minerals and tea) form a round dozen at least.

But this evolutionary process must be carefully followed and exhibited, in order that the channels into which capital out there is being attracted may be seen and understood, and that the teachings and possibilities may be vividly brought home to capitalists in England.

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Our colonies, small though they are in point of view of population as compared with India, are setting her an example in this very line. You have only to walk from Trafalgar Square to Fleet Street to see how Canada, Queensland, and Victoria have interpreted this plain necessity of the day, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, have opened shops wherein to advertise and exhibit their national resources. It is only a beginning, but nevertheless it is a move in the right direction and it is a great pity that India should lag behind.

I have said nothing about the artistic and historical collections, but these obviously need representation quite as much as the more material resources of the country. A detailed review of all that might fitly enter into such a department of the museum will be found in Lord Curzon's variegated and masterly analysis of the then proposed contents of the Victoria Hall at Calcutta, as set forth in his address to the Asiatic Society of Bengal on February 26, 1901. The collections in London need not, perhaps, be so minutely exhaustive as those contemplated by Lord Curzon; but inasmuch as there are many Indian curios which public opinion will not permit to depart from the shores of England, it would be better to fill up gaps, and that there should be a modified competition or duplication rather than that a great opportunity for instructing public opinion at home in a picturesque and illuminating way should be meagrely fulfilled or neglected.

Such a storehouse of knowledge, constructed on a dignified scale and exhaustively equipped, would appeal to the young with great directness and success, and there would be no better way of getting young people to vivify their book knowledge of Indian history and quicken their interest in Eastern matters than for their friends to take them for an afternoon tour through the galleries of the proposed museum. We may be sure that it would be favoured by schools, who would find in such an institution a picturesque and valuable medium of instruction, while India herself would benefit, through the next generation being so much more thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of the country. At present the text-books in most schools, high and low, are conspicuously weak in the treatment of Eastern topics.

But probably the most efficient and important medium of instruction would be a really ably conducted and exhaustive weekly journal devoted to Indian topics in the widest and the most liberal sense. There is a great want of such a journal in this country. The Indian press—the *Pioneer*, *Times of India*, the *Englishman*, the *Civil and Military Gazette*, the *Madras Times* and others—is practically unknown and unread in England,

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and, one must in justice add, rather jealously regarded by some of our home newspapers. The *Homeward Mail* plays a modest but useful part in publishing week by week extracts from the above journals. But this is not enough. What is wanted is an intelligent review, as well as a record, of Indian news from every province, with explanatory and critical comment, focussed to the English standpoint of observation and thus adapted to English comprehension. Special information should be culled from the countries that adjoin Hindustan and which are intimately bound up with India's destinies, viz., Ceylon, Siam, Western China, Tibet, Afghanistan and the *quasi*-independent tribes—whether on the north-east or north-west frontier—Baluchistan, Persia and Arabia, the Red Sea and even Egypt and Somaliland. Depend upon it, the improvement of communications and increase of trade will soon bring all these countries more and more within the area of what may be called Greater India ; in fact, the process is even now going on under the eyes of those who are keen and willing to observe.

One may, of course, be told that there are here and there a few weekly, monthly or quarterly publications which make a speciality of Indian topics. There is, however, nothing approaching to a really first-class journal such as the greatness of the subject and its special literature demand. Moreover, we need a publication which will be regarded, if not with unvarying favour, at all events with no unfriendly eye by the India Office and the local Governments out in India. The Board of Trade has its organ ; the Colonial Office has a journal of its own, now in its third year ; how comes it that the India Office—with all the advantages of a concentrated in lieu of a scattered field of subjects and an official and non-official literature of unrivalled extent, variety and interest—has made no real effort to exhibit its treasures to the British electorate ? Is not the apathy with which Indian matters are still regarded over here largely the fault of the home administration ? Papers on Indian subjects of importance are every now and then read before the Society of Arts, the East India Association, the Royal Asiatic Society and so on, but it is quite the exception for any members of the big office in Charles Street to put in an appearance at these meetings ; though they are perhaps not exactly boycotted, those of the officials that do occasionally attend from one year's end to the other are probably less than a dozen, all told. The majority of the lecturers and the audience are provided by officials from India on furlough or retired from the service. It is true that Secretaries of State, Governors-General and Governors past and present, now and then are to

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be found at such meetings ; they are naturally welcomed with enthusiasm but their example finds but little favour among many subordinates. It would not be difficult to point to some who, with all the advantages pertaining to their dignified, well-paid and leisured offices, have never made a speech, communicated a paper, a lecture, or written a magazine article, much less a book, on one or other of the great problems of India that call for lucid and well-informed discussion and which have agitated the thinking British public any time during, say, the last twenty-five years. Of course one may be told that an official's duty is to supply information to his chief and to nobody else, but this is a very narrow view. Any one whose life-long experience has imbued him with full knowledge of crucial questions affecting the well-being of hundreds of millions of British subjects ought not, in justice, to withhold his broad views and mature conclusions from his countrymen. If he does, the inevitable inference is that he is indifferent and lacking in enthusiasm for the noblest trust that has ever been confided to an enlightened administration.

It was not always so, for some truly great intellects of the past forty years have served in the India Office and assuredly the racial soil must be as prolific now as ever. J. S. Mill, Sir Henry Maine, Sir John Kaye, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Henry Yule, Sir Clements Markham, Sir George Birdwood—these are a few of those who have been at greatest pains to describe in eloquent language how England discharges her stewardship in the East. But the spirit has since then died out somehow and much of the good work *caret vate sacro*. While these lines are passing through the press, however, comes the news of the appointment of a new Under-Secretary of State at the India Office, from whose accomplishments and sympathies much may be confidently expected.

It will be conceded that the proposed weekly journal must be in close touch both with the new museum and the India Office. The literary stores of the latter are far larger than most people have any conception of. There is not only the Library, which contains all Indian and *quasi*-Indian books published at home, as well as native works and manuscripts, but there are the so-called "records," comprising many hundreds of official reports, published annually or periodically at the chief Government centres in India. Many of these consist of mere lists of the official *personnel*, dull departmental tables, or numerical statistics destitute of all explanatory matter. For, in spite of Lord Curzon's well-meant efforts, the unlimited printing of official rubbish—there is really no other word for it—goes on

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unrestricted in every province of India. I cannot say if any effort has ever been made from home to improve and regulate the character and volume of the official reports, but I greatly doubt it.

But there is an important minority of reports—commercial, economic, railway, forest, agricultural, exploratory, settlement, legislative, financial, scientific, and the like—which call for careful review and which ought to be made publicly known. It is amazing that the India Office has done so little to bring these stores of invaluable information under the notice of the reading public. Crude lists of the titles of these reports are printed month by month, but the bare titles tell one next to nothing. What is wanted, of course, is an intelligent but brief analysis or digest of the reports, such as any reviewer of average intelligence could and would draw up, the length of the short notice or review being proportioned to the interest of the book itself. Now and then one comes across a specific report of great interest to capitalists and the public, some hundreds of pages in length, whose importance is not revealed by the title. I am credibly assured that the proposal has been made more than once to the India Office that an analytical or descriptive catalogue of these Government reports should take the place of the bare monthly lists, but that the authorities at the India Office have hitherto set their faces like adamant against any such concession to inquiring students. If this be true, the reason is certainly hard to guess.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there are a few Blue Books annually produced by the India Office, which play a useful though not very striking part in the diffusion of information, viz., the Moral and Material Progress of India Report, the Sanitary Blue Book and the Statistical Abstract. The first and most important of them owed its genesis to the late Sir M. Grant-Duff, who, on the transfer of India to the Crown, rightly foresaw that Parliament and the public would need all the information they could get regarding the developement and progress of so huge and important a dominion. But in the course of half a century this Report has become somewhat antiquated. Covering the whole huge area of administration, it is almost too comprehensive and, being at best but a digest of digests, all the bright, personal touches have been washed out and the result is a colourless and never-ending tissue of mild official optimism, punctuated by millions of statistical figures. Moreover, people are usually interested in one or two special subjects and not in the whole vast field of Government work: although it would be a pity for the Report to be abolished, the great developement of

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official literature *in every branch of Government* during the last fifty years makes it more than ever desirable that prompt notice of the detailed reports, as already explained, should not be withheld. The proposed weekly journal would supply exactly the proper medium for short reviews of such publications and thus enlarge this sphere of knowledge, besides enabling those interested to refer to and purchase the original sources of information. The Government would, of course, be in no way responsible for the use made of the reports, just as they are in no way responsible for what appears in the *Times*; but that would not and should not prevent their freely and gladly placing any information of a non-confidential character at the disposal of the editor, for the sake of instructing public opinion. Much, of course, would depend on the attitude of the departmental heads in the office; if they loyally and cheerfully accepted the conductors of the journal as friends and coadjutors in a great imperial task, the success of the new journal would be assured.

As for the financial aspect of such an undertaking, there can be no doubt whatever that the advertisements would more than cover the outlay and probably yield a fair profit in addition.

The very subject of home reform, though, leads one to reflect whether the present arrangements connected with the yearly exodus of the young covenanted civilians are all that might be wished. The Indian services together form a corporate entity—a reunion of workers in one homogeneous field—possessing enormous opportunity and power. Here, one would think, lies a chance ready to hand for the enlightened statesman. Year after year Authority sends into its great Eastern vineyard part of the chosen flower of Britain's youthful manhood, to delve, to plant, to water, to prune and to tend all that can be won from that marvellous and prolific soil.

But these labourers are packed off with as little ceremony as if they were Chinese coolies for the Transvaal. They have probably never set eyes on the Secretary of State. And yet what could be more appropriate, before they quit these shores, than for the King's Minister to take the opportunity of making himself acquainted with his youthful subordinates, to address to them, collectively, a few words of advice and encouragement, coupled with an expression of earnest hope that they may be successful in gaining the confidence and affection of those they may be called on to rule, and with a private intimation of his interest, goodwill, and best wishes for their welfare in the long and noble task that awaits them in those distant lands?

Most of us could call to mind the names of some in the past

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or even in the present—a Frere, a Ripon, a Dufferin, or a Curzon—who would have eagerly seized such a chance of impressing high thoughts, earnest counsel and warnings, and a noble conception of duty on the plastic mind of cultured youth. The opportunity would seem to be one made for an imaginative statesman, who, taking his stand in the central hall of the new museum and surrounded by the noblest and most inspiring records of the past, would, with picturesque imagery and eloquent insistence, fire the resolves and aspirations of his hearers. Most—one might almost say all—of those on their way to the East, to take up civil and military duties, are the sons, brothers, nephews or relatives of others who in the past have done good work in the same field—to them a grasp of the hand and a few well-chosen words from the Indian Minister might mean much towards moulding character and inspiring them to even greater work. In any case it would give an imprint of personality and reality that would help to forge the bond of *esprit de corps* round the noblest service of the Crown.

Lastly, the new museum—which, one may be permitted to suggest, might not inappropriately be erected on the site of the India Store Depot (which could easily be housed elsewhere) close to the new London County Council Hall—would be admirably adapted for receptions, durbars and *levées*. Such functions ought assuredly to be held at frequent intervals, affording the Minister and his councillors periodical opportunities for interviews with native princes and magnates and leaders of native movement and thought, and for keeping himself in touch with the never-ceasing stream of officers home on furlough and retired. In fact when once such an institution, with its ramifying agencies for good work and influence, were started, it is difficult to set a limit to its widespread and beneficent possibilities, if but the true object, the better union of India with England, were ever loyally borne in mind.

Tammany

By Sydney Brooks

NOVEMBER 2 is election-day in New York. The citizens of the second city in the world will on that day be choosing the mayor and most of the municipal officials who are to rule over them for the next four years. The campaign, as any campaign must be that finds Tammany Hall and Mr. Hearst enlisted on opposite sides, has been heated and picturesque. Politics are the true national sport of America and the Americans are the most spectacular electioneering managers in the world. They neglect no artifice, or none at any rate that appeals to the five senses, that can stimulate the excitement of the struggle, and in New York they invariably put forth their finest efforts. That is partly because New York is the metropolis of America, but chiefly because it is the home of Tammany, the most redoubtable political organisation, I suppose, that has ever existed. Every mayoralty election in New York turns on the defence or attack of Tammany Hall. If Tammany is in, the problem is to get it out. If Tammany is out, the problem is to keep it from getting in. There is no issue but Tammany nor is there any reason why there should be. Tammany is itself so opulent and absorbing an issue that all other questions seem insignificant. It is an issue which may present itself under innumerable forms, but its essence remains the same. Its essence, as New Yorkers regard it, resolves itself into a series of conundrums in the elements of public morality. Are you for good government or for bad, for a high ideal of administration or for one which is unequivocally the worst? Do you prefer honesty in the administration of your civic affairs or dishonesty, clean-handed efficiency or the extreme of piratical corruption? Are you ready to vote for a government of law against a government of "graft," an administration of the city's resources in the interests of the public and of the public treasury or their dissipation for the benefit of the favoured few? Such is the problem which the presence and character of Tammany necessarily propound to the New York electorate.

But that, perhaps, is to state the case too bluntly. The issue,

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on the surface at any rate, is not quite so clean-cut as all that. It is obscured by the fact that though Tammany has been in power for the past four years there have been few serious scandals, few revelations of gross wrong-doing, and that the outgoing Tammany mayor has shown himself one of the best executives in the history of New York. Mr. McClellan, indeed, is so far superior, intellectually and morally, to the ordinary run of Tammany mayors as to seem to belong to a class by himself. Some of his appointments have proved unfortunate and have had to be reversed by the Governor of the State ; and Mr. McClellan committed a grave blunder when he contested instead of welcoming Mr. Hearst's claim for a recount of the votes after the last election, and when he dismissed General Bingham, a really competent and courageous official, from the control of the New York police force. But on the whole, and allowing for the normal deference which every elected office-holder is expected to show for the party which has elected him, Mr. McClellan has done well. He has held Tammany in check and he has saved his administration from being too glaringly disfigured by the familiar Tammany malpractices. True, the financial affairs of the city are in a state of comprehensive chaos and that the police problem is as insoluble as ever. True also that, in the case of Tammany, the absence or rarity of scandals does not imply their non-existence but simply greater adroitness in covering them up. But while all New Yorkers are incredulous of the idea of Tammany reforming itself and suspect that, behind the scenes, the old *régime* of graft and corruption is still in power, they cannot find much in the record of the past four years to substantiate their belief. It is rather a generalised impression based on a study of Tammany's whole career than a proved and palpable fact.

There are two conditions necessary for Tammany's overthrow. One is that all the Anti-Tammany forces should join hands to defeat it. The other is that they should be able to appeal to the conscience of the people on the basis of some particularly nauseous revelation of Tammany rascality. There are probably in New York more people against Tammany than for it, but they can only be organised for effective action and roused from the indifference which New York, like London and every other metropolis, feels towards its civic affairs, when some exceptional infamy has lifted them above themselves and supplied them with a bond of moral anger more powerful for the moment than the claims of party or business or pleasure. Tammany is safe so long as it consents to stand astounded at its moderation, and panders to the moral sense of the community by doing its pillaging and blackmail

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"on the quiet." This is what it has had the wisdom to do during the past four years. It has not trespassed too heavily on the forbearance of the average voter. There is no iniquity, so far as I have heard, which New Yorkers this year feel bound to punish. Again, the Attni-Tammany forces are divided. An extremely reputable "Fusion" candidate is in the field, representing the Republicans and the "good citizens." But the inimitable Mr. Hearst, who four years ago ran Tammany to a standstill, has entered the lists again. His declared object is to entice to his own candidature a sufficient number of Tammany votes to make the success of the Fusion nominee inevitable; but it is quite on the cards that his intervention may have the opposite effect. Tammany moreover, expert as ever in the use of fig-leaves in politics, has put forward, in Mr. Justice Gaynor, a respectable and imposing candidate, who has been on the bench for fifteen years, who has frequently and sincerely attacked the alliance between corporations and politics, and who, though a man of erratic impulses and poor judgment, is distinctly above the average Tammany standard. Tammany not only understands the political value of a respectable figurehead but is always able to produce one in its hour of need. Why men of character and intelligence and position should lend themselves for that not over-inspiring purpose is a mystery that is only solved by remembering that respectability is often vain and ambitious, and that Tammany is the New York branch of the National Democratic Party and, as such, commands the allegiance of many Democrats who dislike its methods but are content to overlook them rather than commit the crime—in America one would be nearer the truth in calling it the sacrilege—of voting against their party.

It hardly, therefore, looks as though the result of the poll on November 2 would be a Tammany defeat. Mr. Hearst, however, is always an influence whose range and effectiveness at any given moment defy calculation; and if he were to develop even one-half the electoral strength he showed four years ago he might succeed in compassing Tammany's downfall. But in any case that would mean no more than Tammany's exclusion from office for the next four years. It would not mean the permanent suppression of that remarkable organisation. Tammany has often been overthrown, but at the next election it has always contrived to regain all and more than all it had lost. It has never yet been beaten twice running. The oldest political body in the United States and perhaps in the world—it is a fortnight older than the Federal Government itself—it is also the most vital and the most unchanging. I take its permanence to be by far the

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most settled fact of American politics. There is nothing except an inconceivable revolution in the spirit and structure of American politics that could make a final end of it. The secret, or one of the secrets, of its enduring power and popularity is to be found in the nominating system. The nominating system is the basis and distinctive feature of all American politics, national, State, and municipal. On paper it is an admirable system. Not a step is taken that could not logically claim the authority of popular sanction. All the party voters in a district assemble at a "primary" meeting to vote for delegates to attend a "nominating convention." The business of this nominating convention is to decide on the party candidates. It sounds very simple, very fair, very much in conformity with the doctrine of majority rule. But in practice the system makes too great a demand on the average busy, well-intentioned, but not over-earnest citizen. He will not attend the "primaries" and, by not attending them, forfeits his chance of influencing the choice of candidates. Everything is thus left in the hands of the professional politicians. Packed "primaries" select machine-delegates to attend nominating conventions that endorse, while seeming to choose, the candidates whom the Boss has determined to honour. The electoral machinery, not only in New York but throughout America, has in fact been so bewilderingly over-organised that only experts, giving their whole time to the business, can hope to manipulate it. That is why politics in New York and elsewhere have become not merely a trade but a monopoly, in the coils of which the "man in the cars," who prefers good government but is too much occupied to see that he gets it, is almost as helpless as a small trader against the Standard Oil Trust.

But these are conditions which obtain all over the United States and make it possible for every city in the Union to have a Tammany of its own. A good many, in point of fact, have availed themselves of the privilege and there are political organisations, both Democratic and Republican, in Philadelphia, St. Louis, and San Francisco that are founded on the same lines and pursue the same tactics as Tammany. The discovery that if only the outer forms of democracy are observed an absolute despotism may be safely and easily built up even in the stronghold of "popular government" is by no means original to New York. It is not even original to America. Florence and Milan both made the same discovery in the Middle Ages. The American Boss is no more than a reproduction, under new conditions, of the Italian *podesta*; he follows, all unconsciously, in the very footsteps of Cosimo de' Medici; and his "organisation" re-enacts

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to the life the *rôle* of the "Parte Guelfa." Tammany overshadows all its rivals on the American continent, not because it is intrinsically different, but because it happens to be stationed in New York, because through long experience it has brought the mechanism of electioneering to a pitch of unequalled perfection, and because, as I have said, it is the official or, as Americans call it, the "regular" branch in New York of the Democratic party. "Regularity" is the saving principle of American politics, the one strong quality that has kept the great parties, though devoid of anything in the nature of a political faith, from falling to pieces. Tammany's candidates and programme are binding on Democratic voters in a way Englishmen can hardly conceive. The "ticket" that has once been formally evolved from the machinery of primaries, conventions, and so on, has a sacredness in the eyes of the average party man that is almost comical. Tammany never puts itself in opposition to the National Democratic Party of which it forms a part. Before the Chicago Convention of 1896, Tammany came out strongly for gold. When the Convention decided for free silver, Tammany, in obedience to the principle of "regularity," threw overboard its six-weeks-old programme and announced itself for free silver too. That was held by Americans to be a very proper and affecting display of party loyalty. It serves to explain why, in spite of all revelations, Tammany can always enlist the services of Democrats of repute and standing, like Mr. McClellan and Mr. Justice Gaynor. It appeals to them not as Tammany men but as Democrats. They must either vote for it or vote against their party.

But while it is Tammany's good fortune that New York should be a Democratic stronghold, it is its merit to have held the city to its allegiance by building up an unsurpassable organisation. New York is split up into thirty-six Assembly districts and each district on an average into twenty-seven wards. Over each ward is a Tammany captain and over each district a district leader who is *ipso facto* a member of the executive committee of Tammany Hall. A finance committee of five is selected by the thirty-six leaders, and the chairman of the committee is the commander-in-chief of the entire organisation—the Boss. There is a graduated, descending scale of power and responsibility to which each active worker in the society finds it to his interest to conform. First, the Boss; then the thirty-six leaders, one for each assembly district; under them 892 ward captains; under them, again, the rank and file of canvassers and agents known as "ward heelers," or, more affectionately, "the boys." The enrolled membership of Tammany Hall totals up to nearly

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100,000; these, while not necessarily active workers, are the regulars and stalwarts whose votes may always be relied upon. The secret of Tammany's internal efficiency may be put in three words: discipline and individual accountability. Each active member is held personally responsible for the vote in his area and a man who fails in the work set him to do is unhesitatingly "turned down." On the other hand, for faithful and adequate service there is always a tangible reward in office, hard cash, or "pull." Tammany in this aspect is, indeed, a pure democracy with all careers open to talent and nothing to prevent a man with the requisite powers from rising to the top. You may land in New York a penniless Irishman and if you have a gift for presiding over a saloon-bar and can make yourself popular, there is no reason why you should not mount step by step till you find yourself more immediately and personally powerful than either Kaiser or Tsar, with the second city of the world as your footstool. To the festering East Side Tammany stands for everything that clubs, churches, charitable societies and so on stand for in less organised communities. In each Assembly district is a Tammany clubhouse radiating good fellowship and practical help, dispensing jobs, extricating its friends when they are in trouble with the police, organising picnics in summer and scattering turkeys at Christmas time, watching over the newly arrived immigrant and giving him a start in life. There was never a more bitter enemy of Tammany than the late Mr. E. L. Godkin. Yet Mr. Godkin wrote: "In New York it is quite within the truth to say that as a moral influence on the poor and ignorant, the clergyman and philanthropist are hopelessly outdistanced by the politician." Tammany, as one is so constantly told in New York, is "good to the poor." Its list of beneficiaries is longer than that of any charitable institution in the city. And all it asks in return is a paltry vote.

An organisation that reaches all voters and covers every inch of the city and makes a business of charity needs a deep purse. But the question of ways and means never gives Tammany a moment's anxiety. Its income is derived from innumerable sources, most of them devious, all of them prolific. All candidates for whatever office, from a judge to a policeman, have to pay for their nominations and are afterwards assessed a percentage of their salaries. Public companies and corporations pay to avoid hostile legislation or to procure municipal contracts on easy terms. Party men pay because Tammany is the official organisation. Every one who wants to break a law with impunity has to pay for the privilege. Every one who fears that a new

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law may hurt his business pays to get it blocked. An immense sum is annually raised from the protective tariff on gambling dens, saloons—this in return for liberty to sell drink at illegal hours—disorderly houses and so on. Whenever Tammany is in power New York is systematically sacked. That is no figure of speech but downright metallic fact that may be weighed in dollars and cents. It is even too weak a comparison to say that New York is pillaged as though by a conquering army. Blücher, when he rode through the streets of London, through the heart of the world's credit, and saw all round him the crowded, incomparable wealth of England's capital and murmured irrepressibly, "My God, what a city to loot!" could not possibly conceive the scale of Tammany's operations. An army, after all, can only plunder shops and houses and carry off movables and steal cash. And what is cash by the side of credit? What are the profits of the burglar compared with the profits of the stock-rigger? Picking pockets is not the prime source of Tammany's wealth. For that you must look to its unfettered control of municipal credit, of municipal concessions, of public franchises and contracts, of that incalculable hinterland of spoils that lies behind every sphere, however insignificant, of municipal activity. It is at these points that Tammany links hands with those whom Mr. Roosevelt used to call "the corrupt and criminal rich." The contractors, the financial magnates, the capitalists, the big Wall Street men, the proprietors of the huge "dry goods stores," the promoters and directors of Trusts and companies, the men who are after public concessions—it is they who are Tammany's most valued partners. They invest in Tammany as a measure of self-protection if not of active self-interest, knowing that there is not a single undertaking or firm which the Boss cannot injure or assist as he pleases. He can so arrange matters that on every piece of work given out in the city's name there will be a handsome "rake-off" for himself and his organisation and an equally handsome profit for the contractors. There is thus gathered around Tammany an enormous number of beneficiaries from all classes whose interests are wrapped up in maintaining it in power.

What is the attitude of the average New Yorker towards Tammany? Would he really rather be ruled by it than by the Reformers? For myself I believe he would, so long as Tammany refrains from a too open patronage of vice and crime. A few years ago it was proved that a regular system was in operation, and under the protection of the Tammany police, by which young country girls were lured to New York, were ruined, and were

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placed in disorderly houses to swell the protective tribute. An enormity so black as that even New York will never tolerate. But so long as Tammany stops short of the extremes of infamy, behaves with a reasonable amount of circumspection, and avoids a public scandal, the ordinary citizen is by no means to be reckoned among its enemies. He has repeatedly had the chance of keeping excellent reform administrations in power and he has as repeatedly shown his preference for the spirit and system of Tammany rule. One must remember, by way of explanation, that Tammany carries on the normal business of city government well enough to satisfy the average New Yorker and to fill the English visitor, and especially the London visitor, with something like envy. Corruption and inefficiency are by no means synonymous, and one could live for years in New York without coming across any outward evidence that it was badly governed. It is too much to expect that the good-natured New Yorker, who sees the general excellence of the results Tammany contrives to produce, should be for ever reminding himself that they come to him through fraud and jobbery, that there is "another side" to them, a side he never encounters himself but only reads of in the newspaper. Corruption, again, does not scandalise the American as it does us. He is more used to it; he looks upon it as the sort of thing one naturally expects from "the politicians"; it arouses his amusement far more than his indignation. Then, too, Tammany thoroughly understands the feverish, Pagan, pleasure-loving spirit of the metropolis. New York has only a semblance of Home Rule. It is very largely governed by the State Legislature at Albany, a "hay-seed" assembly with a passion for reforming the morals and curtailing the amusements of Manhattan Island. It is as though London were ruled by the County Council of Kent sitting at Maidstone. The legislators at Albany pass impossible laws prohibiting immorality, gambling, Sunday drinking and so on in New York. The Reformers make the mistake of trying to enforce these laws. Tammany is much wiser. It sells immunity from their effects. What it comes to, in this and many other matters, is that while the Reformers deal with human nature as it should be and may occasionally be wrought up into being, Tammany deals with human nature as it is.

Divorce Law Reform

By E. S. P. Haynes

THERE are still many worthy citizens in this country who are quite startled by the proposition that the poor should enjoy the same relief as the rich for their matrimonial troubles. Their surprise is usually of the kind that one would anticipate from suggesting that every poor man should have a City banquet once a week out of the public funds. In subsequent discussion they may argue, as the Archbishop of Canterbury did the other day, that to give facilities for the dissolution of a poor man's marriage in certain selected County Courts is "to lower the gravity of the ideal." In the end they will either perceive the logical force of the argument or will say that all divorce is very wrong, but no opponent of divorce, whether lay or clerical, has ever yet promoted any active measure for the repeal of the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1857. In these circumstances, those politicians who oppose the extension of divorce to the poor invariably evade all argument unless they are absolutely forced into it as they were on July 14 last in the House of Lords.

I eagerly followed this debate in order to ascertain what possible arguments could be urged against giving the poor the enjoyment of the rights which they were expressly granted by the Divorce Act of 1857. The 40th section of the Act provides that "it shall be lawful for the Court to direct one or more issues to be tried in any Court of Common Law, and either *before a Judge of Assize* in any county or at the sittings for the trial of causes in London or Middlesex, and either by a special or common jury, in like manner as is now done by the Court of Chancery." This section was judicially interpreted in 1861 as intended to "empower the Court to delegate questions of fact in issue, which may be tried at a much more moderate expense in the country than in London, in the same manner as may be done by the Court of Chancery. . . ." The Court ordered the cause in question (*Richards v. Richards*) to be tried at the next Shrewsbury Assizes to save expense. The last instance of this

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power being invoked was in 1871 in the case of *Snowball v. Snowball*, where an order was moved for that the issues of fact, which were cruelty and adultery, should be tried at the Assizes at Durham, as all the material witnesses resided at or near that town, but this was declined on the objection of the husband, who had had to give security for costs and preferred to have the case tried in London.

The only possible objection to the use of this machinery is that the division of labour involved seems to a lawyer a little impracticable, but the mere existence of the section vindicates the principle that the poor are in law entitled to equal rights—the principle for which Samuel Romilly made heroic efforts in the early decades of the nineteenth century and for which the *Times* was vehemently fighting in 1854. It is a pity that the suggestion, made in the debates of 1857, that the County Courts should have divorce jurisdiction was not then adopted, but whatever the means, the end cannot be repudiated. Justice must be brought as near the poor man's door as possible. The crushing expense of bringing witnesses to London and of leaving his work is imposed on the poor man *in this one instance only*. Such a hardship does not exist in the case of any other litigation. Moreover, as Lord Gorell pointed out, the wife of a provincial artisan, if she is backed by rich relations or a rich lover, has her husband at her mercy.

As I anticipated, the principal resource of Lord Gorell's opponents was to confuse the issues as skilfully as possible. All that the Archbishop of Canterbury could do was to lay stress upon the slow decline of illegitimate births since 1857 and to argue that the separation orders granted by magistrates under the Summary Jurisdiction (Married Women) Act, 1895, had not increased the number, but this argument is clearly unconvincing having regard to the progressive decline of the general birth-rate. Certain items of miscellaneous information were also brought forward, the weight and importance of which were reduced to vanishing-point by Mr. Plowden's letter on the subject in the *Times* of July 19 last.

The only other available resource was to suggest that justice for the poor must "open the door" to proposals for altering the English law of divorce as it stands. If this means that the present law is so iniquitous that it will not do to expose its abuses on a large scale, the objection cannot be allowed even from admirers of compromise. But the Archbishop, Lord Halifax, and Lord Halsbury unsparingly condemned the law as it now stands. This being the case, one would scarcely have expected

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them to nip in the bud an experiment which would expose the evils of divorce in all their nakedness and multiplicity. Allusions were made to the exuberance of American divorce in various States. The analogy is plainly ridiculous because in this country judges are not elected by popular vote and are in fact very different in all material respects from American judges. Our traditions of legal procedure and respect for law are happily not those of Dakota or even of New York. But if Lord Gorell's proposals were really likely to bring about such a state of things, what a golden opportunity was at hand for the opponents of divorce, after a proper interval of experiment, to abolish divorce altogether and to establish the idyllic conditions of a certain American State where, owing to the absence of divorce, the laws of succession are adapted to the complicated requirements of polygamy and concubinage!

The sober fact of the matter is that the official opponents of divorce have very good reason to fear the discussion of the question either on grounds of theology or public policy. No theologian can justify a poor man being divorced by his wife because his poverty and remoteness from London makes it impossible for him to defend the suit, and, on the general question of principle, the Rev. C. J. Shebbeare has conclusively exposed, in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, the historical ignorance of any Anglican who may seek to bolster up the strict Anglican theory of marriage by appealing to Catholic theory or practice.

As regards public policy no thinking person has ever ventured to deny that divorce must exist in some form or other, if only as a choice of evils.

Securus judicat orbis terrarum. The Roman Church chooses the legal fiction of annulment, the modern State chooses divorce. Any one who wishes to verify the history and reality of this proposition for himself need only study the admirable chapters on Marriage and Divorce in Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's "Morals and Evolution."

If the Assizes and County Courts are not available only one alternative remains, which is to give a magistrate's separation order the effect of a divorce after the lapse of a certain time (say two or five years) unless the parties are meanwhile reconciled. This is the scheme of a Bill which I once drafted for Mr. Bottomley and which is now before the House of Commons. The machinery at least ensures cheapness and accessibility, but it might involve granting divorce for reasons of perhaps questionable necessity, such as an isolated act of cruelty or a

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short period of desertion. On the whole, Lord Gorell's proposals are unquestionably the best yet put forward to remedy a grievance the reality of which is beyond dispute.

The debate in the House of Lords ended by the Lord Chancellor promising an inquiry into the question whether the County Courts should have divorce jurisdiction. It would since appear, however, that the Government are prepared to go further and to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate not only the disabilities of the poor but also the working of the present law under what has been called the "Concordat of 1857." It is earnestly to be hoped that such a Commission will be able to suggest some solution of the following problems, *i.e.*, (1) the question of insanity; (2) the substitution of divorce for separation as a remedy; (3) the hopeless confusion and absurdity arising from the conflict of domicile and nationality in mixed marriages; and (4) the question of publicity.

(1) The question of insanity is by far the most difficult. In December 1906 I suggested in the *Fortnightly Review* that divorce should be optional where the insanity of the spouse had continued uninterruptedly for five years and was certified by the Court doctors to be incurable. Those who look after lunatic asylums generally agree that the combination of the two tests is fairly safe. Thus melancholia may last for more than five years, yet it could rarely be certified as incurable. A marriage with a lunatic can never be annulled if the ceremony took place during what is called a "lucid interval." Yet there are many cases to-day in which a person has been entrapped into marrying a lunatic by a mean and wicked conspiracy on the part of the lunatic's relations under such conditions that there is no means of repudiating the fraud. Such fraud is an outrage not only on the individual but also on the public interest having regard to the possibility of lunatic issue. In legal language it is a crime as well as a wrong.

(2) The permanent separation of married persons is clearly against public policy. This was a recognised doctrine in English law up to about 1800, and it was not finally and logically discarded until the case of *Regina v. Jackson* in the eighties, when it was decided that a wife was entitled to desert her husband. Temporary separation may have its uses as a period of probation, but the permanent separation of husband and wife constitutes a permanent temptation to immorality unless the parties are either abnormal or well past middle age. This elementary fact is legally acknowledged in all Protestant countries but England and a few British colonies. The recognition of it was as much

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the fundamental principle of the excellent reforms advocated by Cranmer and other eminent divines in the reign of Henry VIII. as it is to-day of the humane jurisprudence that prevails in modern Germany. Yet in England we are actively promoting and encouraging the separation of husband and wife without possibility of remarriage in every police-court, and legalising and enforcing voluntary deeds of separation in every rank of life. The effect of such deeds and police-court orders is to sanction libertinage on the part of the husband and to expose the wife to penury and social ruin if she is guilty of a single act of infidelity to a husband who is in fact no husband.

(3) The conflict of laws in mixed marriages leads to a person being married in one country and unmarried in another. The most recent and notorious case was that of a Frenchman who, without obtaining the parental consent required thereto by French law, married an English lady in England. The test of French jurisdiction is nationality, the test of English jurisdiction is domicile, and according to English law the domicile of the wife is that of the husband. In this case the Frenchman returned to France and took steps to annul the marriage on the ground of his parents not having given their consent. The English lady was no wife in France yet his wife in England because the marriage contract was valid in England. Her husband's domicile was clearly French, and this was held to prevent her from obtaining relief in the English Courts. For England to abandon the test of domicile and to adopt the test of nationality would involve setting up a uniform law of marriage and divorce throughout the Empire, and the widest diversities prevail even between the laws of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to say nothing of the Channel Islands. The only practicable solution would seem to be some modification of the rules which associate the domicile of the wife with that of the husband.

(4) The publication of divorce proceedings as opposed to the publication of the decree inflicts grave injury on many individuals and certainly is not in the public interest. Such publication is the exception rather than the rule in modern civilised countries. Its only advantage lies in the remote chance of publicity bringing fresh witnesses or evidence to light, but this scarcely outweighs the grave disadvantages. It cannot be more of a deterrent than the inevitable knowledge that the friends of the spouses must ultimately obtain of the result of the proceedings where one of them is guilty, while unfounded charges, if once published, must seriously prejudice the innocent. Unfounded charges are by no means unheard of. Moreover, newspaper reports of the kind

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that now exist cannot but demoralise a large section of the public if only by emphasising and exaggerating the example of certain persons who do not represent normal society. Shortly after the Divorce Act of 1857 came into operation Queen Victoria used her best endeavours to reform this state of things, but the Lord Chancellor of the day found himself powerless against the British dread of secrecy. There need be no reason for this fear so long as the Courts are open to the public, and the time has surely come to end a state of things which is equally injurious to the individual and the community.

The English Educational Renaissance

Within the Circle of the Triumvirate

By Foster Watson

THE longer one studies the growth of educational ideas and the concrete expressions of these ideas as embodied in school text-books, the more deeply one becomes impressed with the thought that there is an underlying principle in their developement. It is this: That an age of the outburst of intellectual activity produces an age of educational activity, but that it requires usually a generation—sometimes more—for the intellectual ideals of one age to filter down into what we may call the educational reach of the teachers. For example, the intellectual age of Political Economy begins with Adam Smith and gathers its strength with Malthus and Ricardo. The next age sees professors of the subject in the universities, and to-day it reaches the schools, and from the number of text-books one may judge that it has got a firm hold. Or, again, Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer discovered to the intellectual world the detailed exposition of the doctrine of evolution. In the present generation, we find this direction of intellectual activity is entering the school, and text-books in increasing numbers show that biological evolution has become a recognised subject of school instruction. We to-day see the subject in the interesting stage of annexing the classrooms.

It is not only in the choice of subjects, but also in the method and spirit of study of the same subject that this principle is seen. Take, for instance, the Latin Grammar. This book was first written in *Latin*, whereby the startling position was postulated that the grammar was to be learned in a language to attain which was the very object of having the grammar at all. Why was this? Because the text-book was written in accordance with the spirit of an age which had required that learned books should be written in Latin. But the Elizabethan Age amongst its other characteristics included the growing consciousness of the

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glory of the English tongue.* It was an age of translations into English. Once this tendency set in, and in course of time it penetrated to the school text-books. Brinsley translates the school classics, and later, Hoole triumphantly attacked the absurdity of the Latin Grammar being written in Latin for English children. In this instance, the advance is in the spirit of the treatment—and is not directed to a change of subject—but it is suggested by the intellectual and literary advance of the preceding age.

It is then to the intellectual activity of the previous age that we must look for the key to open and disclose the direction as to the subjects of study—or, if they remain the same, the method of treatment of them. This is particularly evident in the ages of schoolmasters before the child himself was regarded as the centre of instruction, and observed accordingly and his powers estimated, and the text-books constructed with a definite appreciation of his peculiar needs instead of the preceptorial ideas of the vast vistas which it might be thought desirable that he should attempt to peep into—suitable or not suitable to his capacity.

If, then, the principle which I have ventured to enunciate holds good of text-books, it may with even more confidence be expected to be of service in tracing the history of educational activity as a whole. Of course lagging tradition and custom have kept some schools stagnant for generations. But when advance has gone on, it has proceeded in the line of least resistance, and this naturally was in the subjects and method of treatment with which teachers were familiar in the days of their own intellectual activity when at its best—probably while they were at the university.

Turning now to an application of the principle I have stated, we may ask :

Seeing that the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. were the Augustan Age of English literature and thought—were, in fact, the turn of the wave of the great European Renaissance on towards English shores—is there any indication of an Educational Renaissance following this great expression of intellectual activity ?

I answer emphatically : There is. I would venture to assert that the Age of Cromwell is the Age of the English Educational Renaissance. Taking the Elizabethan Outburst into literature as from about 1580 to 1620 (including James I.'s reign), I should

* For illustration of this, see the Peroration of Mulcaster's *Elementarie*, 1582.

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say the corresponding educational activity begins soon after 1620 to about 1660—being particularly noticeable between 1640 and about 1660. The centre of the intellectual activity of Elizabeth's age was Lord Bacon. The corresponding centre of educational activity in the next generation was Samuel Hartlib, or, to be accurate (as I shall afterwards point out), a triumvirate, of which Samuel Hartlib was a member. So conveniently are facts at disposal for this particular study in education that I would here note that we can distinctly trace the transitional stage between the intellectual activity of Elizabeth's Age and the educational activity of Cromwell's Age, and before proceeding to speak of Samuel Hartlib and his group of educationists I will say a word as to the intermediary group.

This was, in my opinion, the circle of thinkers whom Lord Falkland gathered round him at Great Tew. It is true these students were the direct predecessors of the founders of the Royal Society, but it is worthy of remark that the founders and agitators, or at least their friends and fellow-thinkers, were also—some of them—members of Hartlib's group of educationists.

In Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion* we read of Lord Falkland :

“ His house being within ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidarity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college, situated in a purer air, so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.”

This cultured assembly—according to this charming description—engaged themselves in the study of “ propositions,” aiming at truth. Falkland's interests and those of his friends were literary with a leaning to natural science. These interests, it may be noted, were passed on to the almost equally interesting group which centred round John Evelyn. Now Evelyn and Hartlib knew each other, and Evelyn has recorded the impression which Hartlib made upon him. “ This gentleman,” says Evelyn of Hartlib, “ was master of innumerable curiosities and very communicative.” The two could meet with pleasure and profit. They understood one another sufficiently well for that. But they were not

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in the closest touch. Falkland's group, followed by Evelyn's group, were speculative, abounding in propositions for investigation's sake. Hartlib was also speculative, and he too abounded in propositions, but his speculations and propositions had close connection with projected action. The one group was keen for Investigation; the other desired Reform.

Bacon propounded; Falkland investigated or discussed the propositions; Hartlib endeavoured to make propositions practicable—or at least to turn them into projects. I do not, of course, mean that Hartlib and his friends took up the very propositions with which Falkland's group had dealt and attempted to give them a practical turn or twist. But I think that the spirit of treatment of new ideas and the necessary stages through which they have to go in their transmutation to the sphere of action were represented by these thinkers.

Such, then, is my genetic account of Hartlib's work. This is the line of intellectual advance, the philosophical development from Bacon's inductive position, the enthronement of the sovereign ideas of observation and experiment.

There are other lines of development which converge to a point in this line, at this time of what I am terming the English Educational Renaissance—but in the present article I can only deal with the Baconian-Hartlibian development. The other contemporary tributaries to the Outburst were chiefly the slow educational stream onward from Mulcaster, through Brinsley, the Puritanic tributary (much more important than is commonly supposed) and a certain extraneous activity contributed by the movement of the Great Civil War.

To return to the main group headed by Hartlib. And first, as to Hartlib himself. He was supremely interested in the consideration of practical reforms and practical methods in everything from engines of motion and agriculture to education in schools. On this practical side he was a typical Englishman but, paradoxical as it may seem, he was not an Englishman at all. "My father," he says, "was a merchant, but no ordinary one, being the King of Poland his merchant, who hath founded a church at Pomania in Poland. And when the Jesuits prevailed in that kingdom, he was fain to remove himself into Prussia, when he came to Elbing, where not any house of credit was yet built. But he with another [Patritius of Breslau, in Silesia] built two stately houses, which are yet standing at Elbing, being the principal houses of the town."

It was about the year 1628—the year of the Petition of Rights—that Hartlib came to England. Prof. Masson, in his

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monumental *Life of Milton*, says, speaking of the date 1644: "There was one rather notable person in London, of the highly respectable sort, whose acquaintance Milton made about this time, if he had not made it before, and who must be specially introduced to the reader! This was Samuel Hartlib." Then Masson adds: "Everybody knew Hartlib."

Between 1628 and 1644, some sixteen years, Samuel Hartlib had come to England, a foreigner, married an English lady, had engaged in business, and had managed to become known to everybody. How was this?

He was a man of ideas. Full of originality in many directions, he had the art of throwing himself fully into what he was considering, and looking at it from a fresh and spontaneous point of view. More than that. He had the power of "drawing people out," of inducing them to tell him what they thought. He had a particular keenness for *their* new ideas. The combination is rare—that of a man having original ideas himself, and at the same time being entirely ready to appreciate and encourage those of others—of being an initiator of good ideas and at the same time a good listener, of having the creative instinct and the receptive readiness to follow the creative instinct of others.

Of the educational group of friends that Samuel Hartlib drew around him, it is fitting to speak first of the name of greatest weight, one of the greatest in our literature—John Milton. Hartlib lived in Duke's Place, Holborn, and Milton in Aldersgate Street, so they could meet frequently. At any rate they had educational chats, in which Hartlib had not failed to discuss with his usual vigour various new ideas which were in the air at the time. Milton had partly agreed and partly differed. Hartlib was delighted to find a man so well able to hold his own, and begged Milton to write an account of his views in a short form, in a letter or tractate, which Hartlib could offer to his friends, giving Milton's large-minded views in his own magnificent words. At last Milton agreed, and the result was the appearance, to quote Prof. Masson's words, "on June 5, 1644, on some booksellers' counters, of a thin little quarto tract, of eight pages, in rather small type, with no author's name, and no title-page at all, but simply this heading a-top of the text on the first page: 'Of Education: To Master Samuel Hartlib.'"

Milton's tractate, I think every one will agree, is one of the most powerful pieces of educational literature in our language. If we feel any gratitude for it, we must at least remember the name of Hartlib in connection with it. For Milton's testimony

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on the point may be recalled here. (At the beginning of the tractate.)

“MR. HARTLIB,—I am long since persuaded that to say or do aught worth memory and imitation no purpose or respect should sooner move us than simply the love of God and of Mankind. Nevertheless, to write now the Reforming of Education, though it be one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induced, but by your *earnest entreaties and serious conjurements*. . . . Nor should the laws of my private friendship have prevailed with me to divide thus, or to transpose my former thoughts, but that I see *those aims, those actions, which have won you with me, the esteem of a person sent hither by some good providence from a far country to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island.*”

Mr. R. H. Quick mentions the name of John Dury, the man who so nobly tried to bring about the reconciliation at home and abroad of all the Protestant Churches, as an educational reformer. Moreover, he thinks so highly of him that he says, in his opinion, that “worthy puritan has truly done more to lay a foundation for the art of teaching than his famous contemporaries, Milton and Locke.” * This is high praise, and I regret that I cannot now deal at more length, critically, with the educational work of Dury. The name of his chief book, educationally, is *The Reformed School* (1650). This work, Mr. Samuel Hartlib himself, probably at his own cost, published, and prefixed to it a letter of commendation. In this letter occur some remarks of Hartlib which clearly express his views as to the Reformation of Education and its importance. He says :

“The training up of scholars in one school or two, though very great and most exactly reformed, will be but an inconsiderable matter in respect of a whole nation, and have no great influence upon the youth thereof, where so many schools remain unreformed, and propagate corruptions ; therefore the *propagation* of Reformed Schools is mainly aimed at ; and to that effect, the training up of Reformed Schoolmasters is one of the chief parts of this design.”

Could anything be clearer and sounder than this point of view ? Is it not, with all our gathered experience, the very crown of our educational endeavour to-day ?

* *Educational Reformers* (1890 ed.) p. 206. John Dury, born 1596, lived till 1680. Locke published his *Thoughts on Education*, 1693.

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Hartlib goes on : " The readiest way to reform both Church and Commonwealth is to reform the schools of education therein ; the way to reform these is to send forth Reformed Schoolmasters amongst them. . . . For it cannot be thought that any rational man should be such a stranger unto the affairs of human societies as not to see, that from the ordinary schools all Magistrates and Ministers and Officers of State are taken throughout the nations of the world to be set over others ; and that the impressions both of vice and virtue, which they have received in the schools, are exercised, and become effectual for good or evil, afterward in their places towards the Church and Commonwealth ; so that the schools are to be looked upon as the ordinary and natural fountains of a settlement as of our corruption, so of our reformation ; if God will bless us with any. *And the Schoolmaster in a well-ordered Commonwealth is no less considerable than either the Minister or the Magistrate ; because neither the one nor the other will prosper or subsist long without him.*"

Never had enthusiasm for school-education reached such a pitch as that of Hartlib's letter prefixed to Dury's *Reformed School* ! Think for a moment of Hartlib with such a pronouncement warm on his lips ; Milton with his marvellously eloquent pamphlet on education and Dury with his insight into a right method. Here was a group—on the practical side, *i.e.*, with a direct active object before them—comparable to the literary group around Falkland in spontaneity and brilliancy.

But there were others. One of the most remarkable of the younger men was John Hall, first of Cambridge, then of Gray's Inn. Hall at Cambridge was one of Hartlib's correspondents. At the age of twenty-two years (in 1649) he wrote *An Humble Motion to the Parliament of England concerning the Advancement of Learning and Reformation of the Universities*. For this remarkable pamphlet he was awarded a pension of £100 a year by the Parliament. After pointing out the abuses of the funds of the Universities, Hall suggests his remedies in the appointment of working fellows to extend the bounds of exact knowledge, to reform method, and to extend the usefulness of learning. At the end of his extremely suggestive discourse * he addresses the Parliament, saying, if they will carry out his proposed reforms : " You shall see the number of Arts daily increased and those we know already, wonderfully promoted. . . .

* Hall's name is little known, and Milton's tractate has entirely overshadowed Hall's *Humble Motion*.

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You shall have the use of the Tongues daily increase, and that judgment of confusion, which hath so long and so heavily lain upon mankind, by degrees removed. You shall have the ways of education made smooth, and your children with a pleasant success possessed of all the treasures of real knowledge, ere they could have thought they had entered the gates," all in the spirit of Hartlib !

It is scarcely necessary to insist in great detail on the fact that Hartlib and his friends drew so greatly for their instruction and method upon Lord Bacon, because these writers love to lisp his name. It may, however, be well just to mention the following facts, which could be indefinitely increased if necessary, to show how it was Bacon's intellectual influence which in the following generation produced the effect on educational activity. In this connection it should be noticed that the sub-title of Hall's book is "Concerning the Advancement of Learning," an exact reproduction of the title of Bacon's famous work. So, too, Hartlib gives to one of his books the title : *The Advancement of Husbandry-Learning*, a book which we should classify now as belonging to technical instruction. John Webster, a chaplain in Cromwell's army, in his *Examination of Academies* (1654), offers his book to the judgment of all those "that love the proficiency of Arts and Sciences, and the Advancement of Learning." The references on the margin of the page often are to *Verul. de Aug. Sc.* Hezekiah Woodward begins his preface to *Of the Child's Portion*, "Our great Advancer of Learning noteth," etc. John Dury in his *Seasonable Discourse* on the reformation of learning has a section on an "Agency for Advancement of Universal Learning." To go on with the members of Hartlib's group. George Snel wrote on *The Right Teaching of Useful Knowledge* (1649). In it there is a letter or "missive" addressed to his "Verie loving Friends, Mr. Dury and Mr. Hartlib, men notedly known for their earnest endeavours to promote the welfare of more profitable learning in English schools." He proceeds : "Whom for your well-deservings of the public, I do truly value and honour ; in our conference a few weeks since, held at St. James's by Westminster, touching a way of teaching. . . you . . . invited me then and there to give you a sight of some studied thoughts, which of late I had considered, touching such a project ; to wit, how to set up and set forward the teaching of the most useful and most needful knowledges and learnings that may do men most good all the days of their life."

Then, too, there was the well-known Hezekiah Woodward.

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He composed *A Gate to the Sciences** (1641), and therein states that he wrote the book at the instigation and under the encouragement of Hartlib. Another book of his, called *Of the Child's Portion*, mentioned above (1640 and 2nd. ed. 1649), found its way into many Puritan households, and likely enough was better known for many years than Milton's great tractate. The high character of Woodward's conception of education may be gleaned from a passage which I cannot forbear to quote :

"When I think," says he, "what a treasure a child is and what a charge comes along with it ; and then again what a fair opportunity the master hath in his little nursery or seminary, to prune and manure this little plant, so as it may grow fruitful, that the Church and State, and Parents, may all rejoice together ; when I consider the opportunity the master hath, even to his heart's desire ; so far exceeding the opportunity the pastor hath even, as that he hath not a day, for a week, nor scarce an hour for his day, nor hath he the opportunity to call his disciples to an account : when I consider this, I shrink at the thought of this charge, for I must needs think that a master's charge is very weighty, and that his neglect must be very much, if he do not do very much good." Woodward also wrote *A Light to Grammar* in 1641. It will be remembered that a quotation from him is given at the head of Charles Hole's translation of the *Orbis Pictus*, 1659.

In the group of which Hartlib is the centre, we have followed the names of John Milton, John Dury, John Hall, George Snel and Hezekiah Woodward. We might go on to others, as, for instance, John Pell in his *Idea of Mathematics* (1650), Sir William Petty's *Advice of Willam Petty for the Advancement of some particular Parts of Learning* (1648) ; Abraham Cowley's *Propositions for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy* (1661). And although I have spoken of John Evelyn as the head of a literary rather than of an educational group, yet he so far overlaps into the Hartlibian circle as to have written a translation of that beautiful *Golden Book of St. Chrysostom on Education* in 1659, and in the same year he wrote *A Plan for a Mathematical College*.

Nor was Hartlib's group of friends limited to English people. As we have seen, he was by birth a Pole, and he had friends in almost every country in Europe. One of these on no account must be omitted from the group. At the suggestion of Hartlib and others

* This is now rare ; not even in the Brit. Mus. Library.

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the great man, John Amos Comenius * came over to England in 1641. Comenius himself has written as to the project, which it was expected that he would be able to accomplish, viz., to have a college assigned, together with its revenues whereby a certain number of learned and industrious men, called from all nations, might be honourably maintained either for a time or in perpetuity. Things advanced so far that first the Savoy Palace and then Chelsea College was suggested. Outside London, Winchester College was spoken of. The outbreak of the Great Civil War caused Comenius to leave England in 1642. Hartlib, it will be remembered, translated and introduced several of the writings of Comenius into England.

Hartlib wrote treatises, or prefaced the treatises of others with commendatory remarks, on the following varied list of subjects :

Schools, Dr. Kinner, Ecclesiastical Peace among Protestants, Ideal Kingdom of Macaria, Theology, Reformation in Church and State, Discovery and Further Discovery of the Office of Public Address, Husbandry, Engines of Motion, Reformed Husbandmen, Husbandry used in Brabant and Flanders, Cornucopia, (a Miscellany of luciferous and most fructiferous Experiments), Observations and Discoveries, Feeding of Silk-worms in Mulberry-tree leaves, Universal Planting of Fruit-trees, the Reformed Spiritual Husbandman, a Book to the Planters in the Fens. He edited books on Chemistry, Medicine, and Surgery, the Reformed Commonwealth of Bees, The Complete Husbandman.

Besides books on the above subjects, what is of especial importance to educationists is that he edited a book (1654) with the following title : *A True and Readie Way to Learne the Latine Tongue, Attested by three excellently Learned and Approved Authors of three Nations : Eilhardus Lubinus, a German ; Mr. Richard Carew, of Anthony, in Cornwall ; the French Lord of Montaigne. Presented to the Impartial both Public and Private Considerations of those that seek the Advancement of Learning in these Nations. By Samuel Hartlib, Esq.* The list of books, I fear, gets wearisome. But there is another to add to it. In 1650 he had written a notable work called *London's Charity enlarged, Stilling the Orphan's Cry*, in which he suggests to the Parliament that it ought to give £1000 towards work for the employment of the poor, and *for the education of poor children*,

* Comenius was directly indebted to Lord Bacon. Prof. S. S. Laurie says (*Comenius*, 2nd ed. p. 71): "There can be no doubt that it was chiefly the speculations of Lord Verulam that fired the imagination of Comenius."

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“many of whom,” says he, with overwhelming compassion, “are destroyed in their youth for want of being under good government and education, whereby they may be made serviceable to God and the Commonwealth.” He states the laws and officers necessary to look after children in a workhouse, and would have the schoolmasters read aloud once a day at first and later on twice a month, all the laws and orders to the children so that they may be brought under government, “to the great joy of good people.”

The account which can be given in a short article of such outstanding figures as those of Samuel Hartlib and John Amos Comenius is necessarily inadequate. Comenius was undoubtedly the greatest European educationist then living. That the English Parliament, through the suggestion of Hartlib or otherwise, should have invited him to England to organise a model college, and mayhap secondary education generally, is in itself evidence of unwonted educational activity. For other great educationists—Sturm, les Messieurs de Port Royal, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Horace Mann, Herbart—have not thus been invited; the occasion is without a parallel. There was an important and interesting consequence of this invitation of Comenius to England, which I have never seen mentioned by any writer on the subject. It is the basis on which I have ventured to impute the leadership of the movement to three instead of one.

There were two men eminently equipped to occupy common ground with Comenius—Samuel Hartlib and John Dury. In a letter of John Dury, printed in a volume entitled *A Motion tending to the Public Good of this Age and of Posterity* (1642), I find the following significant passage: Thus I have endeavoured to let you see some more light concerning the two objects which you chiefly pitch upon: whereof the one is Mr. Comenius's proper task, and the other is mine, although we are bound not to do in public or to bring to perfection either of these methods without one another's advice and consent. Because in very deed his task is no less in my aim than in his own, and mine is reciprocally in his aim a thing whereunto he doth subordinate his endeavours; so that the means of perfecting both were to have us both set apart for our tasks and settled together, in a course of elaborating the same by mutual communication one with another and with others that are fit to partake of these thoughts.” This letter is dated January 6, 1642. Such was the close connection of Dury and Comenius.

But, further, in a letter of January 13, 1642, Dury says, speaking of some projected treatises: “I will propose the

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matter to Master Comenius and Master Hartlib, to whom I have not yet spoken of this particular. *For we are bound to do things with mutual advice.*"

Instead, therefore, of speaking of Hartlib's group, it is more exact to call these educationists the group at the head of which was the triumvirate, Comenius, Hartlib and Dury. So far I have spoken of the educational movement within this group, and I have attempted to show that the educational activity was not parallel to the contemporaneous intellectual spirit but was intimately connected with that of the previous Age—the Age of Lord Bacon.

Publications Received

ARCHÆOLOGY

MEMORIALS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. By WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Archdeacon of London. Illustrations by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. xxx + 512 : 9 × 6 in. Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.

A history of St. Paul's Cathedral. Intended by the author for the general public, it has been compiled with great industry and enthusiasm, proper recourse having been had to Dean Milman's work, which is now out of print. It contains an excellent index.

BIOGRAPHIA, MEMOIRS, ETC.

FRENCH VIGNETTES, A series of dramatic episodes, 1787-1871. By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. Portraits. viii + 256 : 9 × 6 in. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

Ten sketches of French historical characters and episodes, inspired by Miss Betham-Edwards' well-known affection for France and the French. Dealing mostly with personal affections and details, they afford pleasant foot-notes to the larger history of the period covered. No index.

JANE AUSTEN AND HER COUNTRY-HOUSE COMEDY. By W. H. HELM. x + 259 : 9 × 6 in. Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d. net.

A Study of Jane Austen, her life-work and character.

MY RECOLLECTIONS. By EUGENE STOCK. xiv + 421 : 8 × 5 in. J. Nisbet and Co. 6s. net.

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REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH : A MEMOIR. By LADY GROGAN. xiv + 308 : 5½ × 9. Nisbet and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

A record of the life and mental activities of the Harrow master and writer upon Mohammedanism and Bird Life, by the daughter of the subject.

THE MERRY PAST. By RALPH NEVILL. 306 : 9 × 6 in. Duckworth and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

A study of the contrasts between the Eighteenth Century and the present, with some interesting anecdotes of foreign characters in history.

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FICTION

ANN VERONICA. By H. G. WELLS. 352 : $7\frac{1}{2}$ × $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

The story of a girl of the present day who leaves her suburban home to seek for freedom. Her experiences in the search include some exciting incidents; the time spent in prison as a suffragette is vividly portrayed. "Ann Veronica Stanley was twenty-one and a half years old. She had black hair, fine eyebrows, and a clear complexion; and the forces that had modelled her features had loved and lingered at their work and made them subtle and fine . . . her manner was one of quiet reserve, and behind this mask she was wildly discontented and eager for freedom and life."

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A novel comparing slum life at its worst with the ordered and luxurious life of a man with forty thousand a year. School of Mr. Galsworthy.

LA BIEN-AIMÉE (The Well-beloved). By THOMAS HARDY. Translated into French by EVE PAUL-MARGUERITTE. Preface by PAUL MARGUERITTE. xi + 266 : $4\frac{1}{2}$ × $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

A careful translation into French of Thomas Hardy's novel "The Well-beloved."

MARGARET HEVER. By ELIZABETH MARTINDALE. 318 : $7\frac{1}{2}$ × 5 in. Duckworth and Co.

A novel treating the subject of a young girl engaged to a man double her age and the waverings and feelings of doubt she experiences when a young man, a colonial, also falls in love with her and tries to make her love him. Able and conscientious realism.

THE MARRIAGE OF HILARY CARDEN. By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT. viii + 300 : $7\frac{1}{2}$ × $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. T. Werner Laurie.

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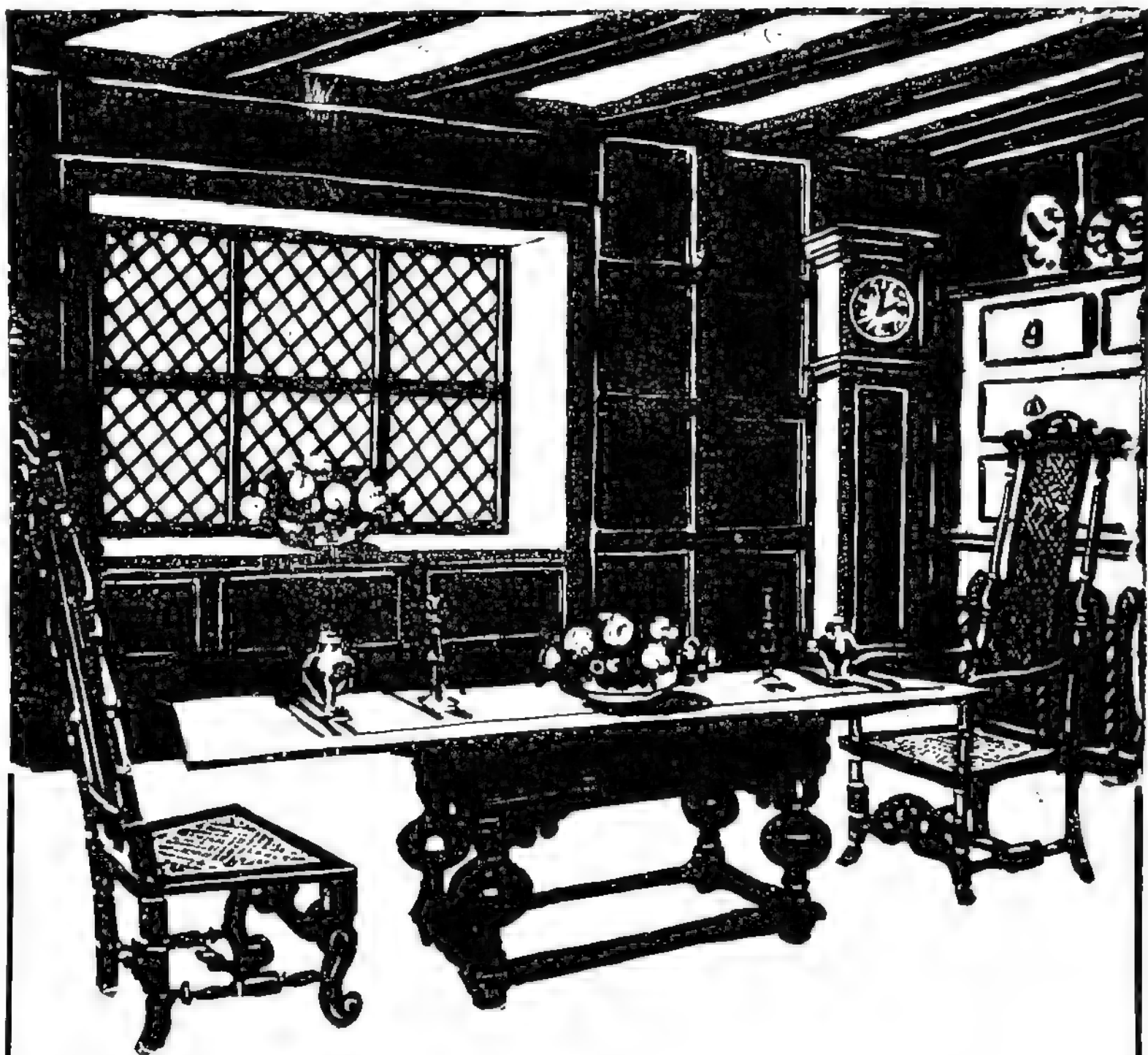
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But let us follow Mr. Harris's steps from the beginning. He takes "Hamlet" as Shakespeare's deepest psychological study: the portrait, therefore, in which Shakespeare has revealed most of

himself: he then shows that Romeo and Jaques are preliminary sketches, so to speak, for the great picture, and both taken together are a fair portrait of Hamlet. He clenches this argument by proving that Macbeth and Hamlet are one and the same person. This chapter in its searching and convincing analysis fairly bewitches us, and after half a dozen such chapters we are forced to admit that so far from hiding himself in his works, Shakespeare has painted himself at full length in twenty dramas.

When handling the historical plays, Mr. Harris draws special attention to the new characters Shakespeare added, and thus pictures him for us again beyond the possibility of doubt; we are simply compelled to recognize the same traits in the gentle loving Arthur, in the irresolute Richard II., and in the saintly Henry VI., that we find in Biron, Valentine, Romeo, Jaques, Hamlet, Macbeth, Posthumus and Prospero.

After considering and comparing all these portraits till the outlines of Shakespeare's character are clear and certain, Mr. Harris goes on (still from his works) to show how his little vanities idealized the portrait and so we come to see "Shakespeare as he was with his imperial intellect and small snobberies, his giant vices and paltry self-deceptions, his sweet gentleness and long martyrdom."

Armed with this knowledge of the man, we come to the sonnets and tragedy of Shakespeare's life. Mr. Harris uses the plays to prove Mr. Tyler's theory that Shakespeare fell in love with the wanton maid of honour, Mary Fitton. This is the most astounding part of an astounding book. Mr. Harris shows that the love episode of the sonnets did not end as Mr. Tyler supposed in 1600; Shakespeare took up his chains again and again and spent twelve years in love's slavery; to use his own words he was "a strumpet's fool. . . . the bellows and the fan to cool a harlot's lust." His great tragedies are but pictures of his various weaknesses. His life and work from 1597 onwards are one long hymn of passion, and Mr. Harris sets it all forth with perfect courage and perfect sympathy. For the first time the sonnet story is put in its true light, and the wonder of wonders is that no one has seen it before, or even guessed its significance in Shakespeare's life.

A most astonishing and fascinating book: the finest product of synthetic criticism, finer because far truer than Carlyle's "Cromwell" or Renan's "Life of Jesus." Mr. Harris has not been afraid to paint in the shadows. As biography, this book must rank with Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; as art, it must rank above it.

Thanks to this book, we now know Shakespeare in his habit as he lived; we know him in his love and jealousy and despair; and we are fain to admit with Mr. Harris that Shakespeare's suffering and wreck are symbolical of the fate of genius everywhere and at all times. His life story is therefore of enduring interest: in its now way a world-tragedy.

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